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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 9, 1953

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FEATURE:

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 9, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 28

## HOLIDAYS WITH A PURPOSE

**A**BOUT this time every year hundreds of Australians prepare to spend their annual holidays, short and precious as they are, at school.

The popularity of these summer schools, which provide courses of study in a vacation atmosphere, is just one result of the need felt by so many people to make better use of their leisure.

It has become quite a habit for visitors who flit briefly through the country to condemn Australians out-of-hand as a pleasure-seeking people.

On week nights they see crowds streaming to the theatres, the dogs, and the trots.

At weekends they see even bigger crowds at beaches and racecourses.

But this is only half the picture.

A great many men and women, already working full-time in trades, professions, and in the home, do spend their leisure constructively.

All over the Commonwealth thousands of people are enrolled in adult education classes, evening colleges, and workers' educational associations.

Some of these spare-time students want to improve their minds. Others want to use their hands.

Young, old, single, or married, they have one thing in common. They study for pleasure.

Yes, they are pleasure-seekers, too—with a difference.

## Our cover:

● Attractive Virginia Grey, of Mosman, N.S.W., shares the limelight this week with four Chinchilla kittens, the latest sons and daughters of champion Chinchilla Princess Dewdrop. Staff photographer Bill Howarth took the picture. The full story of the Princess and her family is on page 35.

## Next week:

● Next week we bring you the third in our series of free lift-out novels, "Guy Renton," by famous British author Alec Waugh. Alec Waugh belongs to a distinguished literary family, and his career, which began at the end of World War I, has been brilliantly successful. Much-travelled Waugh has written several best-sellers, notably "The Balliols" and "Jill Somerset," as well as travel books and biography. During the last war he served as an Intelligence officer in London and Baghdad, Iraq. "Guy Renton" is the sensitively told story of a clandestine affair between Guy, the central character, and a young married woman, the wife of a middle-aged financier.

● Now is the time when the schoolboy (and girl), well-hepped-up to the fact that for some long weeks to come there will be no need to go with shining morning faces unwillingly to school, are planning all sorts of joyful holiday adventures. But, children being what they are, days will come when they will be bored and won't "know what to do with themselves." It is the bored child who becomes a naughty child, as any parent knows. Next week we have a section in the paper called "School's Out!" designed especially for parents and children. There are puzzles and games, magician's tricks, and some very sound advice from eminent child experts on how to keep children amused. And, in addition to our normal quota of fiction, plus the lift-out novel (see paragraph above), there is a delightful story for youngsters written for us by Australian author Eve Pownall called "Along The Track Came Christmas."

## Books for everyone from the best-sellers of 1953

Compiled by  
AINSLIE BAKER

**H**ERE is a selection of the year's books, which have been classified in order of appeal for members of the average family. The titles may fill some gaps on your Christmas shopping list.

**COCO**, by Dillys Powell. Delightful biography, with photographs, of an endearing French poodle, by his owner, noted London film critic. For all dog-lovers.

**CHRISTMAS AT CANDLESHEOE**, by Michael Innes. Intelligent, snave, and witty, with a stately home of England as background and its missing treasures the cue for the introduction of some unusual people. Nectar to detection fiction fans.

**CALL ME LUCKY**, Bing Crosby's autobiography. No need to like Bing to enjoy this easy, breezy story of one man's climb to success, and his philosophy now it is his. With 25 photographs from Bing's own collection.

**THE HEART OF THE FAMILY**, by Elizabeth Goudge. More of the Eliots of Damerohay, last met in "The Herb of Grace." Written with the same feminine charm.

**BEYOND THIS PLACE**, by A. J. Cronin. A young man who learns that his father, supposed dead, is serving a life sentence for murder, fights to establish his innocence. Investigation reveals a strange tale.

**A HORSE FOR THE ISLAND**, by Bettina. Simple and charming little story in the Don Camillo manner about a small Italian island whose inhabitants had never seen a horse.

**THE RED CHIEF**, by Ion Idriess. Vivid and exciting story of the aboriginal warrior who once ruled the Gunndah district of N.S.W., told by

the last of his tribe. A fascinating piece of Australian literature. Illustrated.

**SIDESHOW**, by Gerard Ball. Novel of a small British task force in Burma facing overwhelming odds. Action, character study, and plenty of background.

**HANDS ACROSS THE CAVIAR**, by Charles Thayer. Experiences of the author, a British diplomat, expert in Russian affairs, with an Anglo-American mission in Yugoslavia and later in Austria and Korea. Urbane and funny. Debunks both striped-pantsdom and the Russians.

**THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PRAYERS**, selected by Enid Blyton. Some of English literature's most beautiful prayers for children, together with some that will be new. Non-denominational. Colored illustrations.

**MORE FURRY TALES**, by Leslie Lee. Stories about Australian bush birds and animals for the up-to-tens. Instructive illustrations.

**EAGLE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR**, by Macdonald Hastings. Adventures of the author looking for adventure for the English boys' paper, "Eagle." Submarines, flying, car racing, and a ride with the Household Cavalry.

**BY SPECIAL REQUEST**. Girls well into their teens will revel in this collection of stories written for editor Noel Streatfield by such popular adult writers as Monica Dickens, Jerard Tickell, Angela Du Maurier, and Catherine Gaslin.

**PRINCE DANDE LION**, by May Gibbs. Anyone who grew up with Bib and Bub and the bad Banksiamen will want their own children to enter this wonderful children's world.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
HEAD OFFICE: 148 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 406WW, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.



# Bright Star

An unusual romance

By  
ALASTAIR  
SCOBIE

At the gates of the Excelsis Film Studio outside London stands a small green office shaped—appropriately—like a dog kennel. Appropriately, because the man who inhabits it uncommonly resembles a watchdog.

He has the same friendly, but wary, eyes, the same storkable, whiskery look, even something of the same growl of warning to undesirables. His name is George and he is an Excelsis institution.

Gregg Pine, the chief Public Relations Officer at Excelsis, once described George thus:

"George is trained to do one job and he does it superbly. With one glance he can tell all that matters to Excelsis about any caller. He can't tell your social position or your bank balance, your morals or your fortune—but with one doggy glance he can fit you exactly into the studio's ladder of importance.

"He can tell a rising starlet from an extra, a writer after a job from a visiting journalist, a falling star from a rising planet, a new producer from a man selling advertising space... without George we could not function."

So when George made a mistake one September morning it was really no reflection on his spotting ability, but a tribute to the girl in the simple grey cloth coat who got off the bus, crossed to the gates, and rapped on George's window.

He tore himself away from his radiator and inspected her. Slight, lovely, humble. Drama school student, said George's keen mind silently, poor kid!

"Can I see Mr. Mayfield, please?"

Mr. Mayfield was the Casting Director. For a little girl to see Mr. Mayfield was like Ivan Ivanovich getting an appointment with Malenkov.

"I'm afraid you'll have to write in, Missy," said George.

At the same time he nodded affably to a young lady driving a small but sporty car, called "Morning, Miss Layne," and pressed the electric button that opened the gate for her. The girl in the grey coat had taken off a glove, was rummaging in her bag.

"But I have a letter," she said. "He wants me to sign a contract..."

The gate was opened, a messenger was sought, the girl in grey was swept off, amid profuse apologies, towards the carpeted sanctum on the third floor. George, visibly shaken, went back to his radiator. In eighteen years he had been wrong three times.

Meanwhile, the young lady in the sporty car drove to the Publicity Block, ran singing up the steps and

entered Gregg Pine's office without bothering to knock.

"Hello, Gregg," she called.

The lanky man behind the desk beamed at her.

"My dear Janet," he said. "You look nice. Very nice."

Janet Layne beamed back. She was nothing like the girl in grey who had slipped silently in the direction of Mr. Mayfield and glory. Janet was brisk and inclined to sparkle, her black hair shone, her eyes shone, her aura was shiny and gay as an expensive shop window.

She always looked somehow expensive; among a gaggle of film stars she was not conspicuously dowdy. Her clothes managed to whisper "Paris" when on anyone else they would have shrieked their true Kensington origin.

Janet Layne was smart as paint, slick as a button, a girl who had got places by using her brains and ability, and was a welcome visitor to Excelsis Studios.

Janet did the "Star-Talk" column in the "Morning Record," and even more than the film critics did she make or break film stars. Make, rather than break, for she was a kindly person. To Gregg Pine, Janet was a visitor to be pampered. His job was to put the studio's films and stars before the public as often as possible, by well-timed publicity stunts, by hand-outs of real news, by "plugging."

Every time the studio or its stars got a mention in Janet's column, Gregg felt that much happier; when a rival outfit occupied Janet's precious space his day was spoiled. So now he smiled at her, hurried to get her a chair, then put his offering before her.

"Janet," he said, "we've struck oil. Now and then a great new star rises in the firmament. Maybe that's not a good metaphor. More like an oil gusher. Talent, Janet, talent under pressure, waiting to be released. Garbo, Hepburn, Rogers, Davis, or Dietrich. Magnani..."

His visitor pursed her pretty mouth. "Don't say something you're going to be sorry for, Gregg. I don't know who you're selling me, but those are big names you're juggling with!"

Seriously he rose, six feet of

Janet flipped open her notebook. "I want a story, not a poem," she said sharply to Gregg.

beautiful man, thought Janet Layne, with a publicity hand-out instead of a soul. Oh, the pity of it all, the sheer waste.

She wanted to yell at him, "Stop wasting your talents, Gregg Pine. Stop advertising other people. Do something for yourself instead. Write the Great English Novel, stand for Parliament, invent something, compose something. But for pity's sake don't go on selling me second-rate talent!"

For two and a half years Janet Layne had been visiting Gregg Pine. There had been lunches together, sometimes parties, once a long car drive to cover a personal appearance of a leading star.

For two and a half years he had infuriated her, because he had a first-class mind and no desire to do anything with it but sell the latest starlet and the newest film. Now he was looming over her, serious, long-faced, very masculine.

"This girl is terrific," he said. "Bennetfink found her in a repertory company up north somewhere. We tested her. She's good. Not just beautiful, good. A great actress. But unspoiled."

"Where," Janet asked the tastefully decorated walls, "have I heard that before?" She goes home and washes her own stockings, her mum says she's never had a day's trouble with her... Gregg, can't you think of something original?" He made a little gesture of annoyance.

"I know, Janet, I know. We've been crying wolf, wolf too often. This girl is wonderful. Shy, quiet, modest. Oh, she doesn't underrate her talent, but she doesn't think she's Bernhard."

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# No Pets Allowed

A short story by RODERICK LULL

ONE of the worst things was that I had to tell Trick about it. I don't mean that it is difficult to talk to a dog and make him understand. It is simply a matter of knowing how, though it is something that old people, like my father, who is past thirty-five, seem to think impossible.

Trick and I have talked over a great many important matters, such as his conduct when company is present, and we have made our views known to each other. There has not always been a meeting of minds, as my father would say, but we have talked.

Then, to make it worse still, Trick and I had been friends practically forever—since he was nine weeks old and hardly knew how to eat out of a dish, and I was eight. That was three years ago.

I had been putting it off for quite a while now. I had fought to the last ditch—which is another of my father's phrases.

The last time I had gone into his study, where he was reading a big, dull-looking book. He took his pipe out of his mouth and said, "Hello, Johnny. What's it now?"

"I have an idea about Trick," I said. "We can take him with us even if we do have to live in a flat at first. I'll bet there's a good kennel close to—"

He closed the book with a bang. "Nothing doing, Johnny. No dice. No Trick. I'm sorry. But Trick will be perfectly all right, and we can't have our lives run by a dog. Not even as nice a dog as Trick. Understand, Johnny?"

He spoke very quietly. He looked thoughtful and easy-going, like a soft touch for anything. But I knew better. He can be a very firm character when he is like that.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I see. But—" He said, "That's all, Johnny. Period. The end."

So I had to tell Trick, and no one ever had a tougher duty.

You might like to know where Trick got his name. My father is Professor Robert Sackville Magic and I am John Sackville Magic. So when he got a dog for me, my father said we should call him Trick. Trick Magic. See?

Trick is part spaniel. He is a very affectionate and always hungry. He is polite to everybody, but I am the one he is really interested in. I'm sure he can't remember when he didn't have me.

Well, before I told Trick, I made one more try with mother. She had just come home from a ladies' party where they drank tea and played card games, and she looked very well in her new green suit with her red gloves and red shoes.

She is pretty old, too, over thirty, but she did not look it this day. Her hair is light, like mine—father's is nearly black—and she is tall and kind of lean, like all of us in this family. Except Trick, that is. Trick is plump, especially in the stomach.

"I was just thinking," I said. "I mean, about Trick."

"Johnny," she said, "we've gone over and over that, and it's impossible. Trick will be quite all right. We'll build one of these days, and then you can have him again. It's too bad, Johnny, but it's the only way."

"He'll get sick and die," I said. "He won't eat."

Mother laughed. "Not Trick!" she said. "The last thing that dog will lose will be his appetite."

I knew—as I had known all along—

that it was hopeless. "I want to tell Trick upstairs," I said, "in my room."

"What, Johnny?" She looked as if she hadn't understood that simple statement.

"I've got to tell him," I said. "Tell him myself, so he'll understand. And I want it to be upstairs, where we can be alone. Trick wouldn't want anybody else around while I'm telling him."

She frowned, and then she nodded. "I see, Johnny," she said, though I didn't believe she really did. "Well, you can take him upstairs this time. But don't make a habit of it."

I didn't look at her. I was thinking of Trick, who was sitting out on the verandah right now, waiting for me. Trick had a house of his own by the garage, and the only part of our house he was allowed to use was the playroom in the basement, where the furniture was so old that nothing could hurt it.

I said, "How could I make a habit of it when we're going away in three days and he can't come?"

Mother pulled her gloves off, slowly and carefully, as if she were afraid the leather would tear like tissue paper.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," she said, and her voice was very low. "But that's how it has to be. So you talk to Trick in your room."

I went outside and Trick came bounding up. He hit me hard in the chest with his front paws. We wrestled for a minute. Then I said, "Sit, Trick, sit!" Then after a little more romping around, he did sit.

We looked at each other. His eyes were a very dark brown and very big, and he was quivering all over, he was so eager to play. He didn't care what he did or where he went, as long as I was there too.

It took me a minute to tell him to follow me inside. I had to swallow a few times first.

I broke it to him as easy as I could. We both lay down on the floor. He pretended he was going to bite my nose off, only he just nuzzled it between his big front teeth.

He rolled over and growled and said he was the most vicious dog anywhere. When I growled back, he licked my face.

"Now you listen close, Trick," I said. The words were like old gum in my throat, hard and sticky, but I had to say them.

"Dad's got a new job. He's going to be Professor of Literature at the State University. So we have to go down there to live."

He was looking me straight in the eye, and I knew he was taking it in. But he didn't look real serious yet. He just said to me, I think that's a good thing. I'll go anywhere, Johnny. When do we start? Have they rabbits down there?

I took hold of his left ear and pulled it a little bit. He liked that. I said, "Here's the trouble, Trick: You can't go." I hurried right along, hard as it was for me to talk, so he wouldn't think for a second he was going to be given away or anything like that.

"But you're going to stay with grandpa and grandma, and you like them, and you know what a fine house they have. You'll have a good time."

For a moment he looked as if he didn't understand. Then the loose skin on his face crinkled up and he opened and closed his mouth two or three times. He said to me, No.

I had to finish it. "Yes, Trick," I said. "That's the way it is. I've fought . . . you don't know how I've fought. But they've beaten me. Only—and you listen carefully to this—it won't be long. Soon as they build a house, I'll be back for you. First thing. You just got to wait till then."

I rubbed him behind the ear and he made a little, soft, sighing sound. He said, "Why can't I go now?"

"Because of the flat," I said. He had never been in a flat, and I could only hope he'd see the picture. "We have to live in a flat until we build a house. In flats they don't take dogs. It's a law or something."

He lifted his left front leg—he is a left-legged dog—and put it in my lap. He said, "We could buy a house—an all-ready house—and then all of us could go together, the way it ought to be."

The light was getting bad and my eyes hurt. "I told 'em that," I said. "I told 'em a thousand times, Trick. But they won't do it. They say they won't get pushed into buying anything until they've made up their minds about what they want. They've got ideas of their own, they say. But I know they'll build in a hurry, Trick."

Only I didn't believe it, and he didn't believe it either. He took his paw away as if it were all my fault. He said, "It'll be a long time. Probably I'll be dead by then."

"No," I said. "No, Trick. It won't be hardly any time at all. Honest, Trick, I—"

Then I had to stop talking to him. A little while after I heard my mother come down the hall. She stopped outside my door. She said, "Johnny. You there, Johnny?"

I didn't answer. I didn't want to talk to her. Or to anyone else.

She opened the door. She looked at me, and at Trick, and back at me again. She looked tired and sad.

"Johnny," she said, "if you want to keep Trick in here tonight, it's all right. And all the other nights before we leave."

"I don't want him here," I said.

"But, Johnny—"

"I don't want him here," I said. "You take him out. Put him in his house where





## How could Johnny make his Dad and Mum see just how much he loved that old dog of his?

he belongs. After we go I'll never see him again, anyhow. He—"

"That isn't right, Johnny." She came on into the room and sat down on the floor between us.

She petted Trick, but he paid her hardly any attention. She put her hand on my bare arm and ran her fingers up and down it.

She said, "Your father wants to build a good house where we can live the rest of our lives. So do I. We can't rush in and buy any old thing just because of Trick. But I promise you that we'll build just as soon as we possibly can. Then Trick

"I wish you'd take him out of here," I said. "I don't want him in here now. He doesn't belong."

I won't tell you what I said to Trick, and Trick said to me, the morning we left. I won't tell anybody in the world that.

Grandpa and grandma put Trick in their car just before we drove away. Grandpa said he had a fine lot of bones for Trick and he'd be happy as a bird. As if beef bones were the big thing, even to an ever-hungry dog like Trick.

We went through town and turned on to the highway. We had almost three hundred miles to go. Dad must have known what I was thinking, for he said, "A dog is one of God's noblest works. But—"

Mother said, "Never mind, Bob. You're just making it worse."

"No, I'm not," dad said. "There's no reason

for Johnny to feel that the last H-bomb has been dropped and the world has ended."

"Bob," mother said. "Bob—"

I'd been fighting against it, but now there was nothing I could do. I began to cry.

I tried to push the tears back, because crying is not right when you are as old as I am, but they just got worse. I was thinking of Trick, and Trick not eating, and Trick with his heart broken, and then Trick dead.

"Goodness," dad said. "Johnny, if you'd only—"

"Keep quiet, Bob," mother said. "This time I mean it."

I will pass over the trip. It was not a good one. The flat we moved into was no good, either. It was a red-brick building, with fine trees all around, and mother said it had the most convenient kitchen she had ever seen, and dad said it was just the right walking distance from the university.

But there was a sign on the door that said: NO PETS ALLOWED.

"If we started right away," I said, "we could get a house built in no time. We wouldn't need much of a house at first."

"No, Johnny," dad said. He took his glasses off his nose and his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me. "That will do, Johnny. Go on out and find some kids and make friends."

I went outside and wandered down the street,

"Johnny," said mother gently, "if you want Trick to sleep in the room with you tonight, he can."



I came to the business section and saw a big sign that said: JOHN T. EVANS, ESTATE AGENT. IF YOU WANT TO BUY, WE HAVE IT. IF YOU WANT TO SELL, WE CAN SELL IT. DROP IN NOW.

It was quite a big office, with a lot of desks and telephones. Most of the desks were unused, but a tired-looking man was sitting at one of them, reading a newspaper.

Finally, I went up to the man and said, "Excuse me, sir. Are you Mr. John T. Evans?"

"Mr. John T. Evans had it made, son," he said. "He doesn't come around much; we slaves hold down the salt mines for him."

"Well," I said. "Well, You see, sir, I—"

"Are you a customer, son?" he said. "I've got a nice line of mansions. You don't look the type, but I've been wrong before."

I took a deep breath. "It's my father," I said. "We just moved here, and we're living in a terrible flat, and I'll bet if someone showed him a nice house he'd—"

The man dropped his paper on the floor. "You don't have to say it again," he said. "I got it the first time. John T. Evans and Associates are the boys with the nice houses. Just give me your father's name and address."

He wrote it down, making sure the spelling was right. "And when would be a good time to call on him, son?"

"He's home right now," I said. "And mother, too. But you want to be sort of careful. He wasn't planning to buy right away."

The man stood up. "I'm on my way," he said. "Thanks, son."

I watched him go. I sent a prayer with him, and it was signed with Trick's name, too.

I went back towards home, though I wasn't planning to go in yet. All I could think of was Trick. He might be practically starved to death by now.

I was a couple of blocks from the flat when I ran into a big red-headed kid with a mean blue eye.

He had a little dog that looked part cocker spaniel and part dachshund. He was throwing a ball against a wall, and the dog would catch it on the first bounce and bring it back to him.

I stopped to watch, though it wasn't anything. Trick could beat that dog, hands down.

The kid stopped throwing the ball and looked at me with that mean eye.

"This is the smartest dog in the State," he said. "Everybody who knows what's good for 'em knows that. So you better know it, too, if you live around here."

I wasn't looking for trouble, but that was so ridiculous I laughed. "Nuts," I said. "I've got the smartest dog in the State."

"Oh," he said. "So you've got the smartest dog in the State?"

He was moving my way, and I got ready. He was a lot heavier than I, and perhaps a couple of years older, but I wasn't afraid. I was standing up for Trick now, and I'd do that against a giant.

"That's it," I said. "You got a pretty good dog, maybe. But my dog's the best."

"If you got this dog," he said "where is he?"

"I haven't got him here," I said. "He's up north."

"Oh," he said. "So he's up north. Well, you know what I think? I don't think you have a dog at all. And if you have got a dog, he's such a yellow, flea-bitten old hound you're ashamed to bring him out. That's what I think."

I would have jumped on him for that,

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# Come, My Beloved

Beginning a powerful new serial by **PEARL BUCK**

**T**HE desk at the Grand Hotel in Bombay was crowded with incoming guests. A ship had arrived in harbor that morning and the big lobby was noisy with many tongues, the chief of which was English. It was the English, it was clear to see, who got the first attention.

Even a maharajah, encircled by his entourage, was sitting in jealous impatience in one of the big reed chairs. His brilliant headdress, his glittering costume, and the fluttering many-colored garments of his entourage made his group look foreign, though this was India. The English, calm, and patient, were unconscious of the jealousy of anyone and they stared straight ahead as they stood in line.

Among them was an American, a tall, heavily-built man of middle age, dressed in a dark grey business suit and a black felt hat. He gazed about him with interested curiosity, as calm in his way as the English, but not afraid to show his enjoyment of the scene.

He surveyed even the Englishmen with eyes amused and tolerant, and he did not hesitate to hold his place in the line, in spite of English pressure, secret but unmistakable, to shove him aside. His broad shoulders retaliated by being immovable as slowly he approached the desk.

Once he turned to speak to the tall, slender young man behind him, obviously his son. They had the same bold profile, though the son had dark eyes instead of grey, and smooth dark hair instead of a red-grey shock. His face was smooth, too, olive-skinned, but the father had a close-cut beard and moustache,

grizzled red, and his eyes were deep-set under fierce eyebrows of the same hue.

"Hold hard, son," he said.

"I will," his son replied.

The English clerk at the desk threw them a shrewd look as the father wrote his name in the register, David Hardworth MacArd and Son.

"You're from America, sir?"

"Yes," MacArd said. "New York."

He looked thoughtfully at his name for a second and then with a strong stroke he crossed off "and Son" and turning again he said half humorously, "I guess it is time for you to stop being 'and Son.'"

"I don't mind, father," his son said in a mild voice.

"No, no," MacArd said, with a touch of insistence, "I remember very well your mother not liking to be merely 'and Wife.'"

His son smiled and without reply he wrote down his own name, David MacArd. His handwriting was youthful and flowing in contrast to his father's angular thick letters.

"We have your rooms reserved, sir," the clerk said. "You wanted them for a week, I believe. And we have made your train reservations for Poona. It is a fairly short journey. I am glad you have come to us in the best season. There's no mail. Are those your bags? They will follow you at once to your rooms."

"I expect no mail," MacArd said, "and they are our bags."

The pile was not formidable, his own English leather bags were worn, but he had bought David new pigskin ones. Leila's bags of alligator skin, mounted with silver, were certainly not suitable for a young man. Besides, he had ordered them put away with all the rest of her things when she died three months ago.

Only three months! He turned to his son with the faint tightening of the muscles of his face which meant that it would not do to think about her. "Shall we go upstairs now or have dinner—tiffin, I suppose I'll have to call it here."

"I'd like to change," David said. "It's hotter here than I thought it would be."

The clerk, busy with another guest, overheard him.

"Keep a topcoat handy, sir," he advised. "Bombay is hot at midday and very cool at night in this season. Delightful, really, once one gets used to keeping a topcoat about."

"Thank you," David said.

They turned, father and son, towards the wide marble stairs and mounted them side by side. Their rooms were on the first floor and down a marble corridor wider than the stairs. Ahead of them the two Indian bell-boys, who were carrying their bags, stopped at a door which stood open to reveal an inner jalousied half-door that was locked.

On the floor and leaning against a wall a Muslim man sat half asleep, his head on his arms folded on his knees and his feet askew. One of the bellboys kicked him gently.

"Awake, your master is here!"

The Muslim sprang to his feet, vividly awake, his emaciated body quivering with eagerness.

"Sahib, sir!" he cried. "I know you, sir. I am waiting this long time, I have my cards, sir, my letters, I am waiting to serve Sahib and Son. Grand Hotel recommends me, please!"

The bellboys were already in the rooms, but the Muslim had interposed himself skilfully so that the two Americans could not enter. His hands were full of cards and dirty envelopes which he had drawn from within the bosom of his white cotton garment.

"Let me pass," MacArd said abruptly. He pushed the man aside, or rather the man seemed to melt away at his touch, and he went in.

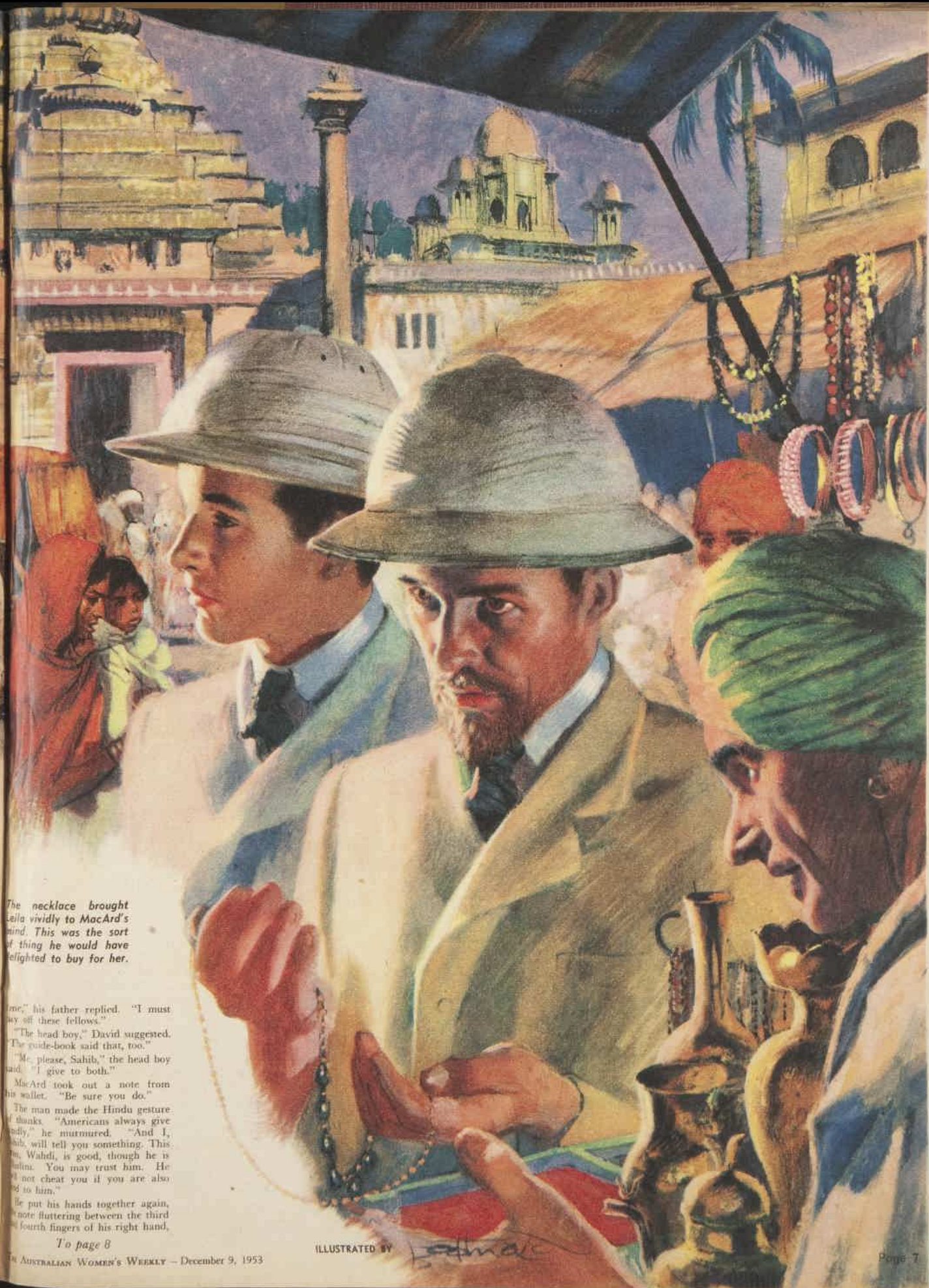
David threw the man a half smile of apology as he followed and instantly with renewed zeal the Muslim urged himself upon them, standing upon the threshold and holding open with his left hand the jalousied door, while he extended the right one filled with the envelopes and cards.

"Please, Sahib and Son!" he cried in his high, urgent voice. "Without bearer you can do nothing. You will be cheated everywhere by Hindus. As for me, I know them. With me at your side none will dare to come near. I am Wahdi."

"The guide-book did say we'd have to have a bearer, father," David said.

"Allow me to think of one thing at a





The necklace brought  
Leila vividly to MacArd's  
mind. This was the sort  
of thing he would have  
delighted to buy for her.

"me," his father replied. "I must  
pay off these fellows."

"The head boy," David suggested.  
"The guide-book said that, too."

"Me, please, Sahib," the head boy  
said. "I give to both."

MacArd took out a note from  
his wallet. "Be sure you do."

The man made the Hindu gesture  
of thanks. "Americans always give  
handily," he murmured. "And I,  
Sahib, will tell you something. This  
man, Wahedi, is good, though he is  
Hindu. You may trust him. He  
will not cheat you if you are also  
good to him."

He put his hands together again,  
the note fluttering between the third  
and fourth fingers of his right hand,

To page 8

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 9, 1953

Page 7



# Wonderful to give Wonderful to get three flowers Beauty aids



Unforgettably fresh and fragrant as a garden in Spring, Three Flowers Beauty Aids make Christmas gifts which are always welcomed. Created by Richard Hudnut, each Three Flowers production is superlative in formulation and texture. Packaged in stylish scarlet and gold—they look gay and exciting—yet cost much less than you'd expect.

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CREATIONS OF **Richard Hudnut**  
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## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

from page 7

and thus he went away, the other boy following.

"Well," MacArd said, fingering his beard, "I suppose we do have to have someone. It might as well be this fellow. I can always fire him if he turns out badly."

"I rather like his looks," David said.

To the son Wahdi addressed himself, still trembling with anxiety. "I am very good, little Sahib. It is true that some bearers cheat, but never I."

"Your English is good," David remarked.

"I studied in Christian school many years."

MacArd, who had been opening one of his bags, turned at this. "Are you a Christian?" he demanded, with sudden interest.

Wahdi was abashed. He looked from one face to the other and decided to laugh.

"It is too difficult for me, Sahib," he declared. "Christianity is good, but I have no time. I have my parents to support, also my wife and eleven children. When I am old and can work no more, I will be Christian."

David laughed. "He's honest, Father."

MacArd grunted and returned to his unpacking.

"Then I am your bearer, Sahib?" Wahdi pleaded.

"Oh, I guess so," MacArd grunted, not lifting his head.

"Thank you, thank you, Sahib and Son," Wahdi was in an ecstasy of gratitude. "I will do everything—you will see. Sahib, let me—I unpack. I will do all. Please now take tiffin. I will finish."

Without knowing how it happened they found themselves outside the huge room in the marble corridor again and on their way to the dining-room. Behind them Wahdi was bustling about the rooms, opening vast trunk wardrobes, one after another, and deciding where his masters' garments should hang.

"So and so and so," he was humming like a zealous bee.

"I can see we have a manager," David said. "I didn't even get to change my clothes."

"Hah!" MacArd said. He had already forgotten Wahdi, and, with his pocket guide-book in his hand, he was studying a map as he walked. Between him and the map came a sudden memory of his dead wife's face as she had looked on their last trip together. Wait, it was in London, and he had taken out a map then as now and had begun to plan the hours ahead, but aloud and to her.

"Oh, dear," she had sighed, pouting her pretty mouth, "I must have some time for doing nothing, you monster!"

He had been amused.

"How can one do nothing?" he had demanded. "Something but not nothing you are compelled to do by the very nature of time. There is no such thing as nothing."

"Oh, but there it," she had insisted, and he could see her lovely, wilful face, the eyes so dark under the dark soft hair.

Well, she was right. There could be a nothing, and it was death—her death. He was tortured day and night by the need to believe that somehow and somewhere she still lived. While

she had lived he had not needed faith, but now he must find it again as once he had found it in his father's manac.

His father had been a country preacher, a simple, powerful man, who had turned evangelist after he had come home from the war. In MacArd's childhood faith was as plain as poverty, as simple as bread, as inevitable as birth and death. He had grown impatient in his adolescence, for his father was a severe man, and he had struck off for himself after a quarrel, and early in the struggle for what he had decided was success he had lost what his father called religion.

He was already a successful young business man when he married Leila Gilchrist, the daughter of his senior partner, and with her he began to go to church again on Sunday, a very different church from the country church where his father preached of heaven and hell and the immortality of the soul.

The night after Leila's funeral, in his sleepless need to know that she lived though her beloved body lay where he had seen it placed that day in the earth, he had called up Paul Barton, the rector.

"Barton," he said hoarsely over the telephone. "It's MacArd."

"Yes, Mr. MacArd. What can I do for you?"

"Can you assure me that my wife is really still alive somewhere?"

"I believe that she is, sir."

"Have you proof?"

"I have faith."

"Why don't I have it? I'm a member of your church."

"A very generous one," Dr. Barton had said in his rich pulpit voice.

"Then why can't I believe she is alive?"

"You must simply affirm that you believe," the minister replied. "Affirm it and faith will follow."

Well, he had affirmed it over and over again. Leila could not be dead. Still, he was a practical man and there was the matter of the body. No one could deny decay. So what would she look like as a spirit and would it be the same? He wanted everything to be the same. Either Leila existed or she did not, and his willing her alive had nothing to do with the facts, as far as he could see.

He had not thought of his father and mother for years, for they had died before he and Leila were married, but now he almost wished his fierce old father was alive again. His father had always seemed to know what he believed and why.

He put the map away and they went downstairs, he and his son, in silence. The boy was always silent these days, missing his mother, doubtless, though he never mentioned her.

"Let's go out right after we eat," he said abruptly.

"Very well, Father," David said.

The lobby was almost empty now. Only the maharajah remained, surrounded by his bright flock, while his business manager, a Eurasian, argued at the desk with the clerk.

They went into the vast dining-room and sat down at a table by the window and an Indian servant in a white uniform and red sash appeared at once. Over their heads an immense punkah moved to and fro, and stirred the idle air.

The sun burned in a blue white sky as they stepped out of the hotel. MacArd had bought sun helmets in London for them both and David had fetched them from upstairs after their meal, but nothing protected their faces from the upward glare of the streamer crowded though they were with people in every variety of costume and color.

No white people were to be seen except an occasional carriage of English ladies going out to make their noon calls, a strange custom which had no sense, as the guide-book had told them, only because every one later in the day went to the parks and the club-houses to enjoy the coolness before night fell.

"Can you tell one native from another?" MacArd inquired of his son, to make talk. One of his most difficult tasks now was this burden of conversation.

While Leila had been alone they had not known that it was she who kept communication constant among the three of them. Her laughing comment on all they saw and did had provided the articulate weaving of their life together. Now, without her translation of life into words, there were times when MacArd felt his son almost a stranger, or would have except that David, trying to be friendly, answered his slightest effort.

"I suppose you know what every one of them is," David replied.

His father's persevering study of the small library of books on India which they had brought along had moved him at times to secret shame and to mild teasing. But he could not fix his mind on reading. His mother's death had left him apathetic.

"That's a Pathan, I'll guess," MacArd announced, nodding in the direction of a handsome, ageing man, his dark skin set off by a snow-white cotton garment, his head wrapped in a small turban. "That one," he went on, "is Marathi."

The Marathi wore loose, white trousers and a coatlike tunic, and his turban, entwined with a golden cord, spread wide over some sort of hidden shape.

"We see only men," David said idly. "I suppose the women are in purdah or something."

Nevertheless at this moment they saw a group of Marathi women emerging from a doorway, wrapped in vivid saris and wearing jewels in their left nostrils, a strange and pretty sight. The Marathi man shielded them and herded them into a carriage and they drove toward the crowded native city.

Towards this city MacArd now abruptly turned, away from the sea and the pleasant parkways of the English. It was hot and he summoned a small vehicle, a gherry, drawn by a brisk white bullock.

"We can postpone Malabar Point," he said to David. "I'll

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD





## MAKE SURE

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When Cyma technicians started tackling the problem of protecting Cyma movements against shock damage (especially against bent or broken staffs), they were – from the very beginning – fully aware of the fact that no direct protection was possible. The very size of a watch – a universe where everything is measured in fractions of millimeters – precludes the use of suitable heavy guards.

If shocks cannot be resisted, the obvious thing to do is to cushion them. This intricate problem was solved by a stroke of

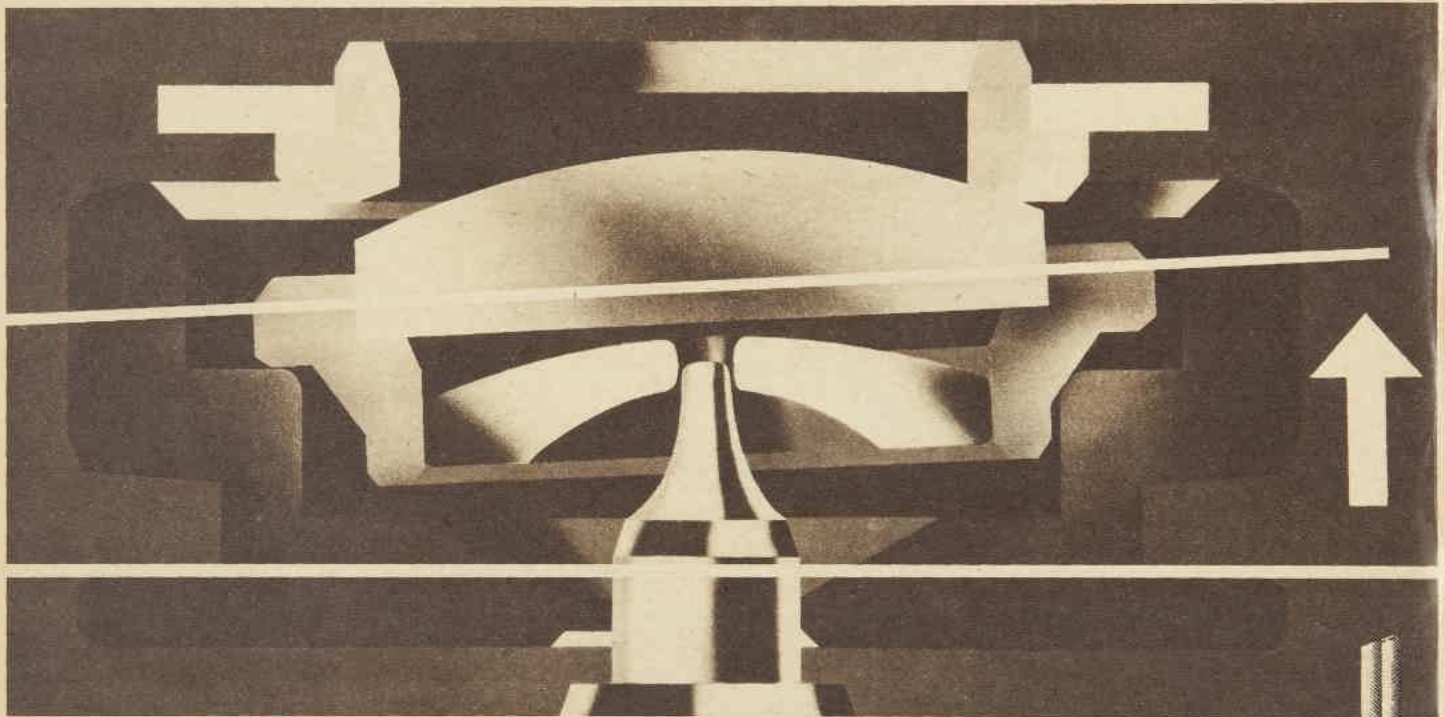
genius – elastic setting of the balance staff. The balance staff no more operates in a rigid setting and the shock is absorbed by the whole elastic setting itself, which yields on its springs and then returns to its original position.

If you visualise that the pivot of the balance staff of a gentleman's medium size wrist watch is only  $\frac{1}{3}$  millimeter long and  $\frac{7}{100}$  millimeter thick, you can well imagine what it meant to put this revolutionary idea into practice. The minute size of the springs, safety devices and settings – here

again the measurements are in fractions of millimeters – is indicative of the complexity of the problem which had to be solved.

However, the Cyma technicians achieved it: Cymaflex shock protection once developed, proved so remarkably effective that a Cyma watch is now practically shock-proof. Since the invention, Cyma anti-shock devices have been fitted into millions of Cyma watches. This is one of the reasons for the almost incredible accuracy and reliability of every Cyma watch.

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# The little too much

A short short story

by H. E. GAY



Philip leapt up in horror when he saw the picture that Trevor had put on the wall of his study.



Illustrated by David O'Hara

RESENTMENT at the part Miriam was playing in the break-up of their marriage was always checked in Philip Anstey's mind by remembering that he was forty and she was fifteen years younger. He was reminding himself of it this morning as they sat at breakfast—with Trevor Gane, Miriam's latest protegee from the world of art. The last one had been literary.

"Shall you look in some time at Trevor's show?" Miriam was asking. For a moment or two Philip didn't answer, though he had been gazing at her for some time, his thoughts far away.

She's very beautiful, he had been thinking. But I ought not to have married her.

Which characteristically scrupulous admission his sister Agatha would have dismissed with "Fiddlesticks!" And though most of what was "fiddlesticks" about him was likeable, his sister had hit the mark.

It was this quality that made him a distinguished person in his profession. Engaged in the higher reaches of biological research, trying to find answers to such queer, but important, questions as what makes carrots long and onions round, he had not developed a normal bump of male conceit. An advantage in science, but not in love.

"Shall you," Miriam repeated, "look in at Trevor's show?"

"Of course, of course," he answered, with a sudden smile of apology for his preoccupation and a just perceptible bow in the direction of Trevor, who, however, was sitting on with his breakfast.

Unicellular organisms! thought Miriam inaccurately, filling in the lapse of her husband's attention.

She is beautiful, persisted Philip, his thoughts still lingering on a memory that often came back to him now. A dance, a girl on a balcony, her hands on a railing, and her suddenly looking up at him.

"Isn't everything wonderful?"

How swift and how lovely the commonplace words! Youth, high spirits, music, and the immemorial wonder of a starlit night had tried to find an outlet in an impetuous couple of words. He knew, or he thought he knew, that none of it

had anything to do with him. He simply happened to be there.

That is why it seemed so natural to take one of her hands from the railing and touch it with his lips. Why, too, when he raised his eyes and saw her face transfigured, he kissed her forehead.

Nothing was farther from him than a desire to take her in his arms. Which made what happened next the more unexpected. For she suddenly, with a laugh, threw her arms about his neck. Then as swiftly she was away, holding both his hands in hers, and saying: "I think you are rather a dear."

"I should like some better pictures in the house, Philip," Miriam was saying now, her head very straight on her shoulders. "Trevor is right. These are terribly dull. Mere representations of nature."

"So, my dear"—some imp tempted him—"are the works of the President of the Royal Academy?"

"Oh," and he saw Trevor looking up in sympathetic horror, "don't be so arid, Philip."

She always called him "arid" now when she was annoyed.

"I really think, sir, there is something in Miriam's suggestion even from a practical point of view. As an investment, I mean."

"An artistic or financial investment?" inquired Philip. "Your pictures, I mean."

"Oh, not necessarily mine," He waved a deprecating hand because he and Miriam had already made up their minds on that important point, anyway. "They might be worth money one day."

Again he was tempted and fell.

"But not now?"

"Even if one is a Philistine, Philip, one needn't be offensive." He saw the flush of anger in her face.

"You see, sir," Trevor rushed in where an angel might have hesitated, "all the simpler things have been done already. What we are expressing now—" he said excitedly.

And so he went on and on, and as he talked Philip wondered: What can a woman see in a man who is such an ass?

There had been the other fellow, too, the literary one. Miriam had asked him to contribute ten pounds towards printing a book that was so

modern that only the future would understand it.

"And so these visual distortions"—he became aware again of Trevor's lecture drawing to its close—"like discords in music are really—"

He waited until he had ended, consulted his watch, then made his excuses to catch his train.

It was just before he opened the gate that he remembered the notes he had been making the evening before for his lecture to the Institute of Ecological Research.

As he burst into the hall he saw Trevor with his arm round Miriam's shoulders. It flashed to him before they turned that although his wife had not repulsed the intimacy of the arm, she had not responded to it. Trevor continued walking towards the dining-room as though his being by Miriam's side had been an incidental pause in a brisk passing from one room to another.

He saw in his wife's face the swift change from embarrassment to anger. Her eyes told him the thoughts that were flashing through her mind.

For a moment he was nearly bowled over by a wild desire to seize her in his arms.

He might have done it had not the clock in the hall chimed the quarter-hour. It reminded him it was not to give way to such madness that he had turned back at the gate.

"My lecture notes," he explained, hurrying into his room. "I forgot them."

Philip watched Trevor's pictures spreading like a blight from room to room. And as they went up on the walls his balance at the bank went down.

Prominently on the dining-room wall hung a concentration of vivid color, in area about six feet square, and about two pounds weight in point. It looked as though it had been executed by the artist as he stood some distance away, projecting oil at his canvas as in a game of darts.

Astonished, Philip had asked Trevor its title. It hadn't one. It would have unduly restricted its appeal, he explained.

But not all the works he found himself to have purchased were without names. There was one at the turning of the stairs of what

was possibly a girl's face surrounded by a catherine-wheel effect of whirling legs. It portrayed, he discovered, "Joie de Vivre."

There were times when Philip was tempted to steal down in the dead of night, remove the masterpieces, and cast them, weighted with a large stone, into a nearby creek.

He indulged himself only in an innocent observation now and then such as that, prejudiced though he was, he was ready to admit that Trevor was interpreting a new world, quite different from Michelangelo's. Trevor was not displeased—though Miriam was.

But Philip was getting tired of it. The more he refrained from losing his temper the more Miriam ignored him. There was one place in the house where he could escape from a guest who overwhelmed him and a wife who wouldn't speak to him—his study.

He went along to it this evening, switched on the radiator, and, sinking into an easy chair, began to fill his pipe. The study was allowed to be a bit untidy, and there was a pleasant smell about it because it gave on to a small glasshouse where he sometimes worked—and played.

The warm earthy smell was not the only one pervading the study. There was also the tang of tarred rope from the corner where he kept the gear belonging to the cutter he sailed in the summer.

He had only to close his eyes to hear the musical tap of water on his boat's planks and to smell the wind. And then his gaze would rest on the study of gulls on a mud flat with which an artist friend had delighted him. The very spirit of those solitudes was in that picture.

He turned now to survey it looking down at him in its usual place, then he leaped up. For a moment his face expressed blank dismay. It took some seconds to realise that what confronted him was not an illusion but something real, something monstrously real. Instead of the mud flats lit by the morning sun with the elegant gulls upon them, instead of all that there was—IT!

What it was supposed to be he didn't know and didn't care. There was an unusually white look about his face that his sister Agatha had seen once or twice but his wife

never. He took the picture down, tucked it under his arm, and ran to the drawing-room.

Something in the tone of his voice as he called Trevor's name brought him and Miriam out of the room before he got there.

"To which of you," he asked in a steady voice, "do I owe this gift?"

"To me," answered Trevor quite cordially. "Miriam was a little dubious about putting it in your study, but, as I explained, you've come quite a long way in the last four weeks."

Philip glanced back at him from Miriam, who seemed too unsure of what was happening to be angry.

"I take it," he said to Trevor, "that the picture has been paid for and is mine?"

Trevor assured him that it was entirely true.

"Thank you," said Philip. He looked at its creator.

"That you love a woman as attractive as my wife," he began unexpectedly, "is natural, and I do not blame you for it. Neither am I angry with you because as a man you are a fool and as an artist a humbug. But that you should remove a picture from my study and substitute rubbish for it is intolerable. I will not"—he took the picture from under his arm—"I will not," he repeated, raising it and bringing it down over Trevor's head, "have it!"

Once begun, he didn't allow action to flag. He propelled Trevor, a study in scared astonishment framed in his own picture, towards the door.

"There are trains to town every hour," he said, guiding him out briskly, "and you will be just in time to catch the next. Here are your coat and hat. And—allow me—here is the door. Good-night!"

He bounded into the drawing-room, conscious of nothing but exhilaration at having got something done that badly needed doing. Miriam he had completely forgotten until he heard her speak.

"I'd never have believed it possible!"

He stopped abruptly and looked up at her in astonishment. The voice, the smile, and the gesture expressed it quite clearly, quite unmistakably. Approval!

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L105  
Give her three cakes of luxurious Lournay beauty soap . . . packed in a rainbow casket with transparent lid. 10/-



L118  
Give her a radiant new make-up in this satin-lined box with harmonised Lournay face powder, liquid powder base, lipstick and rouge. 24/9



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Give her Lournay loveliness with Wondertone foundation and matching shade in face powder, both cradled in rich satin in a pastel gift box. 15/6

L102  
Give her this delicately lovely box that contains Lournay's fragrant beauty soap and talc. 7/5



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L108  
Give her this rainbow beauty for her toilet . . . Lournay talc, hand lotion and two cakes of Lournay beauty soap. 15/7

At the foot of this Christmas rainbow you'll find such a wonderful treasure of gifts! Each one is packaged for giving in boxes with an air of pastel elegance. Gifts for her toilet and for her make-up. Indeed, gifts that bring her the lasting loveliness you would wish for her always.



L105  
Give her this simple but delightful gift of Lournay talc in its pastel butterfly gift box. 5/5



L106  
Give her the shade in Lournay face powder to suit her best in this special gift box. 5/9

WHEN YOU GIVE LOURNAY YOU GIVE LASTING LOVELINESS



SPECIAL  
FEATURE

Christmas  
Entertainment

# Movie Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

SIR JAMES  
BARRIE'S

"PETER PAN"

● Walt Disney's new cartoon-fantasy is a full-length adaptation of J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan." American Bobby Driscoll and English Kathryn Beaumont narrate the parts of Peter and Wendy.



PETER PAN, the cocky, mischievous, lovable lad who takes Wendy, John, and Michael Darling to wonderful adventures with the lost boys in Never Land.



THE CROCODILE is one of Disney's most lovable characters. The crocodile can always be heard approaching by the ticking of an alarm clock he once swallowed.



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PETER examines a disguised bomb.



SAFE home with her parents and Nana, Wendy sadly watches Peter flying away over the London rooftops.

TINKER BELL, Peter's own fairy, is a pretty but spiteful young miss whose tricks lead Peter and Wendy into danger from the pirate, Captain Hook.



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Page 14

# Singing star in new role



EX-MUSICAL COMEDY STAR Mary Martin with Charles Boyer in a scene from "Kind Sir," her first straight comedy, which is now playing to packed houses in New York.

## Mary Martin's debut in straight comedy

By GEORGE MCGANN, of our New York staff

Stage star Mary Martin, who turned in 1300 performances as the naive U.S. Navy nurse in the smash hit musical "South Pacific," has now stepped into a smooth, sophisticated role in a straight Broadway comedy.

THE play, in which the closest Miss Martin gets to a song is humming a few bars of "Long Long Ago," is "Kind Sir," by Hollywood script-writer Norman Krasna, and has French film star Charles Boyer as leading man.

Miss Martin is particularly pleased about her success in this new and different role.

In an interview shortly after "Kind Sir" opened she said, "I went from Nelly Forbush, immature and incurably green, who wore dungarees and short hair and walked barefooted in 'South Pacific' to Jane Kimball, sophisticated, older woman with long hair, Mainbocher gowns, and specially designed shoes."

The decision to attempt a straight play was made by Mary Martin and her husband, Richard Halliday, who is also her manager, mentor, and most trusted counsellor, because they both realised it would be impossible to top her success in "South Pacific."

After "South Pacific" none of the musical scripts submitted to Miss Martin seemed "right," so she decided to try a different field.

She chose straight comedy, a new adventure for this musical-comedy star who blazed to glory on Broadway before the war singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," and after that went on from one musical triumph to another.

In "Kind Sir" Mary Martin revels in long hair with a coronet braid. In "South Pacific" her head was close-cropped for the part of Nelly, who had to "Wash That Man

Right Out Of My Hair" under a shower every night.

Six beautiful gowns were specially created by Mainbocher for Miss Martin to wear in the play. They became the talk of the New York fashion world, and are probably now being reproduced in wholesale quantities by dress manufacturers.

On a recent television programme Miss Martin wore a jersey frock which was copied by a Dallas, Texas, store and sold that week to 44,500 eager customers.

While reviewers have praised the glittering performances of Miss Martin and Charles Boyer in "Kind Sir," they have been merciless in their



CRITICS praised Miss Martin's performance in "Kind Sir" but condemned the play.



GLAMOROUS GOWNS worn by Mary Martin in "Kind Sir" contrast sharply with the dungarees she donned for her role of a Navy nurse in the musical "South Pacific."

criticism of the author of the play, Norman Krasna.

"The New York Times" critic, Brooks Atkinson, wrote, "The routine script is not worth the work and not worthy of the people in the play."

And in "The New York Herald Tribune," Walter Kerr commented, "I suppose it would take a bandwagon of a play to carry this resplendent company to glory. Author Krasna has provided a kiddie car."

The play was chosen for Mary Martin by her friend Joshua Logan, a Broadway producer. When he selected the script he hoped it would be rewritten and strengthened before the Broadway premiere.

Unfortunately Logan's health broke down while the play was having its out-of-town try-out and he had to enter a sanatorium. Theatrical people feel that Logan would have improved the

script considerably if he had kept his health.

But adverse reviews haven't worried Mary Martin, because her own performance was lauded by the critics and because the large advance ticket sale of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars guaranteed the financial success of the play before the theatre opened its doors.

A spokesman for the star told The Australian Women's Weekly, "Miss Martin has been receiving an enormous amount of personal mail since the opening night. People write for her outside the theatre to thank her for giving them a wonderful evening."

Furthermore, box office sales are steadily increasing. People who see the show tell their friends they liked it. That kind of word-of-mouth recommendation apparently means more than the approval of the newspapers.

"At any rate, Miss Martin is delighted to find that the audiences of 'Kind Sir' are every bit as enthusiastic as those who saw her in her greatest hit, 'South Pacific'."

Even though she didn't sing, Miss Martin's magnetic personality enthralled her first night audience.

She played the comedy role with dignity and assurance, and showed a natural sense of timing in delivering her lines.

As one critic said, "She doesn't have to sing again if she doesn't want to. With a little more experience she may become one of the legitimate theatre's first comedienne."

But Mary Martin has no intention of forsaking her musical forever.

"Kind Sir" is scheduled to close in May of next year, when Charles Boyer begins production on a new film.

Miss Martin plans to take a month's holiday and then begin rehearsals for a new musical comedy.

FIRST-NIGHTERS were charmed by Miss Martin's personality in "Kind Sir."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 9, 1953



# "MOGAMBO"



ABOVE. Natives of the Somburu tribe in Northern Kenya, near the Ethiopian border in Africa, gather in their village at the approach of the safari led by white hunter Victor Marawell (Clark Gable) in "Mogambo."

RIGHT. Ava Gardner makes friends with a baby elephant which is prominent in the cast of Metro's African adventure. Ava has the amusing role of a showgirl named Honey Bear, who pursues Clark Gable in preference to big game of the jungle.



CLARK GABLE (Victor Marawell) and lovely Ava Gardner (Honey Bear) in the clinch which dissolves the jealous Linda (Grace Kelly) and ends Gable's romance with the girl he really loves in "Mogambo."





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# Olivier as robber ...



**1. HIGHWAYMAN** Macheath (Sir Laurence Olivier), plying his trade on the heath, turns his loot over to Peachum, who makes a fortune from stolen goods.



**2. ENRAGED** when he discovers that daughter Polly (Dorothy Tutin), centre, is married to Macheath, Peachum (George Devine) tries unsuccessfully to make the girl betray her husband for the reward money.



**3. PHILANDERING** Macheath also promises to wed Lucy Lockit (Daphne Anderson), the gaoler's daughter.

★ Written more than 200 years ago by John Gay, "The Beggar's Opera" (London Films) has been made into a technicolor film by Herbert Wilcox in co-operation with Sir Laurence Olivier.

With light satire, lilting music, and nimble, witty lines, it tells of the adventures and romantic exploits of gallant Captain Macheath (Laurence Olivier) against brawling London backgrounds of that era.

The role enables Olivier to sing on the screen for the first time in a pleasing baritone.



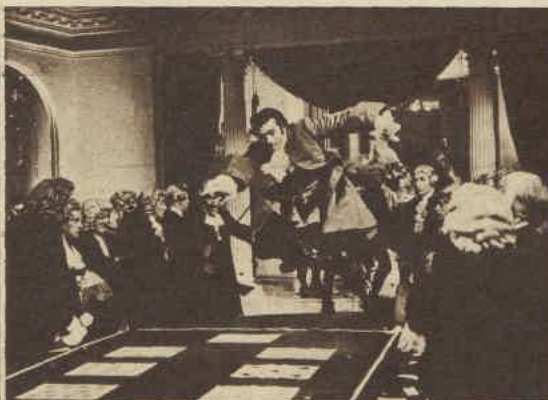
**4. ESCAPING** a trap set for his arrest by Peachum and gaoler Lockit, Macheath farewells Polly before fleeing.



**5. LADIES OF THE TOWN** whom he cannot resist beguile impressionable Macheath in a tavern frolic. They steal his gun and betray him. Macheath is arrested and dragged off to Newgate.



**6. PLAGUED** by denunciations of Lucy (left) and Polly, Macheath reflects upon his fate while awaiting hanging. Lucy, however, steals gaol keys from her slumbering father and frees him.



**7. RECAPTURED** in spite of his bold bid for freedom after being recognised by the proprietress of a notorious gaming house, Macheath goes back again to Newgate. Now his position seems utterly hopeless.



**8. REPRIEVE** comes to Macheath, who escapes as the hangman arrives. Astride the hangman's horse he gallops to the heath where Polly and Lucy await him.



# ...and as Grand Duke with Vivien



**BOY KING OF CARPATHIA** (Jeremy Spenser) with his crafty uncle the Grand Duke Dangenham (Vivien Leigh), and Charles (Laurence Olivier).



**THE DUKE** discovers a lovely American chorus girl, Elaine Dangenham (Vivien Leigh), and woos her with practised skill.



**OVERCOME** by intoxicating liquor, the chorus girl foils the Duke's amorous designs by passing out when he interrupts their romantic supper in his private suite at the Carpathian Legation with secret telephone talks. The footmen bear her away.



★ London is acclaiming its top theatre team, Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh, in "The Sleeping Prince." It is a champagne tale set against plush backgrounds.

Playwright Terence Rattigan describes his "Sleeping Prince" as "an occasional fairy tale." It's the Cinderella story of an American chorus girl and a Grand Duke of Carpathia visiting London during the 1911 Coronation.

**COURTIERS** are outraged at Elaine's presence in the Legation next morning. She has awakened with a hangover and only faint recollections of the evening. But she has fallen in love with the Duke.

## Peter Finch plays the clown

If a clown isn't hiding a broken heart beneath a painted smile, he's secretly yearning to play Hamlet.

AS for Hamlet, he has a private yen to play the clown. Take the case of Australia's Peter Finch, now climbing to further notability in a series of film "heavies" which divide his time between Hollywood and Britain.

Peter decided to play the clown for his daughter Anita. It was her fourth birthday, and there was a bumper party in their Dolphin Square flat, with a score of kiddies from the neighboring flats and from Anita's school.

Peter Finch hired a Joey's outfit from a costumier's — baggy check trousers, long rubber-dabber boots, wig, outsize collar, bowler hat, tight little coat, the lot.

The night before, he sat up late over drinks with his director Robert Hamner, working out clown gags. It was a hilarious evening.

Next day Peter rushed home, changed into his Joey's outfit in a neighbor's flat, knocked at his own door.

He was on. He was a sensation. Daughter Anita was wide-eyed with wonderment. A score of kiddies clamored

round him as he dipped into his baggy trouser pockets and produced a seemingly endless stream of presents for them.

Then Peter tried his first gag. He would snip at the strings holding a cluster of balloons together, and in his clumsiness, of course, he would miss and snip the balloons.

Twenty children stampeded. They fled to all corners of the room in hysteria.

Peter wheedled and grim-

aced fearfully, trying to entice them back. They shrieked and covered away further.

Mr. and Mrs. Finch held a hurried consultation. "Better tell them who I am," muttered Peter out of the corner of his mouth.

"Darling," said Tamara, going to little Anita, "It's all right. It's your daddy!"

Anita gave a shocked wail. "Don't say such dreadful things, Mummy!"



**BIRTHDAY BABY ANITA FINCH** (looking worried) is outraged at the suggestion that this clown is her daddy, actor Peter Finch.

From  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
of our London staff

"Take your wig off, Peter, and show her it's her Daddy," Tamara ordered him.

Peter took off the thatch of hair and waved it, smiling encouragingly.

Gradually, they came fearfully back. It was Daddy, all right.

"What did you do it for, Daddy?" said little Anita.

Finch gave a helpless shrug and looked around ruefully. The ingratitude of children!

"What's the stuff you've got on your face?" said a bold little boy.

"Greasepaint," Peter said. "Look!" With a finger he rubbed his huge red mouth. Then he dabbed it on his chalk-white cheeks. Soon he was a rash of red spots. "Measles," he said hopefully.

"Oooh!" shrieked the children. "Do it to me! Do it to me!"

"Why didn't I think of this gag before?" Finch wondered aloud. It was the most successful turn of the party.



**ELAINE** imbues the cynical Duke with American ideals of love. Only when he has jaded in his earlier notion of a love affair and there is a revolution in his own country does she accept him.

### ON OTHER PAGES

"Kiss Me Kate," P. 19  
Film Reviews, P. 39





## Which Twin has the Toni

AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM? (See answer below)



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★ Judith and Lynette Spencer are identical twins. Judith (on the right) has a Toni and her sister an expensive perm. Yet you can't tell the difference.

Whenever you need a perm  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 9, 1953



# "Kiss Me Kate" filmed in color



AS PETRUCHIO, Howard Keel (front centre) sings "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua" to the picturesque assembly. Despite Katherine's reputation as a shrew, Petruchio agrees to marry her.



IN THE WINGS, costumed gangsters Slug (James Whitmore), at left, and Lippy (Keenan Wynn), centre, tell star Lilli Vanessi (Kathryn Grayson) about gambling debt of her ex-husband, Fred Graham (Howard Keel).

● The cream of Hollywood's musical-comedy talent gathers in Metro's lavish Ansco Color film of the frothy Broadway show "Kiss Me Kate." Stars Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel are supported by Ann Miller and Bobby Van. Keenan Wynn, Kurt Kasznar, and James Whitmore round out the main cast. Tough guys Wynn and Whitmore make their debut as song-and-dance men with their hilarious "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" number. "Kiss Me Kate" which had a long run in Australia last year as the original stage show, is a play-within-a-play. In the film version, Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson play the leading roles as the lovers who are stars of the theatre and carry their noisy and entertaining personal quarrels on to the stage while enacting Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

SPECIAL FEATURE  
*Christmas Entertainment*



ON STAGE, Petruchio (Howard Keel) has his first glimpse of Katherine (Kathryn Grayson). As Petruchio and Katherine's father, Baptista (Kurt Kasznar), in background, discuss the marriage dowry, Katherine sings "I Hate Men."



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Thermexa can stand much harder wear than ordinary china. It's not so likely to chip or break. The handles are "fused" into the cups for extra strength.

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## The Queen's life story

# Dance began a Royal romance

Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, although deeply in love, had to wait for permission to be engaged, Margaret Saville recalls in the fourth instalment of her fascinating series on the life of the Queen. Another instalment will appear next week.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, tall and charming in pale blue taffeta, had the first dance of the evening—a quickstep—with Prince Philip of Greece when he attended for the first time one of the small, informal parties given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Now peace had come, the King and Queen liked to entertain at these informal Palace parties for their daughter as interludes in the Royal Family's busy round of official engagements.

Because the King's verdict on jazz was "a horrible noise," Princess Elizabeth indulged in it only when she was in her own sitting-room. So no "hot numbers" were played at the party when she and Prince Philip, on leave from a British naval base, first danced the quickstep together.

After the dance they discussed family news that had been omitted from their wartime letters, and were heard to laugh a good deal.

Princess Elizabeth's blue eyes shone brightly and it was plain she and Prince Philip were proving excellent companions.

After that Prince Philip's little sports car was often to be seen parked in the Palace courtyard. He would come up to Princess Elizabeth's sitting-room to have tea with her and Princess Margaret, perhaps with a session of gramophone records.

Sometimes he was invited to a meal with the King and Queen, and more than once he made up the family party when they went to a theatre.

All at once Prince Philip began to escort the King's daughter openly, so patently in love that whispers of an impending romance rose automatically. They danced together at charity balls and often made up a little party with a couple of friends to go to one of the West End shows, then on to a restaurant.

Prince Philip always sat next to the Princess and ordered the cold chicken or whatever she wanted to eat. They never went out alone. That would have been against all Court etiquette, which is extremely strict for unmarried Royal ladies. But, like all young people falling in love, they found their precious moments.

One such moment happened on the night they went with some friends to see "Oklahoma!" at Drury Lane.

As the strains of the charming song "People Will Say We're In Love" came across the footlights, the Prince and Princess touched hands and instinctively looked at each other with expressions speaking far more eloquently than any words. "This is for us. This is our song," was the message that passed.

That autumn the King invited Prince Philip to spend part of his leave at Balmoral Castle with the Royal Family, making up a pleasant, informal house-party with some other contemporary friends of his two daughters. To Princess Elizabeth it was the perfect holiday.

It was in the rock garden, as they walked in the cool Highland dusk, that Prince Philip told his Princess formally of his love, and received her promise to marry him one day.

But that was not to be yet a while.



ON HONEYMOON. Princess Elizabeth and her bridegroom, the Duke of Edinburgh, look happy as they pose for an informal outdoor photograph.

The King and Queen both liked Prince Philip personally and admitted his suitability as their daughter's future partner, but the King needed to be completely certain that such a marriage was for the best before he gave his consent. The choice of a consort for a future Queen is no light matter.

So the young people were affectionately but firmly told that the matter of their engagement must remain in abeyance until the Royal Family was convinced that the romance was deep and permanent.

While Prince Philip continued to see his Princess between his naval duties, her Royal life became very busy. Later, in 1946, it was announced she would accompany the King and Queen and Princess Margaret on an official tour of South Africa.

She cannot really have wanted to be separated from Prince Philip for several

### By MARGARET SAVILLE

months, but she quietly accepted the necessity. "I shall write to you every week," she promised, and she did.

On April 21, 1947, Princess Elizabeth celebrated her 21st birthday in Capetown, and received many magnificent presents. But the gift that thrilled her most was probably the one she had received before she sailed from England.

Opening the little packet in the privacy of her own room, the Princess found a modest naval crest brooch, with a tender note assuring her she was always in the thoughts of the man who had written it.

While his Princess was abroad, Prince Philip had officially renounced his Greek Royal rights and became a naturalised British citizen, taking the family name of Mountbatten.

That summer the King and Queen decided that Princess Elizabeth should

have her way, and on July 9 the Royal engagement was announced.

The Princess had never looked more radiant than she did as she posed for the first photographs—"like a golden rose," an old Palace servant said, watching her in her yellow frock with her arm so happily tucked inside Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten's.

They were married the following November, on a typically grey day with occasional splashes of sunshine appropriate for the lovely Royal bride, who rode to Westminster Abbey with her father, her smiling face crowned with a diamond lace-work diadem.

She wore a gown of shimmering ivory satin embroidered with seed pearls and crystal, and a full Court train, fifteen feet long, of ivory silk tulle.

The bells pealed to acknowledge that Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, because the King had conferred a Royal title on Lieutenant Mountbatten the previous day. Now he was a Prince again, but this time a British one.

The Royal bride and bridegroom spent their honeymoon in Hampshire and in the Scottish Highlands. After all the publicity that had surrounded their wedding, it must have been extremely peaceful in the autumn countryside.

A friend told the Queen she had seen them riding along hatless in a blue jeep, singing gaily and laughing.

"I am sure they were going much too fast then," said the Queen. Always disliking fast cars, she remembered the evening, not long before the wedding when Philip's car had been in a collision.

"It was not really Philip's fault, Mummy," Princess Elizabeth had swiftly explained, but the Queen always thought that nothing moving faster than 30 miles an hour on a road could possibly be considered safe.

Next week: Part 5. A Prince is born.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 9, 1953



# Happy Christmas darling!



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## HANDBAG PHIAL

Goya's newest, smartest phial of luxury Perfume puts heaven in her handbag all the day long.

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## PERFUME CRACKERS

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## BATH BLOSSOMS

A pale blue box with colourful lid, containing six charming, cellophane wrapped Bath Blossoms.

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## TREASURE CHEST

Goya Perfume in a smart, fluted bottle nestling in a delicately moulded ivory gift casket.

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Hi-Liter and your hair is full of radiant  
highlights . . . aglow with natural sheen  
and vibrant colour. *Gold* for golden gleam;  
*Titan* for warm, coppery tints;  
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moonlight on grey or white hair.



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NUGGET  
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big glass jars*



**FIVE POUNDS** progress award to Mrs. M. G. Maitland, 30 Findlay Avenue, Roseville, N.S.W., for this entry of her wedding-day picture in Section 4 of our contest.



**THIS DELIGHTFUL PICTURE**, taken on her wedding day, wins a £5 progress award for Mrs. Lois Moore, of 68 Bagot Avenue, Cowandilla, South Australia.

## £2500 Marriage Contest

December 31 closing  
date announced

If you have not yet entered our Happy Marriage Contest, there is still time for you to do so. The contest closes on December 31.

**H**ERE are the details of the four sections in the contest:

1. Best advice to married couples from anybody.
2. Best advice for husbands from a wife.
3. Best advice for wives from a husband.
4. Most charming wedding group picture.

### Contest Rules

**ADDRESS** your entries "Happy Marriage Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send in as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry. Write on one side of the paper only.

Written entries may be as short as you like, but should not exceed 250 words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries in the written sections will not be returned.

All possible care will be taken with wedding pictures, which will be returned at the end of the contest.

No responsibility, however, can be taken for any picture lost or damaged.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Finalists of sections two, three, and four will be asked to sign an affidavit of eligibility.

### Section Winners

**H**ERE are the winners of the £5 progress awards in the three written sections:

#### SECTION 1. BEST ADVICE TO MARRIED COUPLES FROM ANYBODY

**A** HAPPY marriage is born during courtship days, so make yours a reasonably long engagement. Twelve months is a good time to find out all there is to know about each other.

It is essential you become engaged to someone whose religious beliefs are the same as your own.

Money is always a trouble-maker, so discuss it now with your fiancé and agree what each of you is going to save.

Pay unexpected visits to your fiancé at his home and see him (or her) as a unit of family life.

Sex must have understanding, so learn to talk about it frankly now.

Marriage will make you one spiritually, but for heaven's sake do NOT become one mentally.

Find out each other's faults and learn NOW just how much you are prepared to give and take. It is impossible to agree on everything, but it is possible to agree to differ.

Once married, treat each other with respect and consideration as you did in your courtship days.

Remember your children belong to both of you. Enjoy them together.

**£5 progress award to Mrs. P. M. Alley, 10 Dunsmore St., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.**

#### SECTION 2. BEST ADVICE FOR HUSBANDS FROM A WIFE

**MY Dear John,**

It is with pleasure that I answer your letter asking for advice.

Though you are so much in love, there is more to marriage than that.

Perhaps your father's sense of humor has helped our marriage more than anything. When I would have dramatised things, he has shown me the funny side, and we have ended up laughing.

It has been good to trust him so completely. Not, I think, merely because I have "held" him, but because he is a man of integrity and has played the game.

Perhaps nicest of all his thoughtful actions were the little unexpected gifts.

Don't be like some men, who take a woman for granted—tell her you love her. Be interested in her interests—remember a woman longs for your home-coming and company.

### THE PRIZES

£1000 for the best entry in the contest.

£250 each for the best entry in the four sections. Total £1000.

£50 each for the second best entry in the sections. Total £200.

£25 each for the third best entry in the sections. Total £100.

**PROGRESS AWARDS** of £10, £5, and £1 for entries published during the course of the contest. Total £200.

**GRAND TOTAL £2500.**

If you disagree, as you will, don't let the sun sink on your anger.

We know how you feel for us, but remember that your Alice thinks as much of her people. Treat them as you would your own, for they are yours now. Your loving Mother.

**£5 progress award to Mrs. Eva Wray, 5 Brigg Street, Bassendean, W.A.**

#### SECTION 3. BEST ADVICE FOR WIVES FROM A HUSBAND

**T**HE first step is to get to know your husband, know his faults and weaknesses, his strength and goodness.

Then—be a pal. Friendship is the solid rock upon which the flowers of true love grow. Friendship recognises faults but loves in spite of them.

Be as considerate and courteous to your husband as you would be to other friends. Be gently dignified, insisting on courtesy and respect from all.

Never criticise your husband in public. If you have a grievance, do not sulk.

Be tolerant, sympathetic, and encouraging. The family breadwinner often has fears you know nothing about.

Try hard to be a good manager. Make the money spin out so that you can save.

Don't break his heart and courage by wasting money on silly frills and trifles. Make his dreams your dreams and marriage will blossom and grow lovelier until the end.

**£5 progress award to Mr. Leslie Sheppard, 15 Hunt Avenue, Tranmere, S.A.**

### HAPPY MARRIAGE CONTEST

December 9, 1953. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. (This does not apply to Section 4.)

I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

Signature .....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (block letters) .....

State .....



Ex-patient says there is ...

# Hope in a world behind wired windows

AT the Reception House the sister said, "Name, please?"

I told her.

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"Two."

"Age?"

"Thirty-two."

"Thank you. Now, will you please come with me?"

She led me to a nurse, explained that I was a new patient, and told her to prepare a bath and disinfectant for my hair. Then she turned to me.

"We always bath new patients and disinfect their hair, no matter who they are," she said. "And now will you please give me your jewellery."

I gave her my watch, but not my wedding and engagement rings. I didn't think of these as jewellery, particularly my wedding ring, which had never been off my finger since my husband had placed it there 11 years ago.

"Rings, please," the sister reminded me. I took off the engagement ring, but could not remove my wedding ring. Eventually the sister and the nurse got it off with soap and water after my bath.

Until then I had tried to appear indifferent to my surroundings, but the loss of my wedding ring was mentally as well as physically painful. I began to feel dizzy. Later I realised that I failed.

The ward where I slept contained twelve or sixteen beds, and the girls and women who shared it with me came from all walks of life.

There were dipsomaniacs, patients with suicidal tendencies, aged women with nowhere to go, delinquent girls, wives and mothers suffering from one or another kind of mental illness.

These people are brought to the Reception House, where they remain until they are transferred to a mental hospital or a reformatory.

The week I spent there passed slowly. Trying to keep my emotions under control was rather like trying to rein in a galloping horse. But I knew I had to do it. If I had given way to despair and self pity at that stage I would have been lost forever.

The terror of the unknown pressed on me heavily, and the cries of fear and anguish in the wards made the nights horrible.

With few exceptions the doctors and nurses were kind. But they have a lot to learn about women.

How can they expect a woman to unburden her heart to them in a ward of a dozen or more patients?

Some women are committed for years or even life to a mental institution after an examination of this kind.

THE day I left the Reception House for Gladesville Hospital I was asked to dress and wait in the reception-room.

I knew from discussions with patients that Gladesville had the reputation of being the hospital from which few were released, and as I waited I tried to realise that I might never see my husband and children again, except on visiting days.

A car arrived and I entered it. With me were two frail-looking old ladies, two men, the nurses, and the driver.

One of the old ladies was particularly terrified of the prospect ahead, and I found that by shutting the door on my feelings and listening to her confidences I could put my own heartbreak into "deep freeze" until later.

When we reached Gladesville I said goodbye to my companions, who were going to different institutions, and was taken inside. The front door was locked and another door unlocked; I was led into a room and heard the key turn again.

Here I was stripped of all pretence. I was no longer a wife and mother.

I was certified insane.

As the sister led me to a bed I felt I couldn't grasp the enormity of what had happened to my life. I walked in a dream.

Four nurses undressed me beside the bed, and one of them took my clothes away. It was only when I realised that a badly soiled nightgown was being pulled over my head that I was shocked back to reality.

I hesitated, not knowing whether this was being done deliberately, as a psychological test, or whether the nurses were unaware that the nightgown was dirty. Then my instinct came to my help and I said quietly, "That nightgown is dirty."

The sister looked at the garment and said, "So it is."

A clean nightgown was brought and the realisation that my word counted was the beginning of the trust I had afterwards in the nurses.

Patients at Gladesville are placed under strict observation for the first two weeks. They spend part of the time in bed and part sitting on an enclosed verandah.

DURING this time my companions were some twelve elderly women, of whom the youngest was about sixty years of age.

Normally I get on well with elderly people, but these people only upset me. When I saw them sitting in a row, eating stewed mince steak three times a day without complaint, I felt like a rebel.

Rather than join them I stood by the hour with my back towards them, staring out a window at the end of the verandah.

I began to wonder whether the window was made of unbreakable glass and, if not, what weight it would take to break it. Slowly I began to hate that window. I began to think about justice, about life, and, against my will, about those people behind me, spending the last years of their life in mental and physical cages.

It made me wonder whether I should ever be free again and whether some day I, too, would be sitting there in that line of women, old, unwanted, forgotten.

Every day I hated that window more and more.

I was becoming morbid and knew it. I started to analyse my feelings and saw how childish my hate of the window was, but it didn't help.

I refused to think of my husband and children.

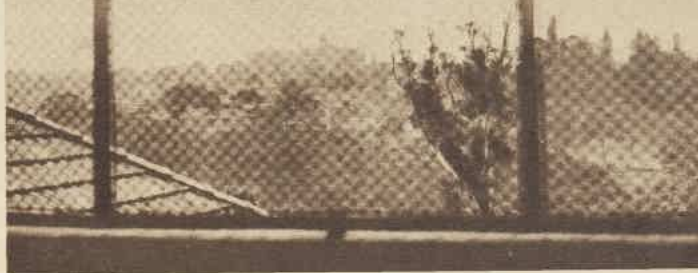
I locked them away in a room in my mind, knowing that if I didn't my emotions would be unbearable.

Very soon I was transferred to another ward. Each ward had its own color scheme, and this one was decorated with various shades of blue. It was here that I had "shock treatment."

I had about three shock treatments a week at this stage.

The idea of the treatment horrified me. I would wake in the mornings and look at the list to see whether my name was on it. The mornings when it wasn't I had something of the feeling a prisoner must have when he is released from gaol and hears the gates clang behind him.

Of the nine treatments I remember, the last three were the worst, and when once the equipment fused while the first patient in the room was being given the treatment and she let out a ghastly scream, I needed almost superhuman will-power not to let go the last thin thread of my self-control.



WIRED WINDOW at Gladesville Hospital, N.S.W., where mental cases are treated.

Patients are placed with their heads at the bottoms of the beds and their feet near the wall. The doctor has only to walk down the centre of the ward and all heads are towards her. As there may be twenty patients in one ward, this position is the most convenient for the doctors and nurses, and saves time.

A wide calico band, like a binder, is put round the patient's body. The band has two straps, one of which is tied to the top of the bed and the other to the bottom. I can't recall all the details now, but I remember that the nurse secured us to the beds with leather straps.

Nurses tactfully tell patients that the reason for strapping them in bed is to prevent their falling on the floor during treatment, but I believe the reason is to guard against panic.

I have been first in the shock treatment ward; I have been half way down the ward, and I have been last. I had a preference for being third or fourth. Other patients, too, had their favorite positions, and when the doors opened we rushed in to claim beds, like children scrambling for seats in a movie theatre.

After they are strapped down the patients usually have to wait quite a while before the trolley is wheeled in and the doctor arrives. Whether this is necessary or not I don't know, but the strain of that thirty or forty minutes is terrific.

And now the treatment is about to begin.

A screen is round the patient, a rubber band has been wound round her head, and two damp metal pads placed over her ears. A rubber tube covered with a clean cloth has been put into her mouth.

The doctor says, "Right," and the patient is unconscious.

All so simple. What is there to be afraid of? Yet every heart is full of fear.

That the treatment is being done for your own good is momentarily forgotten, and always my last thought before the doctor gave the signal was, "Oh, God help me!"

I think the others prayed, too, before the electrodes blotted out all thought from their minds.

The length of time a patient is unconscious varies, but the reaction on waking is the same.

THE main feeling brought by the return of consciousness is mental confusion. It used to take me several minutes to clear my brain and realise again that I was an inmate of a nerve hospital.

It was then that despair and loneliness almost overwhelmed me and I would wish that I could have awakened at home with my family.

But it wasn't like that all the time. There were occasions when my own troubles seemed small in comparison with those of others.

I had always imagined nerve patients as neurotics, spending their time talking about their ills and, in some cases, enjoying them. How different the reality is!

In my two and a half months' stay I can recall hearing only a few patients complain. When they discussed themselves with others, they were only trying to analyse their own problems and speed their recoveries.

To see the mental turmoil of another patient fills you with the sense of your own inadequacy.

To be smashed mentally differs little from being smashed physically. The pain still has to be endured.

For a while my progress was satisfactory, and then one day I could feel it beginning to happen.

The mental turmoil I had seen overcome others started to overwhelm me. I remembered the nights before I had gone to hospital, when I couldn't sleep and had walked until I was exhausted, and stopped at last near the water's edge and looked at the sea crashing against the rocks in a madness of self-destruction.

As this feeling swept over me I realised I would have to take some action before it was too late. I appealed to the nurses to help me.

Not knowing how to express my thoughts, I simply said, "Nurse, I think I am going to start playing up."

I CANNOT describe the understanding with which I was treated. The nurse took me to a private room, where I was placed in a strait-jacket.

The relief I felt at knowing that, thus imprisoned, I could neither hurt myself nor the other patients was immeasurable. Whereas before I had looked in horror at patients controlled in this way, I now knew the restriction carried a very great moral as well as physical purpose.

The terror of undergoing shock treatment while I was in the strait-jacket is something I can't deny, but once again the kindness and sympathy of doctors and nurses saved me.

In most large hospitals it is necessary to work to a strict routine.

After rising the beds have to be made, the floors scrubbed, and the hospital cleaned before breakfast.

When breakfast is over, the washing-up is done and the cutlery is counted.

No patient is allowed to leave the dining-room until all knives and forks are accounted for.

Patients then may go on to the verandah, where they smoke, talk, or read until it is time to go to the sewing-room.

A ration of five cigarettes a day is allowed each patient, who orders them from the hospital stores. The money is provided by relatives.

Patients are never permitted to touch matches. To have their cigarettes lighted, they form a queue and a nurse lights each cigarette in turn.

The stores also have sweets, groceries, and toilet articles.

Continued on page 63



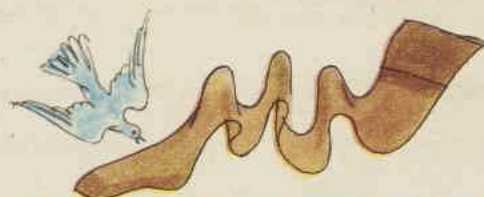
Give  
Christmas Joy

Give  
Lustre

To give or receive, there is nothing more enchanting than Lustre! Sheer clear Nylons in flattering fashion shades are ready for giving in their gay gift wraps. Lingerie is lace bedecked and very handsome indeed! When you give Lustre, you give loveliness.



THE VERY LOVELIEST OF STOCKINGS AND LINGERIE



#### GIFT-WRAPPED NYLONS

Choose from famous Lustre names in Nylons... Flattery, Sheermist, Sheerest—all available in the shades she loves to wear.



#### GIFT-WORTHY LINGERIE

Flowing nighties, slim fitting slips, scanties, vests and panties in soft, sweet pastel shades are designed to find favour with her.





# Parents DO mean well

● "Dad and Mother mean well, of course, but they just can't understand that things aren't the same now as they were when they were young . . ."

HOW many times has this remark, or one very much like it, featured in your conversation on parents and their well-meant advice?

Did it ever occur to you that 20-odd years ago your mother and father were also going to parties and dances and movies—just like you are today?

Customs change, but the essential elements of "a good time" are no different because you're watching Alan Ladd instead of Rudolph Valentino.

So when a mother insists that her 17-year-old daughter should finish the washing-up before she goes to the local show with her brand-new date it's a good idea for the lass to stop and think before objecting.

And when a father admonishes, "Now don't be out after half-past eleven, that's quite late enough for a girl of your age," it's true he's probably thinking back to the time he took his first girl out and had to deliver her home by 10 o'clock.

THEY'RE not just nagging at you to spoil your fun.

The motive is deeper and more unselfish than that. You might find this hard to believe, but in reality they don't want to see you spoil things for yourself.

If you get a free hand to rush away from the dinner table as soon as you have finished your meal, forgetting that your mother might be tired after preparing the meal early so that you can go out, it won't be long before there's a big change in you.

A few happenings like that and you'll develop the habit of forgetting other people's rights altogether, concentrating so much on yourself that you're a complete bore to everyone.

Mother knows that a self-centred personality is likely to be the last to be asked out.

Father hasn't forgotten the

thrill of a slow walk home, but he's proud of the way you look and he remembers the dreary picture you made at the breakfast table after the last 2 a.m. dance.

He also knows the man's angle well enough to have a fair idea that your brand-new boy-friend will gain a healthy respect for the girl who says she has to be home by a certain time and means it.

He'll most likely assume, too, that if she is reliable on this point she will be reliable when he asks her out next time.

And most likely he will ask her out again—and soon, too.

It works much the same way from the boy's angle.

terfore with the big things in my life that I get mad," is a frequent argument from teenagers.

IT was an argument which had disastrous results for Bob.

This lad (it's not his real name but the story is true) was an apprentice of 20, and was earning enough money to keep himself in clothes and pay a nominal board at home, but he had another two years to go before he reached the basic wage.

Then he met the girl of his life and told the family he was going to get married straight away.

When his parents refused to consent, Bob quit his job and left home.

It all sounded very brave and independent. He was lucky enough to get another job, but finding cheap accommodation was much more difficult. Eventually he and his wife had to move in with his in-laws.

That was two years ago. Since then Bob has been forced into an uncomfortable realisation that his parents knew something when they advised him to wait.

His new job didn't last long. He couldn't go back to his apprenticeship because it didn't bring in enough money for two, so he has gone from one temporary job to another. He can't save a penny, and he has little prospect of ever making more than the basic wage.

Bob's mother and father foresaw these possibilities and did their best to warn him.

He's had the grace to admit it and patch up the quarrel, but that still leaves him without a home or a permanent job and with a wife who now looks at life with a much more sober eye.

In about 15 years' time he will have something to say when he hears his own children insisting, "You wouldn't understand, it wasn't the same in your day."

## A bachelor's opinion:

### THE "RIGHT" GIRL

HOW to find the "right" girl is always a problem for any young man.

Some men are so limited in outlook because of their temperament or profession that they seek only a wife who will share their own absorbing interests. Such a girl will be very hard to locate.

The average boy, though, will find the world simply teeming with suitable girls, any one of whom may prove a happy choice with a little effort from both sides.

The man who has the least chance of marital happiness is the one who considers himself a special gift to woman-kind.

He remains a bachelor or marries a woman similar in type to himself.

Then, maybe, they both learn a lesson—that they deserve each other.

When Dad points out that his son is spending every penny he gets and that it would be a good idea to start saving something, he's not doing it because he's just plain mean.

Dad knows the thrill of pride that goes with buying something you want with your own money. He doesn't like to see you going without, but maybe he just can't afford to buy it for you himself.

And even if he could you wouldn't get the same kick out of it.

"Trifles like those don't matter so much; it's when they in-

## DISC DIGEST

someone who'll be hanging up a pillow-slip, this would make a hit. It's DO70057.

ON EC202 Mario Lanza, with chorus, sings "O Come, All Ye Faithful" in both Latin and English, backing it with "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." No vocal acrobatics, just straight Lanza and he's good. It's a natural for that friend of yours who is a Lanza fan.

I DON'T want to appear gushing, but when she sings "Silent Night, Holy Night" on L386, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sounds truly angelic, a blithe

and crystalline spirit. A beautiful performance is also given by the Philharmonia Orchestra and the Covent Garden Chorus. On the coupling she sings the traditional carol, "The First Nowell," with a boy's choir. A gem of a record!

LANZA'S song, this time under its title of "Adeste Fideles," helps make Y6502 an attractive disc together with Irving Berlin's "White Christmas." They're done by Mantovani and his Orchestra. He gives them a glitter like a millionaire's Christmas tree, but if you like the full, luscious treatment this will be your platter. I still prefer the old Crosby "White Christmas" on Y5788, which is still available. —BERNARD FLETCHER.

# Only deep, deep brushing will bring out beauty like this in your hair



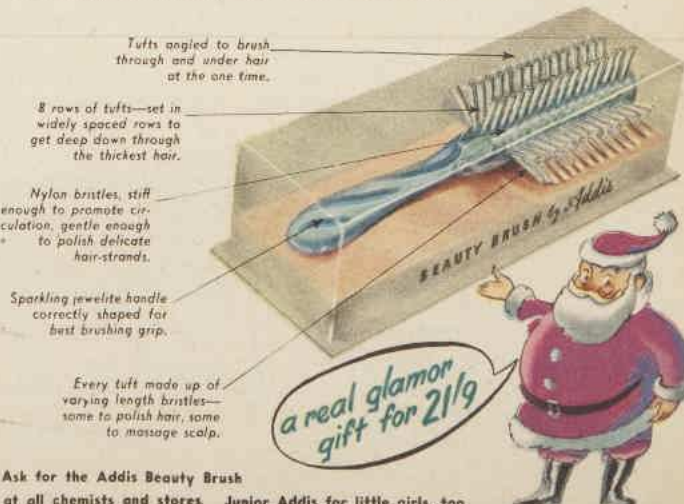
## Deep-brush every night

with

# Addis BEAUTY BRUSH

With every stroke the long Addis bristles smooth tangled hairs, polish off dust and dullness, make your scalp tingle with new life. The admiring glances of your set at Christmas parties will

tell you your hair is gleaming even under soft lights. No ordinary brush that provides only surface brushing can make your hair so soft, so healthy, so easy to manage.



Ask for the Addis Beauty Brush at all chemists and stores. Junior Addis for little girls, too.

FOLLOWING that nauseating song called "Dear John Letter" we have a nice honky little tune on disc called "P.S.—I Love You." The lyrics addressed to an absent wife are gratifying; the tune slow and sentimental. The Brigadiers do it on EA50002. On the reverse Davey Piper, as a youngster saying his prayers, sings "God Bless Us All." Both tunes add up to make the most domestic platter on sale.

THAT indefatigable trio, the Andrews Sisters, hop on the seasonal bandwagon with a disc that's sure to be popular with the young fry during the next few weeks—"The Christmas Tree Angel" and "I'd Like To Hitch a Ride With Santa Claus." If you have



# Special Announcement

on

## The Grafton Prize

F. W. GRAFTON & Co. Ltd., of Manchester, the proprietors of Grafton Anti-shrink Fabrics, organised in 1950 an annual competition in fashion dress design called "The Grafton Prize." This was conceived as a tribute to Australia in the year of her Jubilee, and as a means by which practical help, recognition and encouragement might be given to the undoubted artistic talent which Messrs. Grafton felt was latent in many Australians, for whom it appeared there was at that time in this particular field of art little in the way of practical encouragement.

That the Grafton Prize was appreciated has been expressed not only in the ever-increasing entries each succeeding year since, but by the exceptionally large attendances when the entries were exhibited.

Now Messrs. Grafton have seen an announcement in the Australian Press whereby two Australian companies have organised and are preparing to stage a competition

of a very similar nature. Messrs. Grafton are of the opinion that this announcement introduces a commercially competitive atmosphere into the awarding of prizes for textile art. This never has been the desire of Messrs. Grafton, and to avoid such a possibility, and particularly in view of the fact that Australian firms themselves now realise the talent within their own country, Messrs. Grafton's are prepared to retire and withdraw the Grafton Prize and their sponsorship of such.

F. W. Grafton & Co. Ltd. feel that the effort now made by two Australian companies will continue what they started for the benefit of Australian artists, and they may hand over for 1954 and succeeding years, in full confidence that in so doing, their idea, conceived at the time of the Jubilee, will be in safe hands, and the discovery and fostering of Australian talent continued.

F. W. Grafton & Co. Ltd.,  
Manchester.  
ENGLAND.



## It seems to me

THE Piltown Man now takes a new place in history—as the Piltown Hoax.

Announcement from the British Museum that the skull of the Piltown Man was a fake caused amusement and consternation throughout the world. Believed to belong to a prehistoric man, it was dug up in Sussex 42 years ago by the late Mr. Charles Dawson, solicitor and amateur anthropologist.

A few days after the story broke, I wandered over into the Australian Museum in Sydney.

The hush of a midweek afternoon hung over the building.

Two schoolgirls were sitting in front of show-cases drawing stuffed lions and zebras. A young man in a red blazer was staring at the reptiles, and a mother and a small daughter were standing enraptured before a case containing a Queensland gopher (weighed 441 pounds when fresh, said the descriptive card).

I tore myself away from the fish and proceeded to the Ancestry of Man section.

BEING accustomed to the excitable atmosphere of newspapers, I had half expected to see some equivalent of a "kill-the-front-page" flurry going on.

But all was peaceful on the surface. In the back rooms, so I learned later, preparations were being made to move the cast of the skull of the Piltown Man to a special display at the front entrance, giving the history of the affair.

Next day he was moved.

Meanwhile, I was able to take a last look at the ring-in still in company with his respectable fellows, the Peking Man, the Heidelberg Man, and Pithecanthropus Erectus.

Reading the descriptive card, I decided that the Museum authorities had been wise to leave it a day or two.

Its temperate wording bore testimony to the doubts that have assailed some scholars ever since little Mr. Dawson dug up his peculiar treasure (now proved to be made up of part of a human skull and the jawbone of an ape).

It included the following: "The jaw contradicts the evidence of the skull inasmuch as the palate is most apelike and the chin recedes, which would permit of but a crude form of articulation. . . . The Piltown Man is a puzzling composition of generalised and specialised features."

Were I in the shoes of the Museum authorities I would have been tempted, as soon as the fake was exposed, to rush along and underline the words "puzzling features" in red ink.

BUT scientific people take these things more calmly. The Curator of Anthropology, Mr. F. D. McCarthy, said that there had always been a big group of anatomists who were not satisfied with the evidence or the deductions drawn.

As I walked back down the stairs I paused to consider the enormous skeleton of the sperm whale which is suspended from the ceiling opposite the main door. It is 56ft. 3in. long.

"Stranded at Wollongong," the card said. Reassured, I passed out into the afternoon sunlight.



Dorothy Drain

ACCORDING to a recent survey in America only 17 per cent of the population reads books.

This figure compares with 55 per cent in England, 34 per cent in Australia, and 31 per cent in Canada.

The writing, it appears, is on the wall—or perhaps on the television screen.

"What is grandpa doing, Mummie?"

"He's reading a book."

"What's a book?"

"It's an old-fashioned thing. Once upon a time people were always reading books. The trouble was they read different books and many of them got into their heads, which was

different ideas confusing."

"Didn't they have any television?"

"No, dear. You see how lucky you are? You and the little boy next door see the same things on television, so each of you knows what the other is talking about."

"But if I read a book, Mummie, I would have something to tell him about."

"Yes, dear, but he wouldn't be listening. He would be wanting to tell you something else. This way everybody gets to think the same things and it makes the world much easier to run efficiently."

THE little girl at Narrandera, N.S.W., who woke to find a tiger on her bed had a shock which would take some time to erase.

One compensation is that for the rest of her life she will have a story to tell which will cap all similar stories.

As soon as anyone mentions wild bulls, snakes, or noises in the night, she will be able to say: "Did I ever tell you about the tiger?"

In her position I would keep a press-cutting book, for in twenty years' time the story of the circus tiger's escape, and how her father shot it through the nose with a .22 rifle will need proof. Otherwise only those with long memories will believe it.

WHEN dense smog covered New York for six days recently, birds became lost. Canadian geese landed and were seen walking along Wall Street.

"Let's get out of this street," one goose is reported to have said, "while we still have a feather to fly with."

FOLLOWING news that one of the Queen's horses had been given special food containing aureomycin, several Sydney trainers said the food had shown remarkable results among local horses. One, who hadn't won a race in three years, improved so much after a few weeks that he won two races.

The marches of science are wondrous,  
When nags that weren't fit for a dray,  
With hoofs that are flying and thunderous,  
Come good, and turn bookmakers grey.  
Here's a thought—if such virtue lies in  
A food that's for horses, pray  
Just hand me some aureomycin,  
And please kindly pass me the hay.



Something different to give? Here you are—at little cost!



Give everyone beautiful  
**“Dri-Glo”** TOWELS

This Christmas



Stock up Mother's Linen Cupboard with longer-lasting Dri-Glo towels

Dri-Glo towels are in brilliant designs and colors—they give even the oldest bathroom a lift. Remember—no housewife ever has too many towels.



Give the “boys” a Dri-Glo for the beach.

Thick, soft and wonderfully absorbent. Dri-Glo towels are ideal for that invigorating rub-down after surf or shower.



Dri-Glo Guest Towels for girls getting their “box” together.

Not old-fashioned linens, but thick, absorbent textures just like Dri-Glo bath towels. Pretty colors and designs to give engaged girls—or housewives.



**EVERY DRI-GLO IS DOUBLE WARP FOR DOUBLE WEAR**



# DESTROY

92% OF DENTAL DECAY GERMS!

# CLEAN

YOUR TEETH TO NEW WHITENESS!

# SWEETEN

YOUR BREATH INSTANTLY!

WITH

## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

92% of DENTAL DECAY GERMS DESTROYED!

Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove that one brushing with Kolynos Dental Cream destroys up to 92% of dental decay bacteria in the mouth.

SWEETENS BREATH—INSTANTLY!

Kolynos sweetens breath at a stroke. Keeps your whole mouth clean and fresh for hours. Kolynos cleans and polishes with every stroke of your toothbrush. Your teeth sparkle with new whiteness.



**PLUS!**  
**ANTI-ENZYME ACTION!**  
GREATER PROTECTION FROM DENTAL DECAY ACIDS



It sounds almost too good to be true—but years of research have proved it! Now those enzymes which turn starches and sugars into dental decay acids can be stopped! Now! Kolynos Dental Cream contains a special anti-enzyme ingredient which protects your teeth from these acids. This wonderful new kind of protection is effective from the first moment you start brushing your teeth after a meal. Those acids don't have a chance to get started on their destructive work!



## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

# Worth Reporting

INSTEAD of giving three hearty British cheers when the Queen arrived in Jamaica, islanders welcomed her with a jazzed-up calypso version, which ran:

"A hip, hip, hooray and a hip hooray, wid a hip hooray for de gracious Queen, Hip, hip, hooray and a hip hooray, wid a hip hooray for de gracious Queen."

The calypso "Hooray for the Gracious Queen" was written by Clyde Hoyte. One verse said:

"De whole world hearin' de news today

Of de rendezvous in Montego Bay,

De British West Indies solid togedda,

From fair Trinidad to sublime Antigua."

Another calypso, written by Everard Williams, went:

"Jamaica thinks you're swell, Here loyalty for you dwell. And when you leave our tropic scene God go with you, our lovely Queen."

Our correspondent, Anne Matheson, cabled us that recordings of the calypsos were presented to the Queen.

The words of Clyde Hoyte's calypso were published in all Jamaican papers three weeks before the Royal tour began, and they were repeated over the air so often that they became the theme song of the visit.



"By the way, did I ever tell you what a fright you gave ME?"

Send him to Coventry!

RAMBLING about in a back-stage corridor at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, we were almost knocked over by a bevy of nudes (billed as Les Nus), hurrying to appear before the audience.

As the last spangled G-string flashed out of sight, a man in the cast emerged from the doorway beside us.

"Have I missed it?" he queried urgently. "I must just have a peep."

Thinking that if he was a cast member he would have seen Les Nus before, we said coldly that they'd just gone on stage.

"Oh, not the nudes," answered the actor. "The new 1953 model car that was parked outside the theatre. It won't be there long because of the parking regulations."

Author's new book about husband

BIOGRAPHY is a new field for Sydney writer Mrs. Dorothy M. Catts, who is well known for her historical novels with an Australian background.

Her first venture in biography is the life and work of her husband, the late James Howard Catts, who died two years ago.

Mr. Catts served in the Commonwealth Parliament for 17 years.

Simply entitled "James Howard Catts," the book has a foreword by the late W. M. Hughes, one of Mr. Catts' oldest colleagues.

"Billy Hughes once said to me that Jimmy's work should be compiled between the covers of a book," Mrs. Catts told us. "And I had actually started it before my husband's death."

Mrs. Catts has been interested in writing and politics all her life, and this book combines the two.

With her new book now in the shops, she is off to England this month to discuss with publishers there a historical novel she is planning.

A COLLEAGUE carries a large pair of scissors in her evening-bag to shear off any torn or stretched patches along the hemline of her bouffant dress.

She has already parted with several yards of tulle "clippings" from one dress because the skirt was constantly trodden on in milling crowds.

## Big rush for Quads' book

The demand for "The Story of the Sara Quads," The Australian Women's Weekly's special Christmas gift book priced at only 6/9, has exceeded all expectations.

THIS beautifully illustrated book, which tells the story of the famous Sara babies from their birth three years ago to the present day, is an ideal present for children, and for all who love children.

Printed in large type, the book is easy to read and in-

cludes many charming, intimate pictures of these sturdy young Australians, who are already making themselves felt as distinctive personalities.

The Quads are shown as healthy, happy children with the normal child's amount of

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# PANAMA ACCLAIMS THE QUEEN



THE KING'S HOUSE in Jamaica is the official residence of the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, and Lady Foot. The Queen and the Duke stayed there during their visit and were guests at a dinner party, followed by a large reception for three thousand guests.

## Brilliant fiesta expressed exotic republic's welcome

The Queen's brief visit to the Panama Republic while Gothic went through the canal was a never-to-be-forgotten day of fiesta when the Queen captured every Panamanian heart.

"We are lonely without our Queen," the West Indians are now sighing emotionally.

THESE Jamaicans who migrated to the Canal Zone and form the largest and most important group of West Indians outside the Caribbean are staunch British subjects, proud of their Queen and basking in affectionate memories of her bright smile.

The Queen was given a welcome and send-off so colorful and stupendous it was like a glorious film.

For the Queen's entertainment, Panamanian belles and young seniors donned national costumes and danced a tumburito at the open-air Union Club, where the final reception of the day was held.

Young men resembling Valentino wore gaily trimmed Panama hats at rakish angles and loose embroidered shirts.

Girls with the looks and glamor of Rita Hayworth wore colorful fiesta dresses of deep and embroidered bouces with frilly berthas, and all the gold chains, brooches, pearls, and headresses of golden combs and jewelled ornaments that had been handed down for generations. Their vivacious dancing and gay abandon soon had the Queen laughing happily.

When the dance was over, she clapped and clapped, and soon after took the floor with Panama's rotund, jolly, 40-year-old President, Jose Antonio Remon.

I was at the Queen's table, and as she passed I heard her voice the fear that any couple taking the dance floor alone watched by 3000 people would feel. "I hope we're not the only couple dancing," she said to the President as they moved behind the long table beneath Panamanian flags.

But the Queen need not

have worried. To "Embraceable You" the Queen and the President fox-trotted across the marble dance floor.

Soon the floor was crowded with magnificently gowned women and white-suited partners.

### Loves dancing

I WAS dancing with her private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, who said, "The Queen loves dancing and will enjoy herself if only the dancers don't stare and crowd in on her."

Again there was no cause for worry. The Panamanians were in happy mood. There was no jostling and their infectious gaiety carried the dance on to the next encore.

Panama recognises only one English tune after "God Save the Queen."

This is "The Harry Lime Theme," which they take to be Britain's national song and they played it to honor the Queen.

Two thousand people were invited to this reception, which followed the State dinner party the President gave in his sumptuous palace.

Two thousand people accepted the invitations.

Women ordered the most expensive and elegant gowns and adorned themselves with magnificent jewellery and heavy gold chains and earrings.

But so did lots of other people.

There were another 1000 unashamed gatecrashers, who just came to see the Queen. And because it is an old Spanish custom to turn no one away, everyone joined in the fun.

The Union Club, where the fabulous reception was held, is a sophisticated, expensive

haunt of wealthy Panamanians and its name belies its gaiety.

I heard from members of the Queen's Household how surprised and delighted she was with the Canal Zone and the Panama Republic.

On the drive across the isthmus the route runs out of the Zone into the Republic and in and out again as it traverses the narrow neck of land linking the Caribbean with the Pacific.

It is beautiful country, with thick tropical vegetation, rain forests, wonderful birds with haunting cries, and dank,

mysterious, dead forests of a million sunken trees in wide lakes, their gaunt branches stretching up in weird gestures.

The heavily guarded Canal Zone, bristling with military and G-men, was tense with precautions for the Queen, but once the car turned the corner into Panama there was such a howling and cheering crowd mobbing the Queen's car, plus the loud explosions of firecrackers, that one Panamanian travelling in the rear car of the Queen's procession thought another revolution had broken out.

Seven cars stopped to try to clear the crowds and to try to pull out the Duke of Edinburgh's car, which broke down in the middle of the mile.

I ran forward to ask Lady Pamela Mountbatten, the Queen's lady-in-waiting, how

the Queen was standing up to this.

I had expected to find them all anxious, but they were enjoying it.

"The Queen is frightened that the children running in front of the car might be hurt, but she has no fear for herself," Lady Pamela said.

At the end of the day, when mobbing the Queen's car had become almost routine, I was told by members of the Household that the Queen thoroughly enjoyed every moment. "The Queen is always amused when things go wrong and she loved the feeling of fiesta," they explained.

A lovely touch at the presidential palace was four aigrettes of such dazzling whiteness that they dimmed the white and marble walls.

Perched immobile around a cool, flowing fountain, they seemed carved. The only sign that they were real came when the tropical wind ruffled their fine, sweeping feathers that fanned out in delicate play.

These tame aigrettes stand all day on the fountain, but occasionally, as when the Queen arrived, they fly gracefully around an open-air court to resettle in elegant poise on the rim.

"They are the most beautiful birds I've ever seen," the Queen gasped.

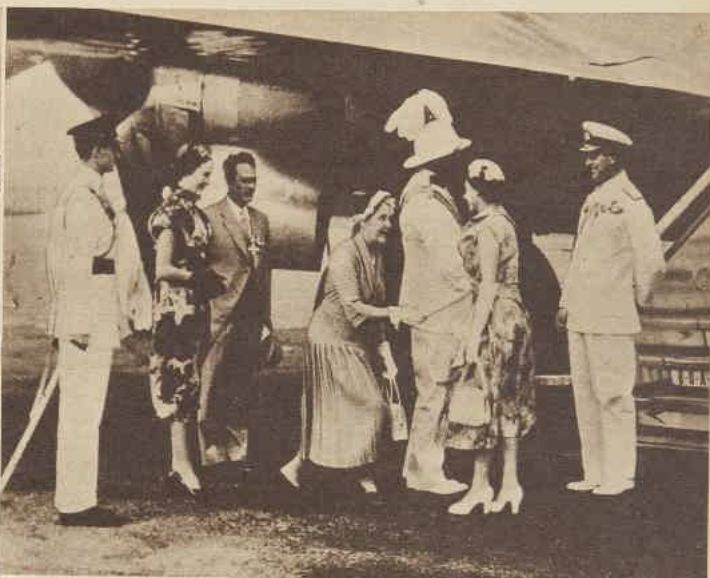
In each setting the Queen looked lovely. Her fresh English complexion looked even more beautiful against the rich tans and deeper browns and blacks of the Latins and Jamaicans.

### Clothes admired

THE Queen's clothes were well chosen for her crowded 14-hour visit.

She arrived in a blue silk dress with feathery tracery in black and grey, the full skirt mounted on stiffening and swept across in front. She added a tiny duckegg-blue cap.

Americans dressed in newly imported models from New York approved the Queen's clothes and everyone of the 150 presented was honored



ARRIVAL IN BERMUDA. Sir Alexander Hood, Governor of Bermuda, greets the Duke of Edinburgh as Lady Hood curtsies to Queen Elizabeth after the Royal couple landed at Kindley Field. The Queen's full-skirted gown is of patterned aquamarine silk.

From ANNE MATHESON, our Royal tour correspondent in Panama

that the Queen, on such a split-second programme and always running late because of the mobs surging around her car, yet found time to shake each one by the hand.

The Queen's thoughtfulness for those who have a difficult job to do was evidenced at the American reception, when she had a long talk to Dr. Ezra Horowitz, head of the leper colony.

The Queen told him, "I do think you are doing a wonderful job."

But her sweetest words were to five-year-old, coal-black Andrea Winter, who dropped a deep curtsy and presented a bouquet at the British Embassy reception.

Andrea's tight little pigtails, not four inches long, were tied with enormous white bows. The Queen thanked her and said, "You did that beautifully, Andrea."

Andrea is the granddaughter of the old Jamaican butler at the Embassy, who has been there for 40 years.

"I sure honored that grandchild of mine met the Queen," the butler said. "I've very old now and die happy that my people are so loved. It's wonderful to have such a lovely girl for our Majesty."

For the Embassy reception the Queen wore a cocktail dress of shadow lace in delicate smuff-brown and a tiny cap of feathers curled like chrysanthemum petals.

But her most regal gown was for dinner at the last reception. It was all white, of heavy silver-embroidered lace mounted on a full white poult skirt over many petticoats, with appliques of lace finishing in an unbroken line well above the hem.

She added her favorite light, spiky diamond tiara, heavy diamond necklace, and earrings.



LEAVING PARLIAMENT HOUSE. Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh descend the steps after visiting the Parliament of Bermuda, where the Queen spoke in the colonial legislature. Behind the Royal couple is Sir Alexander Hood.





**JACK AND JILL** prepare to go up the hill to fetch the traditional pail of water in "Mother Goose," being presented at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne. Sydney singing star Babs Mackinnon plays Jack, the principal boy, and Joyce Gratton, of Melbourne, is Jill.



**STORY-TELLING TIME** is exciting when the stories come from Aladdin, the boy with the wonderful lamp. Starting at the Sydney Tivoli on December 22, "Aladdin" stars Jennie Howard, shown with, from left, D. Crumpton, L. Marshall, B. Kenyon.



**WHITE BALLET** supplies a pretty classical dancing sequence in "Jack and the Beanstalk," which will begin at the Capitol Theatre, Sydney, on December 26. All dancers are children from the Phyllis Culbert dancing School and are now rehearsing.



**UNSEEN BY THE GUARDS**, Jack slips through the gates of the Giant's castle. The Darling of the Regiment, played by Robin Cow, dances for the lined-up guards. They are, from left, D. Loaring, C. Senton, B. Morrison, J. Pritchard, and L. Hynes.





*GIANT'S KITCHEN in "Jack and the Beanstalk" is enlivened by the chef's ballet danced by children who go through the routine of preparing birds for the Giant's pie. The cast has seventy dancers.*

## Fairy-tales come to life again

★ Christmas pantomimes, when fairy-tales are enacted to an entranced audience of children, will be held in theatres throughout Australia to coincide with the school holidays. For many children they are the one opportunity of the year to see a real life stage show.

This year there will be large numbers of children on stage as well as in the audience. In each of the three pantomimes featured on these pages, children have important roles as singers, dancers, and actors.



*SON JACK, played by Norma Beattie, presents Mother Candy (Bobby Limb) with the bag of magic beans. All principals in "Jack and the Beanstalk" are singers.*



*UP THE BEANSTALK climbs Jack to rescue Princess Golden (Dawn Lake). He is cheered on by some of the village children, but his mother is frightened of his plan to visit the Giant.*



*THE CRUEL GIANT, played by Neal Euston, threatens his cook (Amy Rochelle) because she refuses to prepare Princess Golden for his supper.*





**SIGNING THE REGISTER.** Peter Muller and his bride, formerly Rosemary Patrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Patrick, of Mosman, at Scots Kirk, Mosman. Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Muller, of Leabrook, Adelaide.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**A** LIFE on the ocean wave does not appeal to everyone, but most people get a faraway look at the thought of a summer holiday cruise.

Some lucky folk from Sydney and the country are at present on a 13-day cruise to Fiji and New Caledonia on the liner *Orcades*.

They include Mr. and Mrs. Tim Bettington, of "Melrose," Leadville. Mrs. Hunter Bowman, of Point Piper, formerly of Muswellbrook, and two young solicitors from Goulburn, Mary Caspers and Patricia Lockwood.

**EARLY** in the New Year, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Lynch will leave on the *Kanimbla* for a round trip to Perth and back. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch's twin sons, Denis and David, who will be on holidays from Cranbrook, will accompany their parents.

**JANUARY 3** is the departure date set by Mrs. Eve Pointing, who is going to Singapore and all points east for a four to six months' holiday. Kuala Lumpur and Hongkong are included in her ports of call. At present, Mrs. Pointing is helping plan the Christmas Frivoly, which will be held at the Pickwick Club on December 15 in aid of the Food for Babies Fund.

**HAVING** found a flat at Edgecliff, Madeline Archbutt and her fiancé, Dick Hartford, are now busy peeling three layers of wallpaper off the walls before the flat can be redecorated. Madeline and Dick plan to be married in February or March at St. Mark's, Darling Point.



**AT RECEPTION.** Peter Carrodus watches his bride, formerly Rosalind Evatt, cut the cake at the reception after their wedding at St. John's, Canberra. Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Carrodus, of "Mugga Way," Red Hill.



**COUNTRY WEDDING.** Hugh Bickford and his bride, formerly Janet Davies, of "The Peppers," Aberdeen, leave St. Mark's, Aberdeen, after their wedding. Bridesmaid Sue McIntyre, of "Kynuga," Muswellbrook, is at the right.

**A NEW** home at Googee is waiting for recently married Joe and Judy Marks, who will return soon from their three weeks' honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise. Judy is the daughter of Judge Eric Clegg and Mrs. Clegg, of St. Ives.

**TO** celebrate the announcement of their engagement, Margaret Hooton and Basil Ferns were guests of honor at a party at the Warringah Bowling Club last weekend. Margaret, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hooton, of Clifton Gardens, returned six weeks ago from a trip abroad with her mother.

**JUST** back after six months abroad is Mrs. Sydney Albright, of Darling Point. Mrs. Albright spent some weeks in England and America, and visited Europe with Mrs. Paul Martin, of Cassilis. She tells me that she had a wonderful two weeks in Pakistan with the former High Commissioner for Pakistan in Australia, Mr. Yusuf Haroon, and Begum Haroon, and among friends she met in England were Dr. Eimmet Dalton and his wife, formerly Robin Eakin. Mrs. Albright brought home some unique suede jewellery from Paris.

Anne



**FAMILY GROUP.** Leaving her home for St. John's Church, Canberra, for her wedding to Peter Carrodus, Rosalind Evatt with her parents, the Leader of the Opposition, Dr. H. V. Evatt, and Mrs. Evatt, and the bride's brother Peter.



**GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA.** Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks (centre) arrive home in the *Orcades* from a trip abroad. With them is Lady Brooks' niece, Heather Turner-Laing, who is their guest at Government House, Melbourne.



**ON THE STAIRS.** Diana Madden (left), Geoff Berkman, and Janet Law at the party given by Jill Walmesley and Robin Ferguson at the home of Mrs. V. Comb, of Point Piper. White guipure lace trimmed Diana's navy frock.



**IN CANBERRA.** The Reverend T. H. Timpson watches Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Miners sign the register at St. John's, Canberra, after their wedding. Bride was Pat Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Pierce, of Adamantina.



**MOTHER AND SON.** Mrs. George Fitzpatrick and her son, George, junior, after his christening. Baby's godmother, Margaret Parsons, came from Brisbane for the ceremony, and a godfather, Ronald Folkard, came from Melbourne.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 9, 1953



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LONDON DANCE HALL with a poster advertising the Creep. Girls in the picture are not Creeps—yet. Otherwise they would wear jeans or tight skirt and sweater.

IN EDWARDIAN DRESS and with Edwardian manners teenage Creeper Ron Skinner bows and asks Rose Roberts if he could have the pleasure of the next Creep.



## Creep craze in London

### Edwardian suits, blank faces for new slow-motion dance

By  
**DON KELLEHER,**  
in London

Critics of the Creep, the new dance sensation that is sweeping London's dance halls, say it's as ephemeral as a flying saucer, but its devotees roar defiantly in reply: "It's here, brother, and it's going to stay—Edwardian suits and all."

THE Creep is causing the biggest dance world stir since the Charleston. But there is nothing as energetic as the Charleston in the teenagers' latest craze, which, believe me, is well named.

The boys and girls who do it just creep, and anyone watching it gets the creeps—especially ballroom dancing instructors.

Some dance-hall managers want to ban it; others say they like it.

But one voiced the opinion of the majority when he told me: "We would like to ban it, but if we do who's going to come to our dances? Just take a look at the number of Creeps on my floor tonight."

Yes, it's as bad as that already and the Creep was born only at the start of the British autumn. Every week, almost every night, hundreds are joining the ranks of the Creeps.

Their Edwardian-styled suits, costing anything between 15 and 30 guineas, are a must. So also are the Slim Jim ties, which are less than half the width of normal neckwear, and thick crepe-soled shoes. Doing the Creep out of this "uniform" is like going to a society wedding in a sports jacket and flannels.

The girls are not so particular, but the more fastidious female Creeps insist on skin-tight jeans and a sweater.

Don't think the Creep is just a shuffle. There's a definite technique. The couple stand at least 12 inches apart (so giving lie to criticism that

the Creep is morally wrong and dangerous).

Glazed eyes and a dead-pan expression the whole time are insisted upon. Only occasionally do these apparently muscle-bound zombies break into a grin while they are on the floor.

The hold is important. The girl's left hand and the boy's right must be on each other's shoulder. The other hands

are clasped tightly and the arms are held in a dead straight line downwards so the hands reach half-way down the thigh.

Then there are the steps. The basic steps are the old favorites: slow, slow, quick, quick. But there's a difference: there are no turns and the boy always moves backwards. The line of dance is a slight zig-zag, four steps one

way followed by four the other.

From above, when hundreds of these zany Creeps get on the floor, it looks like one long undulating conveyor belt on a go-slow strike.

Up to a few weeks ago, the teenagers who Creeped around their local dance halls did it to any tempo—foxtrot, waltz, quickstep, or tango. But now a British songwriter has composed a non-vocal tune specially for them. It's named "The Creep."

Its dead - slow, insistent rhythm is in keeping with the thing it was named after.

I asked one 20-year-old how it all began. He told me his clan had to do something when the halls became so packed that a dog couldn't wag its tail without hitting a dozen people.

"So we Creeped," he said, brushing back his creamed hair and adjusting the string tie he insists on calling a cravat.

"You get anyone doing the Creep—lawyers, barrow boys, bank clerks, office boys. But they gotta be dressed right. Edwardian suits or nothing."

Another youngster said it was because jiving was banned at many halls and because he knew nothing else he became a Creeper.

Yet another 16-year-old told me it was in direct opposition to the American Smooch—and that the Americans are worried. They think the Creep may kill the Smooch.

Dance teachers in Britain are doing all they can to stop what they call "this insidious menace to the accepted English style of dancing." But even they don't know how and where it began.

Truthfully, no one knows. All they do know is that it has arrived, and to prove it it's creeping into almost every dance hall in the country and looks very much like migrating as well.



**CREEPING.** The line of Creeps is just moving off, and leading them is the first couple to do the Creep at a famous London dance hall. Managers find it hard to ban the Creep because of its popularity.



# Our cover kittens at home



CHAMPION Princess Dewdrop, owned by Miss Mary Haswell, of North Turramurra, N.S.W., poses with her latest litter of four kittens. Kittens, born black, turn white by degrees.

## Glamor puss mother is leading model

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Models who have had, say, five children are usually washed up as cover girls. Not so with Champion Princess Dewdrop, a Chinchilla cat, who lives in appropriately named Miowera Rd., North Turramurra, N.S.W.

THE Princess, whose four youngest kittens appear on our cover, has had five litters and has herself been our cover model on two occasions.

Her kittens share the limelight this week with attractive Virginia Grey, of Mosman, Sydney. Ch. Princess Dewdrop, says her owner, Miss Mary Haswell, is the acme of beauty in the Chinchilla world.

She is short and chunky in the body, short in the legs, in the tail, in the ears, and the nose. Her fur is long and typically Persian.

Miss Haswell brushes it against the grain and dry-cleans it with french chalk before Dewdrop goes to a show.

When I saw Ch. Princess Dewdrop at her home, her fur, which would have been cosy on a winter's day, was probably causing that look of inner radiance.

The temperature out of doors was 100.6. Miss Haswell, photographer Ron Golding, and I were radiating, too. As were Dewdrop's latest litter, her husband, a fine tomcat known as St. Chad's Platinum King, and the other cats in the wire-screened yard.

Dewdrop, used in cameras, posed quickly and got it over.

Assorted kittens round the place, though, didn't know enough to come in out of the sun. We put them up trees—

they fell down; into baskets—they crawled out; on cushions—they sprang away.

Miss Haswell (who never addresses her seven cats and their kittens as "pussies") treated them by name, and waved a stick with a string and paper on the end enticingly. Eventually they stayed still for approximately 1-6000th of a second.

Or it seemed like it. After that the human beings went indoors, and the cats lay in the shade.

Miss Haswell explained that her cats eat six rabbits and 30lb. of horsemeat a week.



For breakfast they get a purée of pumpkins, spinach, carrots, and barley. For lunch they lap up porridge, milk, and raw egg. For dinner at night they have helpings of horsemeat.

Kittens, who get by on the milk supply, are born black. They turn white by degrees. Their heads and faces change first, then gradually their bodies down to their tails.

Miss Haswell, who knows how to handle cats and has never been scratched, places cotton-reels and string about for kittens to play with. When she takes them to a show, she lets them amuse themselves with jingling bells and rattles.

Dewdrop, according to Miss Haswell, is a good mother and a fine scrapper with dogs.

Less photographed but more beautiful is Ch. Miowera Trinket, who at a cat show held in May won the award for Best Persian Female by English judge Mrs. Joan Thompson.

In a large cardboard box,

KITTEN, two months old Miowera Cameo, a Chinchilla female, clings to the fork of a jacaranda tree and spits abuse at the photographer.

Miss Haswell keeps more than 500 prize-winning cards and ribbons won by her cats.

When Miss Haswell takes her cats to a show she places them in carrying baskets on the back seat of her car.

Contestants have to arrive at the showgrounds by 8.30 a.m. to be in time for their veterinary inspection.

The owner is permitted to brush their fur with powder but the powder must be removed before the judges see the cats. This rule was made to stop unscrupulous exhibitors darkening or lightening their cats' fur artificially.

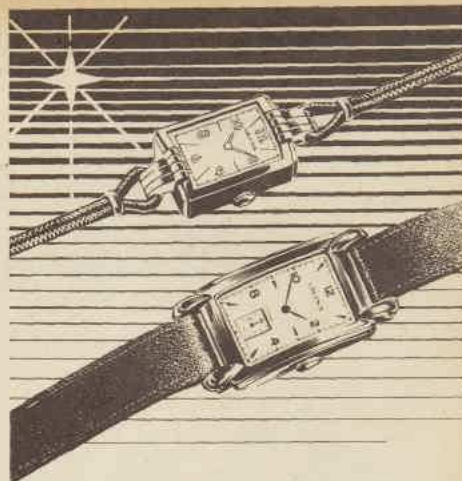
Another show rule states that cats must be judged against a background of white curtains. No color is allowed in the cage, because it may attract unfair attention.

But after the judging the public sees them in a more colorful setting. Prize cats and kittens sit in boxes hung with pink spun silk curtains, patterned with flowery sprigs. Miss Haswell even supplies rattles for the kittens to play with. She takes little bells along, too, which cats can tinkle with their paws.

It is only five years since Miss Haswell was given two cats and decided to start her own stud. Now she is an expert on Chinchillas and shaded Silvers (cats whose creamy fur is tipped with silver), and has called her stud "Miowera" after the road nearby.

"Miowera," though meaning "a place beside running water," sounded to Miss Haswell exactly like a cat's miaow.

And there's plenty of miaowing going on at "Miowera" these days.

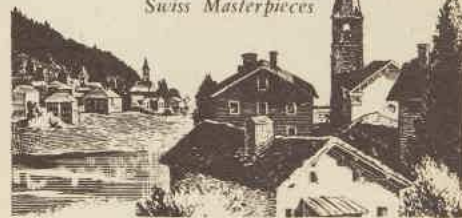


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SHOW RIBBONS won by Miss Haswell's cats are displayed by champion Miowera Trinket, who, at a cat show this year, was judged best Persian female by an English expert.



# ON BOARD THE GOTHIC, ROYAL TOUR LINER



ABOVE: Flag-Officer Royal Yachts, Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, who is flying his flag on board the Gothic for the Royal tour. The Queen and Duke embarked on November 27 at Jamaica.

● Now on their way to New Zealand and Australia, the Queen and her husband are travelling in the Royal tour liner Gothic, in which they embarked at Jamaica on November 27.

The Flag-Officer, Royal Yachts, Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, is flying his flag on board, and the master of the ship is Captain David Aitchison. Pictures were taken by Alec Murray in England.



RIGHT: Cipher officers, Third-Officer Diana Wilson, Second-Officer Joan Bevan, and Third-Officer Susan Rigby, are three Wrens on board the Royal liner who will be kept busy decoding.



CHIEF RADIO OFFICER Charles H. Roberts deals with all the ship-to-shore calls by the Queen on her radio telephone. The ship's personnel has been specially trained to attend the Royal party.



ROYAL DINING-ROOM. A general view of the handsome dining-room on board the Gothic. Here the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will have their meals with members of their personal staffs while the Royal party is at sea. Much of the furniture on board came from the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert.





*LEFT: Nursing Sister Margaret Davies was on board the Gothic at Mombasa when the 1952 Royal tour was cancelled and is still on the staff.*



*ABOVE: Sydney Allen, personal steward to the Queen, was tutored in Royal etiquette by Mr. Purdy, Chief Steward of the Royal Household.*



*CHEF is Charles (Tommie) Taylor, who has been with the Shaw Savill Line, owners of the Gothic, since 1932. Charles went to Windsor Castle for Ascot Week to work with the Royal chef and learn the Queen's favorite dishes and how to prepare them for the Royal table. The Queen does not like over-elaborate menus.*



*BARMAN STEVE COURTNEY has been barman with the Shaw Savill Line for 30 years. He has put down an excellent wine cellar for the Royal tour after finding out the preferences of the Queen.*



# Beauclaire

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# DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● Fashion round-up of gossip and latest trends worth noting from New York, Paris, and Rome.

**N**EW YORK releases a new outstanding silhouette, the "Can-Can." The shape is excitingly feminine with a flared-out skirt (shorter than our current skirt length), curved-in waist, and rounded bodice top. The line is inspired by French painter Toulouse-Lautrec's can-can girls.

This new silhouette is illustrated in the one-piece dress (right). A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in stock sizes; see further details under sketch at right.

Also in New York a detachable fur choir-boy collar makes fashion news for teenagers. And New York gift buyers for Christmas are offered a petticoat processed with 24 carat gold. The model is trimmed with black and gold lace; the price is about £A13/5/-. Matching panties are also available.

**PARIS** says, "Be stand-offish to be stylish." Coats stand away from the body.

**Example:** Dior's barrel line, Fath's semi-fitted redingote, and Balenciaga's straight coats with armholes half an inch farther out from the shoulders than they were last season.

Suit jackets by the same designers also stand off from the body, and are worn over skimpy skirts or slim dresses. When a top is fitted, the skirt stands out.

**Example:** Dior's dance dresses inspired by the domes

of Paris. This silhouette gives scope to petticoat fashions. Under this type of silhouette the Dior mannequins wear at least two petticoats of stiffened net.

**ROME's** well-known designer Schubert (male) features a new line called Schu-Schu. Basically, the silhouette contrasts a straight front with a full back.

**Example:** Peplums on suit jackets and coats as well as on day and evening dresses.

Lobster-red and sapphire-grey are popular colors for the Rome autumn season.

Another Schubert feature is the combination of an evening

gown with a flat tiara in matching embroidered fabrics.

**Example:** Pearl-white satin formal evening gown, made with black velvet insets outlined in rhinestone embroidery, matched to a velvet tiara with a rhinestone pendant front.

Schubert also designs millinery, and his latest models have high, draped crowns worn straight on the head, with elongated sides fitting closely over the ears.



**D.S. 65:** One-piece dress requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 5½ yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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## ★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Should the morning of December 9 cast a shadow on your plans or disappoint well-founded expectations, December 11 will compensate handsomely.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. December 10. Accept what is offered and discover its possibilities. Ideas for December 12 may cost more than they're worth.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Remember you're one of a team. Consult with partners, December 9, and enjoy the fruits of successful planning on December 14.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Excellent opportunities of striking a bargain and of improving your methods or working conditions, December 11. Do not ask favors of anyone on December 13.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): That really lucky break may come in connection with business matters, December 8. Outings on December 13 may not equal anticipations.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): If you're house hunting or shifting into new quarters, December 10 is important. It also favors entertaining. December 14 is fine for home purchases.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): If you have important letters to write or appointments to make, December 10 is the right moment. Be wise and don't pay any attention to gossip on December 12.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): The morning of December 9 could tempt you to extravagance or a bad financial move. Wait until December 11, which favors your interests.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): If you're in love, December 11 is out of this world. Older subjects enjoy popularity and social life. December 13 is rather chilling.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): You may shed a fear or a worry once and for all, December 8. If December 10 is a day full of interruptions, December 12 sparkles with happiness.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Social arrangements for December 9 may not pan out, but a little adventure is likely to add to the gaiety of December 13.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): While December 9 had best be avoided if trying to improve your social or business standing, December 11 is excellent for all purposes.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)



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# Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

## ★★ Angels One Five

MEMORIES of the Battle for Britain and the "few" fighter pilots who held back the Luftwaffe in 1940 are revived in the Associated British production "Angels One Five."

Although the theme has already received a good deal of motion-picture coverage, you will find this dignified recapitulation of those eventful days to be absorbing.

Against backgrounds of squadron "scrambles," operations room activities, and occasional social binges, the story centres on a dour Scottish Voluntary Reservist who is posted to a Hurricane squadron.

John Gregson plays this shy, aloof character admirably.

Headed by Jack Hawkins' understanding commanding officer, the large cast includes Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, as well as numerous solid bit-players like Geoffrey Keen's company sergeant-major.

British understatement and clipped accents are features of the film. The former is responsible for an unnecessary tame finale.

Coupled with R.A.F. terminology, the latter renders some of the opening film passages hard to understand.

In explanation of the film title, "Angels" is the code word for height. "One Five" means that aircraft are flying at 15,000 feet.

In Sydney—Embassy.

## ★★ Doctor Knock

THE Gallic knack of seeing the many facets of irony in a comic situation, and of drawing from it all its humor and sting, is well demonstrated in the new French language film "Doctor Knock."

The medical profession and glibly humans suffering from imaginary ills are the butt of this film's satire.

The overlong story, with Louis Jouvet in the title role, is a quietly amusing conversation piece with a typical bourgeois French setting.

When shady Dr. Knock is sold a provincial practice which is minus patients, he remedies that unfortunate situation by using simple psychology and phony diagnoses to rope in local trade.

His enterprise pays off handsomely, and even sceptical confrere Dr. Parpalaid (Jean Brocard) falls for Dr. Knock's line of talk.

Louis Jouvet's straight-faced comedy stance is as smooth as his pomaded head. By merely peering over the top of his spectacles or raising an eyebrow he manages to convey volumes of subtle inference.

The film fails to reach the standard of some earlier comedies of French rural life, and photography is poor.

English dubbing is efficiently done. In Sydney—Savoy.

## ★ Vicki

THERE is not much tension or suspense to be found in Fox's new thriller, "Vicki," in which a couple of emotional cripples run loose until police are able to polish them off on a murder charge.

The film is only fair, but casual movie-goers will get a certain amount of pleasure from the two glamorous feminine stars, Jean Peters and Jeanne Crain, as well as from the slick quality of the whole production.

"Vicki" tells the story of a pretty waitress (Jean Peters) who becomes a sought-after model with the help of three impressionable men about New York cafe society. Later the

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

girl is murdered in strange circumstances.

Press agent Elliott Reed (of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"), columnist Casey Adams, and matinee idol Alex D'Arcy are well in the picture as murder suspects.

So is Jeanne Crain, who plays the role of Vicki's devoted sister.

Richard Boone's vindictive detective is often laughable. Driven by several brands of frustration, he works hard to pin the murder rap on an innocent man, but none of it convinces.

More than likely you will manage to pick out the real culprit without much trouble. He's too queer to miss.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "Blueprint for Murder," mystery, starring Jean Peters, Joseph Cotten, Gary Merrill. Plus ★ "County Fair," cinecolor racing drama, starring Rory Calhoun, Jane Nigh.

CIVIC.—★ "Blood on the Sun," action drama, starring James Cagney, Sylvia Sydney. Plus ★★ "The Red House," mystery drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Lon McAllister. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★ "Angels One Five," air drama, starring Jack Hawkins, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "The Band Wagon," technicolor musical, starring Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Penny Princess," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Yolande Donlan. Plus ★★ "The Lady Vanishes," mystery, starring Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. (Re-release.)

LYRIC.—★ "Desert Legion," technicolor desert drama, starring Alan Ladd, Arlene Dahl. Plus ★ "The All American," football drama, starring Tony Curtis, Lori Nelson. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Vicki," mystery, starring Jeanne Crain, Jean Peters, Elliott Reed. (See review this page.) Plus "The Rose Bowl Story," cinecolor football drama, starring Marshall Thompson, Vera Miles.

PALACE.—★ "Stop, You're Killing Me," technicolor comedy, starring Broderick Crawford, Claire Trevor. Plus "Sugarfoot," Western, starring Randolph Scott. (Re-release.)

PARK.—★ "Gun Belt," technicolor Western, starring George Montgomery, Tab Hunter, Helen Westcott. Plus "So Young, So Bad," drama, starring Catherine McLeod, Paul Henreid. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "The Stogie," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," technicolor musical, starring Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell, Elliott Reed. Plus ★ "Southside 1-1000," thriller, starring Don DeFore, Andrea King.

SAVOY.—★ "Dr. Knock," French-language comedy, starring Louis Jouvet, Jean Brocard. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "From Here to Eternity," drama, starring Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Lili," technicolor romance, starring Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean Pierre Aumont. Plus ★ "Two Weeks With Love," technicolor musical, starring Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban. (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY.—★★ "Sangaree," technicolor 3-D period adventure, starring Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl. Plus ★ "The Vanquished," technicolor Western, starring John Payne, Jan Sterling, Lyle Bettger.

### Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Caribbean Gold," technicolor adventure, starring John Payne, Arlene Dahl. Plus ★★ "Duck Soup," comedy, starring the Marx Brothers. (Re-release.)

ESQUIRE.—★ "Belles de Nuit," French-language comedy, starring Gerard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida, Martine Carol. Plus "Thy Neighbor's Wife," drama, starring Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore, Ken Carlton.

PLAZA.—★ "City of Bad Men," technicolor Western, starring Dale Robertson, Jeanne Crain. Plus "Whispering Smith Hits London," mystery, starring Richard Carlson, Greta Gynt, Herbert Lom.

VARIETY.—★ "Houdini," technicolor romantic drama, starring Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh. Plus featurettes.

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He made a groping motion in the air with one hand, as if the words were floating invisibly around him. It was an endearing gesture.

"Janet, heaven knows my job isn't the noblest of callings. But just now and then I can introduce someone like this to the public. And that makes it worth while."

By flipping open her notebook, Janet put an end to this impassioned speech.

"What is the name, weight, age, and description of this paragon? I want a story, not a poem to her virtues."

"Her name is Ellen Barton. The details are typed in this hand-out. But when she's signed her contract Mayfield is ringing me here, and you can have the first Press interview with her."

He made it sound as if he were conferring a favor, Janet looked at Gregg, puzzled. He was lighting a cigarette. The dark hair flopped on his brow, his long, nervous hands cupped the match.

Janet thought she'd never heard him talk like this. Usually he was cynical about the new finds of Excelbia. "A nice little bit of stuff called Peg De-Lile," he would say. "Not great, but easy on the tired eyes."

Handing you a story, typed by himself, describing the same Peg Whosis as the most marvelous thing since Betty Grable. This was different. There was something about it Janet didn't understand. Then:

"Gregg!" she almost shouted. "You aren't in love with her, are you?"

He flipped the match away. His grey eyes opened a little wider than usual. Slowly he said:

"I don't know. Perhaps I am. But, then, everybody will be soon."

Something like a sharp knife stabbed Janet in the heart. Carefully she put the notebook down on his desk. She hoped her feelings didn't show on her face. For this was something Janet Layne had been afraid of for a very long time.

Like Gregg himself Janet was not the falling-in-love type. Oh, it was more than sophistication, more than careers versus babies, office versus home. Something deeper, more fundamental. Janet thought of herself as being like the cat who walked by itself, a person who needed no one and nothing.

She lived alone but was never lonely. In her twenty-six years she had had proposals, and had turned them down because she had no need of anyone.

She had not fallen in love with Gregg. She had become in love with him. It had seeped into her being, softly, in spite of herself, and she had always known it was useless, for Gregg Pine was her masculine counterpart.

Gregg was attractive to women, but cared not a row of brass pins for them. He was closed up, wary, despite his apparently extroverted behaviour. An invisible sign read: "Keep Off. No Strings or Entanglements Required."

Yet, while he was like that, he was, in some strange fashion,

from page 3

here. From time to time she saw him, talked to him. The meetings recharged her emotional batteries. She'd always thought of herself as cold, unapproachable—or would have done had she faced the question.

Yet she liked to think that between herself and Gregg Pine there was an unspoken link, something deeper than friendship, intangible, yet very real.

Now, hearing him talk of the other girl, the girl she had never met, she realised the truth.

It was all moonshine. There was no link, except in her own silly head. And as for being cold as an ice-maiden—the pain in her heart was a sudden, dreadful rejection of her most deeply held ideas about herself.

"Ellen Barton," she said lightly. "Unpretentious, at any rate."

She wrote it down. Ellen Barton. Wondering why she bothered at all, wondering if she would have the strength to drive back to the paper, go to her typewriter, and write drivel about Ellen Barton.

"I met her for the first time last night," he said. "I was thinking just what you're thinking now, Janet. You are, Bennett had been raving about her all day, and I expected the usual thing."

"What usual thing?"

"Why, the usual glamor-puss. Assured, witty, not very wise. Smart as paint and certain of herself."

Janet felt the knife twist. Oh, it was cruel. Monstrous. Assured, witty, not very wise . . .

It might be a description of her, Janet thought, floundering in misery, drooling crazily on her notebook and wondering why nothing happened to her.

The walls should fall in, she thought. I should dissolve or burst. Die or go mad. And yet I sit here making conversation about this girl as if the world were the same place and this had never happened.

Gregg was studying the ceiling, looking for a phrase. He found it, and came back to her.

"I've known actresses a long time," he said. "I have theories. An actress gives herself away; gives her soul away, somehow." One hand groped in the air.

"They have a look about them. They are acting all the time, you know. If they are bad actresses the look is empty, hard, foolish. People mistake it for vanity, but it isn't. It's something else. Like a factory girl who thinks she is a queen . . . shallow, unreal. Haven't you seen it?"

"Yes," Janet told him slowly. "I have seen it, Gregg. But I could never have described it. You make it clear. That's why you're sorry for them, isn't it? Even when they're successful?"

He nodded.

"And the great ones, Gregg? The Ellen Bartons. Don't they have the look?"

He shook his head.

"Ellen is something different," he said. "I'll come to her. But the great ones have a different look. Stars—it's a good name for them. Glittering with a million candle-power, so near you feel you could touch them, but all the time a hundred light-years away and out of reach. They can live the minds of men as great as Shaw or Chekov, Shakespeare or Ibsen. They really aren't ordinary mortals."

She forced herself to make a noise that meant "Go on." As he spoke it was clear that what Ellen Barton had was something more human, something different from great-theatrical ability.

"It explains a lot of things, Janet," he said; "the public

worship of the really great ones, perhaps even their own unhappy lives, their divorces and squalid little intrigues and affairs. They are somehow not of this world. They shine. Like ice."

"You ought to write a book about it, Gregg." Her tone was still light. Light and brittle and near breaking.

He smiled. "Some day perhaps I will," he said.

Janet smiled back. Miserably she was thinking she should have known how this was going to end. When she first worried about Gregg Pine wasting his talents she should have been warned by her own concern.

A year ago—perhaps twenty-four hours ago—she could have had him. It might have meant a struggle, humiliation, pain. But not this misery of being shut out forever . . .

"Ellen is different," he said. "Ellen is great. Yet she hasn't got the look. Oh, there are others, rare exceptions. Women who aren't eaten up with this demand for expression. Women who can act a scene, then go back to reality. Actresses who can stay women. Ellen's like that. No airs about her, simple . . . oh, I don't know. But you'll love her, Janet. She's a lovable person."

"I'm sure she is, Gregg. How long will she be signing the contract?"

"Mayfield is probably keeping her. We'll send you pictures. She'll be here in a moment."

Janet stared at the photographs on the wall. She was trying to make out why she had never reached and grabbed Gregg Pine when she could. Ah, but it was hard. It was a mixture of pride and shyness—yes, shyness.

She could hold down a tough job on a tough newspaper; she could fight for a story or face a tough interview . . . but it was hard to make a man understand you loved him without grovelling, without leaving yourself defenceless, easily wounded.

Yet what wound could be worse than this? In a moment the door would open and she would come in. This paragon of all the virtues. Simple, unaffected, shy . . . bah!

There was some spirit left, somewhere, in Janet Layne, and she made up her mind, without even thinking about it, to fight. It would be hard, it would be painful, it would most probably be useless. But she would battle now for happiness as she had never fought for success.

The door opened. There was Mayfield, grinning, waving a contract.

"Two-fifty a week and cheap at the price," he said. "Gregg, the kid's a natural. But she's got a business head on her."

Then he saw Janet and his chubby face fell. "Oh, sorry, Miss Layne. I did ask Ellen to step down here and have a few words with you, but she was all of a dither or something. Signing her first big contract, you know." To Gregg he said lamely, "I told her you wanted an interview. She said she'd ring you." He grinned. "Got a mind of her own, that kid."

Gregg nodded absently, crossed to the window, and looked out at the weak golden sunlight climbing the side of George's dog-kennel. Mayfield joined him.

"You know, it's romantic, really," Mayfield said. "The kid comes here by bus and goes home in a Rolls. Gregg, you'd hardly recognise her." There was the quiet purr of tyres on concrete, and Mayfield shouted in something like triumph:

"There she goes!" He waved, with all the air of a salesman showing off a desirable property. "I'll bet the kid grosses millions."

If children must stay in a hospital bed for long periods there is a great danger that boredom will sap their vitality and hinder their recovery.

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Pictures of the children and their "mobiles" and the story of the experiment are in the December 8 issue of A.M., now on sale.

Janet ran to the window. She followed Gregg's gaze.

The huge black car swept out. Janet had one glimpse of a childish face above a simple grey coat. But even in that flash before the car vanished through the gates she saw the withdrawn gaze, the imperious gaze, pose of the head.

Glittering, she thought, like a star, like ice . . . Unable to speak, she glanced up at Gregg. He was watching the car, his face expressionless, the eyes half closed.

"No, Mayfield," he said, "you'd hardly recognise her." He turned to Janet. "You can say, 'I told you so,' if you like, Janet." Then he stopped.

"Janet," he said, "what's the matter, Janet?"

And for the first time he was talking, not to Janet Layne of the "Morning Record," not to a friend and colleague, but to a woman he seemed almost to have met for the first time. And Janet Layne, released from torment, began to cry. She had not cried for years; she wept openly and unashamed.

"Dear Janet," said Gregg, "please don't cry."

Suddenly her head was on his shoulder, his arms were round her. It isn't hard, she found herself thinking as he held her; it isn't hard at all.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 9, 1953





**PHLOX**, easily grown and colorful, are ideal plants for children's gardens. A bed such as this one would be a great source of pride to a little gardener.

## THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN

Garden plots of their own, which they may tend, sow, and keep watered, provide hours of interest and occupation for children in the holidays and hours of peace for their mothers.

**N**OW is an excellent time of the year to encourage youngsters to start a garden, because they will soon see some results if quickly growing annuals or vegetables are sown or seedlings planted.

Mothers at their wits' end to find occupation for active young minds—and bodies—will realise that time spent parcelling out sections of the garden to the small fry, and giving advice on elementary horticultural problems is well spent.

It is best to choose a sunny spot for the garden bed to be formed out, and the area for each (if more than one child is to be considered) should be allotted in proportion to age and strength.

You may have to sacrifice some cherished, easily-worked ground in good condition, but the sight of the young gardeners at work should be some reward, despite the prospect of muddied shoes and clothes.

Make it a rule that shoes are changed and hands receive at least their first washing outside when the tribe ceases its labors. If this is done the floors and walls of the house may escape serious mutilation.

Tools should be scaled to the size of the wielder, and spades and forks should not be sharp if a small child is to use them.

The young gardener should be taught how to keep his tools clean and the reason for so doing.

He also should be taught how to dig, hoe, rake, and mulch, and be given clear-cut reasons for each process.

If you have no boxes of seedlings ready, give the children packets of seed to plant direct into their gardens. Their enthusiasm is sure to be stimulated by the optimistic pictures on the covers.

As well, you could help them plant some seed-boxes, to be inspected daily for tiny green shoots and to be carefully watered. A toy watering-can is ideal for this purpose.

The best annuals for the children to grow are:

Zinnias, phlox, asters, marigolds, scabious, portulaca, and alyssum, to mention only a few.

If you have seedlings, the child can be instructed how to prepare the soil. Then seedlings can be handed over, and the child shown how to plant them, distance apart at which they should be set, and how to firm the soil gently round them.

Vegetables, too, can be sown by children, either from seed or seedlings, and if a very productive piece of ground is provided the youngsters can take pride in "beating Dad" when it comes to the production of the "biggest ever" tomatoes, marrows, melons, pumpkins, or squashes.

Quick-growing vegetables such as beans, marrows, pumpkins, cucumbers, sweet corn, lettuce, silver beet, turnips,

While waiting for the seeds to "come up" and to prevent the little plants being killed by kindness when the shoots do break through the surface, fencing the plots could be suggested. An enclosed garden adds greatly to the pride of possession felt by the small owner.

Even in flats or homes not served by a garden, youngsters could be given pots, troughs, or window-boxes, already filled with soil, and then provided with seedlings or seeds of flowers.

Pots could be stood in saucers or zinc trays on casement window-sills, the edges of verandah walls, the floors of sleep-outs, or semi-sunny porches, where in a few weeks, if seedlings are used, an interesting and instructive box-garden could be established.

The hardest plants for such a garden would be fibrous-rooted begonias, geraniums, coleus (needs shade), veronicas, agatheas, fuchsias (need some shade), heuchera, lotus peiorhynchus, uellia, verbena, and sedums of various kinds.

Older children could undertake the making of miniature gardens or rock gardens.

These could be provided with lilliputian pond, pergolas, arches, rockeries, fences, summer houses, bush houses, footpaths, and other features found in the average home garden.

Tiny succulents such as crassulas, sedums, and baby trees could be planted in such miniature gardens, and plaster figures, usually obtainable at fancy-goods stores, could be arranged in the landscape.

Point out the common diseases such as mildew, black spot, and leaf spot, and teach the children to keep a constant watch for pests such as slugs, snails, beetles, and caterpillars.

Pest control is not a task for a child, as it involves the handling of many dangerous poisons, but, under supervision, a filled atomiser containing the particular specific could be handed over so that the youngster is able to spray his own patch.

—R. G. Edwards.



### Maxam Bakeo Xmas Pudding

(1) Mix together:—1 lb. mixed fruit (2 lb. if desired); ½ cup brown sugar; pinch salt; good pinch grated nutmeg; ½ cup cold water; ½ teaspoon carb. soda; ½ teaspoon spice; spirits if desired. (2) Boil mixture and allow to cool. (3) Add 1 tablespoon treacle, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 pkt. Maxam Bakeo. (4) Beat till smooth. (5) Place in greased basin and tie greased paper over basin to make airtight. (6) Steam 3-3½ hrs. (7) If allowed to stand, reheat for ¼ hr. before serving. Serve with brandy sauce.

### Maxam Bakeo Xmas Cake

(1) Mix together:—2 lb. mixed fruit; 1 large cup cold water; 1 large cup brown sugar; pinch salt; 1 teaspoon parisian essence (for dark cake); ¼ teaspoon carb. soda. (2) Place in saucepan, boil, simmer for 3 mins. (3) When cool add 4 eggs (well beaten). (4) Add 1 pkt. Maxam Bakeo and mix well. (5) Add one teaspoon mixed spice; walnuts or almonds (in small pieces) to taste; and small wine glass of spirits (if desired). (6) Place in greased and lined cake tin and bake approx. 2½ hours in moderate oven.

### Maxam Bakeo Fruit Mince Pies

(1) Put through mincer:—1 lb. suet; 1 lb. sugar; 2 lb. currants; ¼ lb. seeded raisins; ¼ lb. candy peel; 1¼ lbs. apples. (2) Add 1 oz. nutmeg, cinnamon and all spice (mixed together); ½ pint brandy; juice of 4 lemons, rind of 1 lemon; ½ teaspoon salt, and mix thoroughly. (3) Store in dry airtight jars for few weeks. (4) Make pastry shells with Maxam Bakeo, fill with mince, and bake.

### Maxam Cheese Straws

(1) Take one cup of Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mixture and one cup of Maxam Cheese (grated). (2) Mix thoroughly and add pinch of salt, and small quantity of cayenne pepper to taste. (3) Mix in one well beaten egg. (4) Roll out very thin. (5) Cut in straw lengths or biscuit shapes as required and bake in moderate oven five to eight minutes. The biscuit shapes are delicious with savouries served on top.

Make it another

**MAXAM Bakeo**

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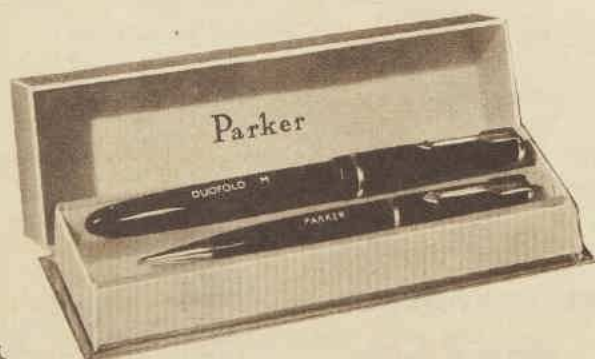


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like to see where the people live."

They sat in silence in the rocking, uncomfortable vehicle, facing each other upon hard, wooden seats, and the parks and wide streets gave way to narrow alleys, the handsome English buildings to small, two-story houses of brick or stone, whose carved and painted fronts made them look like toys.

The hot air steamed with agents and racks, pepper and acid mingled with the bland fragrance of flowers and fruits. People crowded the streets, walking, standing, leaning against the walls, or lying on the pavement, curled in sleep. They were dark, and yet not all of the same darkness. Sometimes a child had a creamy skin, sometimes a young boy's cheek was almost white.

Faces turned to gaze at them with eyes large and liquid and soft, except occasionally those deep-set in the hawklike head of a Pathan or a Sikh. They saw no white man in the mingling crowds of Hindus, Muslims, Malays, Parsees wearing tall hats of horsehair, Afghans, Chinese, Japanese, Tibetans, and even black men from the southern coasts.

The colors were vivid and random, a pink turban and a green scarf, a purple robe and a tunic of crimson velvet and gold, orange and scarlet mingled with blue and yellow and rose, and, now in the native city, the common women came and went, draped in bright and graceful saris. Their brown faces were decorated with necklaces, earrings and tiny jewels in the nostrils, and their bare arms and ankles tinkled with bracelets and anklets.

To the Americans, they were a pageant to look at and to pass.

The cross streets were narrow even for the gherry, but the driver, muttering something over his shoulder, drove the bullock towards a row of shops, jewellers and dealers in precious stones, and then, as though this were the ultimate destination, he stopped and motioned that they were to descend.

"Well," MacArd said with a faint smile all but lost in his beard, "he seems to know what he wants us to do."

"We may as well obey," David replied.

They got out and the driver tucked his head into his dirty cotton robe and prepared to sleep.

The shops, or bazaars, whatever one chose to call them, were crowded with people examining jewels and ornaments, arguing and exclaiming and comparing. A few women turned their backs as they saw the white men, but the beggars warned around them. Jewels were in rich display, rubies and pink Indian pearls, amethysts and diamonds, turquoise and Chinese jade set in elaborate gold, decorations for women's necks and wrists and anklets, or to set in the turban of a man. Seeing the Americans, the shopkeepers called to them from every side.

Automatically fingering a necklace that an importunate vendor had thrust into his hands, MacArd was struck suddenly by a pang at the heart. There was no one now for whom he cared to buy jewels. Had Leila been with him, as once they had planned she would be, for she had a curiosity about the East, and especially India, fostered, perhaps, by missionaries who came to her church, then this was the sort of thing he would have delighted to buy for her—this necklace or that heavy bracelet with its emeralds set in yellow gold.

Indian emeralds were the most beautiful in the world, and how well her dark hair and eyes would have set off that vivid green, and how dearly he would have enjoyed her wearing them at home, sitting at the far end of his vast table. He would have boasted to his

## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

from page 8

guests, "Yes, we bought Leila's emeralds in India, in the Street of Jewels. There are thousands of shops—six thousand, they told us—and we thought these the finest gems we saw."

Leila was dead. That he must repeat to himself. He looked at David, standing quietly beside him, gazing not at the jewels but at the people.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"Whenever you say," David replied.

They climbed back into the vehicle to the disappointment of jewellers and beggars alike and, prodding the driver awake with his cane, MacArd pointed him back to the English city, to the wide streets, the great houses of green and grey stone.

There MacArd dismissed the wretched conveyance and they got into the horse-drawn street-car for Malabar Point.

"An American named Kitteridge built this street-car system," he informed his son, making conversation again.

"Did he?" David murmured. They were passing the Cathedral, and near it stood the statue of Lord Cornwallis, the Governor-General of India after England lost the American colonies, a statue raised, the guide-book said, by funds from the merchants of Bombay.

"Cornwallis," MacArd said briefly, nodding at the haughty figure.

David looked and did not reply.

North of the bay stood the Towers of Silence. They had been told at the hotel that surely they must see the Towers.

"A very interesting sight," the clerk had informed them with condescension.

"Are you tired?" MacArd asked in sudden anxiety. His son's cheeks were pale. "I feel odd," David said with some effort. "I feel smothered. It's only the heat, I think."

"We'll get off and go back to the hotel," MacArd said firmly. Again they descended, and, catching a car returning from Malabar Point, they were within the half-hour back in their rooms. Wahdi, asleep at his feet, MacArd ignored him.

"You are not?" he insisted, sitting anxiously at his son. "Oh, no," David protested. "Perhaps, again, it's the ship. I seem to feel the sea still rising and falling. I will lie down."

"I fetch you tea, Sahib," Wahdi, hovering about them, increased the oppression of the atmosphere.

"Fetch it, then," MacArd commanded. "And, David, take a cool sponge. It will refresh you."

"Thanks, father," David said. "Don't bother. I'll drink the tea and be better."

He longed to shut the door between the rooms, but he did not wish to wound his father. He had been alone with his father for days and weeks. There had always been his mother between them, and now she was no more. He must learn to live without feeling oppressed by this powerful personality. He smiled at his father and then taking courage he shut the door between them.

In his bathroom MacArd poured water over himself in the fashion that the guide-book had suggested to them. He stood on the sloping stone floor and, with the metal dipper, he dipped up water from a large porcelain jar and poured it over his head and shoulders. Then, refreshed, he tried sternly to discipline the torment of his thoughts.

He must shape all his time now to other ends, undertake new work, busy himself—but with what? While Leila lived, his life was full every hour of the day and night, and now, suddenly, it all had come to an end and so quickly that still he could scarcely believe it.

Her heart, which none had suspected, had in the night, a night like any other, simply ceased to beat, without reason, without will, a mystery except that in her pretty, willful way she never went to doctors.

Not since David's birth and the painful operation after it, which had made it evident that there would be no more children, never after those weeks in the hospital had she been willing to have a doctor. She treated herself in secret ways and he knew it only because he found bottles of medicine sometimes on her table.

Then, terrified, he demanded to know if she suffered pain or felt ill and she never would tell him. She had laughed at him and had showed him her lovely, round arms and had bade him look at the color of her cheeks.

"Do I look like an invalid?" she demanded.

What could he say but the truth that she looked like health itself? Afterwards the bright eyes and the quick, vivid color were, the doctor said, the very signs of death.

MacArd gave a groaning sigh as he remembered, and then, wrapping his linen bathrobe about him, he sat down in a deep wicker chair in his bathroom. Immediately the weight of his loneliness, his distance from home, the knowledge that even though he returned to his house it would be empty for him, overcame him, and he closed his eyes and leaned back his head.

FOR years, MacArd had not really prayed to God, although it was his nightly habit, because it had been Leila's, to kneel at his bedside for a few minutes. Sometimes he had prayed during those minutes, but usually it had been sheer pretence, the wish not to hurt his wife, who had the habit of devoutness natural to her generation and his.

Since her death he had put aside pretence, but suddenly now here in this distant room in India, prayer burst articulate from his frantic heart.

"Oh, God, show me what to do with my life and my money that is the end I may rejoice in."

He did not doubt for one moment that Leila was in heaven, if there were such a place, for she had been a tender woman of such goodness and purity that she had already been an angel on earth. That she was ever petty or that she had ever made him impatient seemed impossible to him, and he thought now of such moments as entirely his own fault, although he had not always recognised it so when she was alive.

She had sometimes complained against him because, she said, he was only interested in making money. It was true. His life had been absorbed in establishing the vast network of his interests. He had founded his fortune in railroads, and he was still the president of that, his oldest corporation, but railroads, as half a dozen men in his country knew, were merely arteries for trade, and now, with the nineteenth century in its last decade, the young and hungry country in which he had grown up yearned for more railroads and more trade.

To pursue his golden way had been his business, but it had been his excitement and achievement, too. It had been fun as well as glory, and he did not care how much of his money Leila gave away. He liked to see his wife's name heading a charity. "Mrs. David Hardworth MacArd, five thousand dollars."

What did Leila want him to do now?

He held his eyes tightly shut, surprised at the cry from within himself and even a little frightened. Were there secrets that he did not know?

He was a practical man; he had no time to read books, although he used to enjoy listening to Leila tell him about the books she had read, and since her death he had opened some of them, seeking to recover the sound of her voice and the vision of her tender face. But without her the pages were dead. Where then could he find out about her now?

"Oh, Leila, honey," he muttered, teeth clenched, "can't you break through to me somehow?"

He sat rigid and listening, and he heard unrecognized sounds rising from the streets, high wailing voices speaking unknown tongues, voices as mournful as a dirge, mingled with the sharp cry of the beggars. His loneliness became agony and something as near terror as he could feel lent energy to his soul, searching for lost love.

Certain words that had haunted his childhood in the country manse sprang alive in his memory, and he heard his father's big voice declaiming scriptures from the pulpit.

"It is easier for a camel to pass through The Eye Of The Needle than it is for a rich man to enter The Kingdom of Heaven."

Why, this was a monstrous thing to remember, for he was a very rich man, and it was not like Leila to remind him of it, but maybe she was doing it because it was the only way she could do it, through his memory.

He used to hear those words when he was a small boy, bitterly poor with his family, and none of them had ever seen a rich man and he used to wonder what a rich man did and what he had to eat and wear, and when he was a rebellious adolescent, he wanted to be a rich man because that was the kind of man his father had hated, a man who could never go to heaven. So maybe this was Leila's way of telling him that those old words were true and if he wanted to get to heaven where she was he had to do something good now with his money.

He was distracted here by the door opening slowly, inch by inch, and he saw Wahdi, smiling at him. He came in on tiptoe, bearing a tea tray, and from his right hand hung an immense basket of white flowers.

"From Govmint, Sahib," Wahdi said proudly. "A chit, Sahib, telling all." He set the tray on the table, put down the basket, and took from his bosom a large square envelope and gave it to MacArd. Then he stepped back and stood proudly while he waited.

MacArd tore open the heavy paper and drew forth a single sheet embossed with the insignia of the English crown. There was nothing formal, however, in the handwritten message, signed by the Governor-General himself.

Dear Mr. MacArd,

We shall be delighted if you care to have tiffin with us privately either Tuesday or Thursday without other guests, and shall quite understand if you don't. I have given instructions that you are to see what you like in the city and that reservations are to be made on whatever railroad you choose to travel. We understand the tragic circumstances of your visit and shall await your inclination.

Yours, etc.

MacArd was not deceived. He was not a concerted man, but he was proud. He was invited to the Governor-General's mansion because he was rich, and wealth was his pedestal.

The incident restored MacArd to himself. He had been

shaken, but he must wait. He must think things over, he told himself. Meanwhile here was this invitation.

He pondered it while Wahdi waited majestically, sharing the glory of a master who received flowers from Malabar Point. MacArd's Scotch blood, inherited two hundred years ago from Scottish ancestors who did not wish to be vassals of Englishmen, tempted him to toy with the idea of refusing the invitation. Courteously as it was worded, it was nevertheless a summons.

His prudence conquered. Some time or other he might want to do business in India. It seemed unlikely, but it was within the imagination that railroads might make some day a network around the world, connecting with vast steamship companies. It was an age of expansion. He went to the teakwood desk and wrote a brief note of acceptance. Wahdi received it as an honor and bestowed it upon the waiting messenger outside the door with the air of one conferring gifts.

"We have given the Indian people an extraordinary freedom," the Governor-General was saying. "In the old days they wouldn't have thought of criticizing Government. Now, however, British tradition has taken the young Indian intellectuals by storm. We've taught them English and they have read our English newspapers and have learned our ways. They read our vigorous and independent editorials, not understanding that in England criticism does not mean dis-

To page 47

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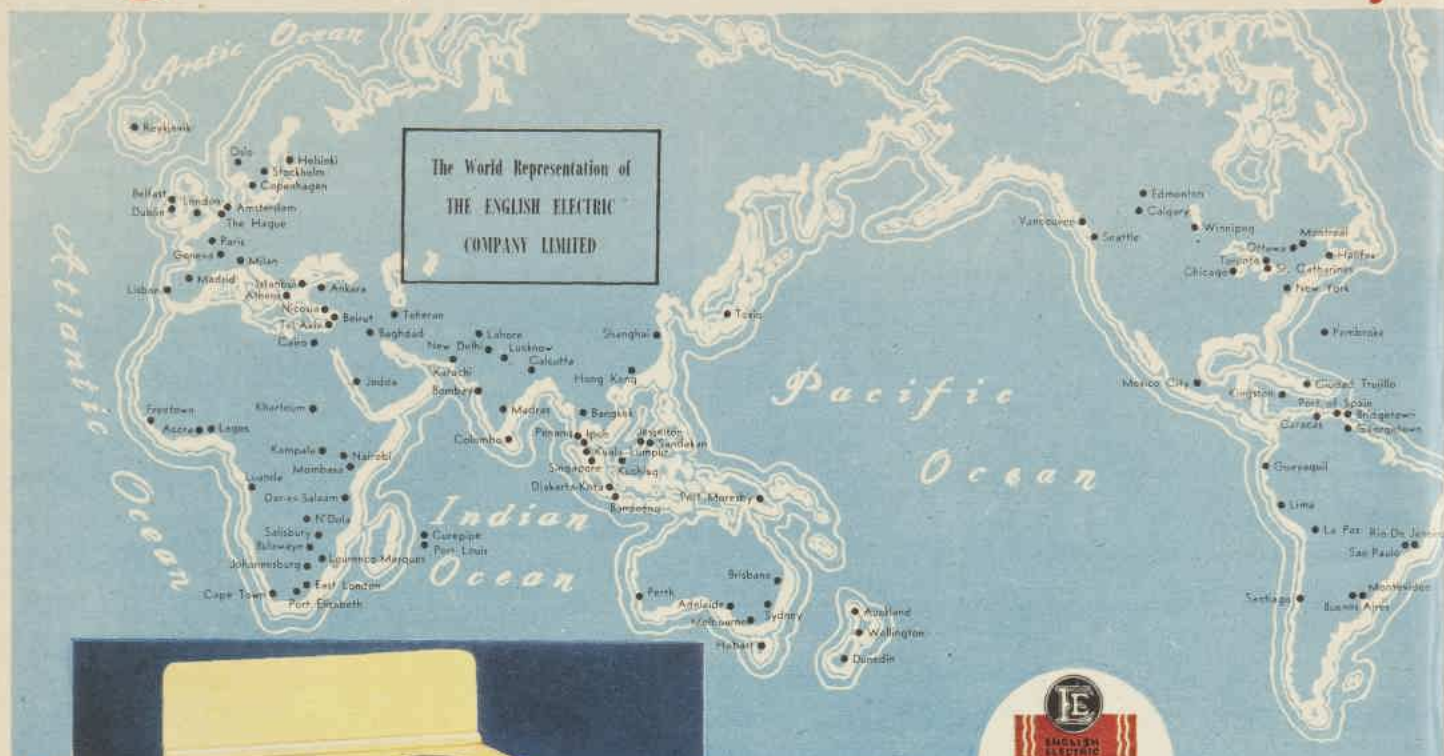
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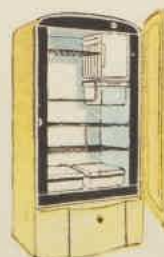
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loyalty, and so they criticise us and are disloyal."

He went on, "It began in the time of my predecessor, but it crystallised at the first meeting of the Indian National Congress some few years ago. I hope it may not lead to final rebellion. Lord Lytton felt it very wrong and he passed an Act for controlling the native Press, but it was repealed four years later. We English are incurably conscientious and Indians are not used to that."

A turbaned manservant in a bright scarlet tunic, white trousers, and gold belt waited at his elbow, and he helped himself to curry and rice, a pheasant curry delicately seasoned for the English palate.

"Who are the leaders?" MacArd inquired.

There were only the four of them at the long table, and although he faced David, his host and hostess were so distant that he repressed an inclination to raise his voice.

"The young intellectuals, the leftists, as remote from the peasants and the small town and country people as you and I are," the Governor-General declared.

"Will they be able to persuade the peasants to follow their lead?" MacArd inquired. He disliked curry and took only a little of the dish which the gorgeously garbed Indian servant now held at his left.

"If we keep on educating the Indians in English schools there's no telling what will become of the Empire," the Governor-General said frankly. He went on, his disarming smile bellying his words and the stiffness of his tall thin frame ended in a white linen suit. "We destroy ourselves, we English. We can't be proper tyrants. We insist upon our conscience and it makes tyranny impossible."

David listened, his dark eyes calm. MacArd was proud of his son, sitting there at the vast table at ease, yet with suitable deference in the presence of his elders and of dignity. The Marquess was looking at him, too, and he saw her rather cold blue eyes soften.

"My two sons are in England," she said suddenly to David. "The elder is only sixteen. They left India when they were five and eight. We kept Ronald later than usual so that Bertie could go with him. I haven't seen them now for three years."

"You are going home again in May, my dear," her husband reminded her.

"I only hope they still remember me, as I am, I mean, and not as a sort of maternal figure," she said.

"It's one of the many prices of Empire," he remarked.

"Ah, but the women pay for it," she said rather sharply. MacArd turned to the Governor. "I guess you, too, have missed your sons, though."

"Yes, certainly," the Governor-General replied, "yet I yield to my wife. It's quite true that she misses them more than I do, and also that I have rewards that she has not. Eng-

## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

(from page 45)

lishwomen have a difficult time of it in India, I'm afraid."

The long, elaborate meal drew to its close, and they rose, the Governor-General saying that since his wife was the only woman, they would not linger at table while she sat alone in the drawing-room, and so they left the dining-room with her.

The palace at Malabar Point was a series of bungalows, the many rooms were large and cool, and the doors opened upon deep verandahs shaded by great trees and flowering vines. MacArd had been in the White House, summoned to Washington by the President before he set out for India, but this palace was far more magnificent and nothing was more magnificent than the Governor-General's own bodyguard. The tall Sikhs, their faces dark under huge and intricate turbans, were splendidly handsome above their scarlet uniforms.

MacArd had seen them at the gatehouse, where they stood with their long spears, watchful and waiting. They had none of the servile humility of the crowd on the streets. They were soldiers of Empire, and rejoiced in what they were.

He was compelled to acknowledge, as they reached the blue-and-gold drawing-room, that the Englishman and his wife were worthy enough of their position. Titled in their own right, both tall and equally blond, they carried themselves with a simple and powerful dignity which he could not but admire, and could not but acknowledge, too, was not to be found in his own country.

Only men and women who had lived for generations above competition could maintain such serene confidence in what they were. In his own country all were subject to competition. He himself had fought and struggled to reach his present height, and it would be impossible for him to pretend either to dignity or serenity.

Such dignity as he had was the result of sheer physical mass, his six feet three now the more imposing because he was no longer the slight fellow he had been when he was young, although he had kept his figure well enough. He wore his London suit of tropical pongee with sufficient ease, and David was handsome in white linen.

He saw the Marquess look at his son again and again and at last she forgot her remoteness and motioned to him with a wave of her long, narrow, jewelled hand to come and sit on the sofa beside her, which David did, without appearing absurd. His mother's sense of humor, that dark, sparkling laughter which MacArd had so loved to see in his wife's eyes, had kept their son from self-consciousness or conceit.

"Never forget that your grandfather was a country preacher," Leila used to tell the boy, "but a very good one, because he was your father's

father," she had always added, dimpling.

"Tell me what you have chosen for your career," the Marquess was saying to David in a sweet, coaxing voice.

"I don't know yet, ma'am," David said, "I have just finished college."

"College?" she repeated.

"Harvard."

"Is it the same as Oxford and Cambridge?"

"I think so."

She smiled at him with distant tenderness. "And so you have no inclination?"

"Not yet, ma'am," David acknowledged. "Perhaps this journey with my father will reveal something."

"He can always come into my office," MacArd said.

"Oh, but you won't make him?" she asked, almost pleadingly.

"Certainly not," MacArd replied. "He needn't do anything, so far as I am concerned, although I think he'll want to make some sort of place for himself."

"No interests?" she asked, looking at David again.

"Too many," he said frankly.

THE Marquess refrained from more questions, her delicate reserve descended upon her again, but she rose and went to the rosewood piano and brought two large, gold-framed photographs.

"These are my sons," she said.

David took the photographs, one and then the other, and looked into two thin, serious faces. The photographs were finely colored and both boys were blond, blue-eyed, and pink-checked.

"Look at those cheeks," their mother murmured. "They couldn't have had them here in India."

"Oh, it's quite impossible to keep English children here," the Governor-General said.

His rather sharp voice served some sort of notice upon his lady and she said no more. She put the photographs quietly down on the couch beside her and motioned to a resplendent manservant to fill her small gilt cup again with coffee.

The Governor-General was talking now, explaining to MacArd the difficulties of his position, and indeed of all Englishmen in India.

"The Indians educated in English schools simply do not know the history of their own country," he declared. "They fancy that all was peace and joy here before the British took over. As a matter of fact, the whole country was embroiled in tyranny and disunity and the common people were at the mercy of every local bully. Yet if any sensible elder Indian mentions this fact he is at once attacked on the grounds of toadying to Empire. They are determined to hate us."

David spoke unexpectedly. "My mother would have said that they should be christianised."

The Governor-General was frankly surprised.

"Quite the contrary," he said coldly. "An Indian is infinitely worse when he becomes a Christian. When he forsores his own gods he usually ends by being a scoundrel. Never trust an Indian when he says he's a Christian—it's become an axiom. Besides, only the lowest castes will change their religion."

MacArd interrupted. He felt in some way that Leila was belittled by what the Governor had said. "My wife was a truly religious woman. If there were more like her in the world, we'd all be better for it, I guess."

Nothing could be said to this and nothing was said. The

Governor-General could be silent with ease, and the Marquess looked thoughtful. She said, after a moment, "Christianity is so different, isn't it, in different people?"

MacArd got to his feet. He felt his skin hot, his hair bristle, and he restrained his impulse to defend his wife's religion. He did not want to talk about her and he was surprised that David had mentioned her.

He said to his host, "I think we ought to get on our way. My son and I want to visit the Towers of Silence. We hear it is one of the sights."

The Governor-General rose promptly. "You should see it, by all means. Have you got your permission?"

"Is it needed?" MacArd asked.

"You must get permission from the Parsee Secretary to the Parsee Panchayat. Wait—I'll send a man and get it for you. It will be waiting for you at the Towers."

"Thank you," MacArd said.

They made their farewells, he touched the lady's hand quickly, withdrawing his own at once. Since Leila died he had found it unpleasant to touch a woman's hand, even so coldly. But, with a sudden compulsive movement, the Marquess took David's hand in both her own.

"Thank you," she said, "thank you for reminding me of my boys."

The Towers of Silence stood upon the top of a high hill. No roofs could be seen as they approached, for the encircling wall was high, but, as they drew near, the gate of the outer temple opened and a priest, grave and dignified in his robes, stood to receive them.

They came down from the carriage and the priest addressed them in English.

"We have received the message from Government House. Mr. MacArd, and we are happy to receive you and your son here in our sacred temples of the dead. Will you rest a while before going on?"

"Thanks, no," MacArd said. "We will proceed, if you please."

David looked into the tall palm trees inside the gate. Dark and sullen shapes roosted among the fronds.

"What are those?" he demanded.

"They are the vultures," the Parsee said tranquilly. "They are very well trained. They do not come down unless the time is suitable. Even when the corpse is ready, they will not come down until the bearers are gone and they are alone with the dead. Some of the vultures are very old and they teach the young ones."

David knew the process well enough—he had read of it—but MacArd saw his face whiten.

"Want to go on?" he asked.

"Of course," David said briefly.

The priest described the services as he led them, moving before them with a singular grace and stillness.

"The funeral services are performed at the home of the dead. The body is then put into a hearse—not in a coffin as with you of the West, but simply laid there as upon a bed—and covered with beautiful robes and shawls. In great solemnity, our priests lead the way hither, and after them come the male members of the family and the friends. The dead is brought first to the outer gates, where the priests take charge. They place the dead in that temple, which you see yonder, sirs, but where I cannot lead you, for it is open only to members of our faith. I can tell you that it is very simple, and that the sacred fire burns there eternally."

"Why not burn the body?" David asked in a low voice.

The priest looked shocked.

"Fire is pure," he declared. "It must not be polluted by the

bodies of the dead. Water is also pure, and neither should the earth be polluted, for it is the source of food and strength."

As though this could not be contradicted, he did not speak while he led them along the path through the beautiful and utterly silent grounds where not a bird sang or any sound penetrated from the city below. There were five towers, and into one of them the priest led them, and then he spoke again.

"It is not usual to come into one of the towers, but you are guests of the Governor-General and I will go beyond what is usual."

The tower was roofless, the walls about forty feet high, spotlessly clean with whitewash. The gate to this tower was high and they had to climb steps to reach it. At the gate they stood, for the priest forbade them to enter.

"You can see what it is," he said. "You need not to enter, if you please."

What they saw was a series of paths, running like the spokes of a wheel to a depressed pit at the bottom. Between the paths were rows of small compartments for the dead.

"For the men, the women, the children," the priest explained.

"There are most for the children and then for the women," David said.

"Most children must die," the priest said calmly, "and more women than men, as is their fate."

They gazed about the place, and, as though their presence were a portent, vultures rose from the trees and, moving their heavy wings, they flew slowly over the tower.

"Into these compartments the dead are placed," the priest intoned. "First, they are taken into the anteroom and the vestments and coverings are taken

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## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

[from page 47]

away; these are purified and returned to the family. Then the corpse, naked as it was born, is laid into its roofless cell and the bearers withdraw. It is now that the vultures do their sacred work. They descend and strip away the flesh, and the bones are left clean. No human comes near. Then the elements do their work. The sun shines down and bleaches the bones and the rain falls and washes them clean until they are pure and white.

"When the cell is needed for yet another of the dead, the attendant priests, the Nasr Salars, enter with gloves and tongs and take up the bones and cast them into the central pit, where they turn to dust. All the water that falls into this tower and into each of the other towers is gathered by drains and runs down into the pit, which is perforated so that the water carries away the dust of the dead. Below are charcoal filters through which the water must pass and then it flows into a great conduit and so to the bay and from thence to the eternal sea."

"Does the pit never fill?" David asked in a voice infused with horror.

"Never," the priest replied. "In hundreds of years it has never filled. The elements do their work well."

MacArd was stricken in silence, troubled and moved at the same time, revolted and impressed. The priest continued to speak in the same reverent voice.

"It is our faith that before God all men are equal, and here there is no difference between the rich and the poor. All the cells are alike and all the dead alike are given over to the sun and the rain and the sea. All alike find the same rest."

"But to have no grave from which to arise," David exclaimed.

"Nevertheless, we do believe in the resurrection of the dead," the priest declared. "It is our faith that our bodies will rise again from the elements, glorified by a new life which as yet we cannot comprehend."

For MacArd the scene changed, the horror disappeared, and he grasped at the immortal faith. "You believe that, too," he exclaimed.

"All those who are truly religious believe in the eternity of the soul," the priest replied. "That's very important," MacArd cried.

David was surprised at the sudden excitement in his voice and still more surprised when at the gate MacArd put into the priest's hand a roll of rupees.

"It's been interesting," MacArd said. "It's been very interesting. I'll never forget this."

The compartment on the train to Poona was large and Wahdi had provided comforts. He had rented bedding from the hotel and had filled a high wicker basket with tinned foods, enough for a journey many times longer than the one to Poona. The windows were closed against the dust, but ventilators were open in the ceilings and dust drifted in as fine and dry as powder.

David lay on a couch of quilts spread upon one of the wide benches, sleeping. He wore only his under-drawers, but the smooth skin of his youthful body was damp with sweat.

MacArd glanced at him now and again, recognising in his son with love and pain the grace of Leila, his mother. His own heavy frame had none of this shapely slenderness, this delicacy of ankle and wrist. Yet David was not feminine. His shoulders were broad and his hips were narrow, and his height MacArd himself had bestowed.

But the boy's face was not at

all his, and the dark coloring was contrast enough when they were seen together, so that strangers remarked upon it. He was glad that David could sleep for there was little enough to see from the dusty windows, plains as barren as winter, though it was already so hot that one could scarcely endure the windy heat.

Upon the plains the earthen villages were pitilessly bare under the blazing sun. The villages were scarcely more clear upon the landscape than molehills heaped up, and out of them crawled the most dreary creatures he could imagine upon the earth. Yet they were human, though they seemed scarcely different from the pitiful skeleton shapes of the cattle which roamed restlessly over the barren ground, searching for food that did not exist. Men and women and cattle alike were waiting for the rains, still months away.

A few days of rain, Wahdi explained, and these dry barrens would spring into instant green. The seed was there, waiting for the life-giving water. "There is always life," Wahdi declared.

MacArd recalled the words now as he sat staring out of the window. Wahdi was a Muslim and so the Muslims must believe in it, too. It was a queer thing if he, a Christian, as he supposed he was, should find in a heathen country the faith to believe that Leila still lived. Yet these were very ancient people and they had been religious for a long time and maybe they knew more about such things than fellows like Barton did.

FOR a time, MacArd ruminated, and feelings of warm pity stirred about his heart. It was too bad that people so religious, so good, should live half-starved, their land as bare as a desert under the summer sun and all for the want of water and railroads and trade, which was what had made Americans comfortable and rich.

He slapped a fly from his cheek. In spite of the spraying that Wahdi had performed before they left Bombay, there were flies inside the closed car. Flies crawled through the solid wood, he was ready to swear. They were starving, too, and ravenous, teasing any object in repose, if this racking, shaking travel could leave anything in repose. The railroads were a disgrace.

Something ought to be done about India. The people had no chance. The English were a curious lot, so proud when there wasn't much to be proud about. A few Americans now, young fellows, trained to develop the people themselves, could accomplish a lot in a few years. Only how would they get in here? The only Americans were a few missionaries. Well, maybe missionaries—

He forgot the flies and the dust and fell into one of those intense reveries which Leila used to call his darkness before dawn, his pre-creative mood. He was feeling about for the big idea. It would not come down out of the sky or alone. It grew as a twister grows out of a tornado, drawing winds and earth into its shape until it rises to the force of explosion. Then, perfectly clearly, he saw his big idea.

Why shouldn't he make his own missionaries and send them to India?

At Poona Wahdi settled them in a good hotel, but MacArd was restless, and he set out to see the city at once, though the afternoon was late. David did not come with him. While they had been staying in London, he

had met a young Indian, Datta Sapru, and this young man had invited David to his home if he came to Poona, and there David decided to go.

Meanwhile, MacArd wandered about the streets at his usual swift pace, startling the people who fell back before him, fearful of his size and gold garments. The big idea was with him now day and night, and everything he saw was subject to it and became part of it.

Here in Poona he found the rivers joining to wind their selves like sluggish serpents among the houses. Behind the city the hills rose to a high tableland and upon one of these hills, his guide-book told him, was an ancient aqueduct, built long ago by a Marathi family. Its source was in a well. Water there was close to the surface of the earth. It would be easy to send it over the whole region, and the land need not lie barren until the monsoons brought rain.

He went back to the hotel at nightfall, and his idea was beginning to grow like a tree, stretched down roots and to set branches. He would train his young men and send them here to do his work. There must be a place to train them, a great school, an institution endowed—why not in the name of his beloved wife? That would be an immortality in itself, the Leila MacArd Memorial.

He opened the door of the room and found his son waiting and excited about his own afternoon.

"It was a wonderful house, Father," he exclaimed, "the most extraordinary garden along the river. I've never seen such a place—marble floor in all the main rooms and a large separate dining-room connected with the house by a long passageway, lovely in itself. There another huge room—open, the sides all carved in wood—where Datta says the family really lives. The drawing-room had the handsomest ceiling I've ever seen, all done by Farsi artists."

MacArd said absently, "Contrast to the rest of India, should say."

His son looked at him with a peculiar humor in his dark eyes, but he did not notice it. The conversation died, and it was resumed for the next few days while they came and went.

Poona was more easily travelled than Bombay, a large city divided into parts by wards, and spotted by the monuments and bridges erected by rich Indians.

By the fifth day MacArd was ready to go beyond into the surrounding countryside. He was thinking furiously about water, and how it might change the face of India. He saw a country threaded by silver canals, a network of irrigation, independent of rains or even of rivers.

Let them use the Mutha and the Mula rivers here in Poona and the Ganges itself in the north-east for electric power, but irrigation canals, the water drawn deep from the earth, alone could provide the strain life-giving stream to the plains.

Yet who could do it except the Indians themselves? The resignation of the poor and the selfishness of the rich must be blasted by new force. The merchants, the wealthy princes, were willing enough to build vast buildings and public monuments, but they did nothing to relieve the poverty of the hopelessly peasants.

What they needed was a new religion, a practical religion that built irrigation systems and railroads as well as churches. He would send a new kind of Christian here, a man who worked while he preached.

On that fifth day he made his decision, and it came from a peasant, a Hindu, naked ex-

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 9, 1953



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cept for the white turban about his head and the scrap of white cotton about his loins, a thin, dried man of about fifty, but one could never tell the ages of men and women here, and probably he was only twenty or twenty-five.

The man was a potter, such a potter as any Indian village may have, and MacArd was walking with only Wahdi, for David was again with Darya. He came upon the potter as he crouched upon the dusty floor of the earth, running with his foot his potter's wheel while his narrow graceful hands, the fingers supple and swift, shaped a mass of whirling clay. He had looked up to smile fearfully at MacArd, a foreigner and a white man, and to Wahdi he made his excuse that at this moment he dared not rise to give proper greeting, lest the vessel be spoiled.

"Tell him I want to see what he is making," MacArd ordered, and Wahdi translated with the distaste he always showed when he spoke to a Hindu.

The vessel was finished in a few minutes, a common bowl of clay made from the dry dust of the fields mingled with a little precious water, and the potter set it to dry in the burning sun.

"Ask him if he will take time to show me the village and the fields," MacArd said to Wahdi. "Tell him I will pay him."

This in turn was translated, the man nodded, his face lit with a bright good humor, and, stepping carefully ahead of MacArd, he led him about the small collection of mud huts from which men stood and stared and in which the women hid. The children ran everywhere, naked and grey with the dust.

But it was in the fields that MacArd saw the strange sight which persuaded him, like a vision, to the determination which was thereafter to shape his life.

The potter was some twenty feet ahead of him upon the narrow path between the fields when suddenly a serpent lay across the path, a cobra, as MacArd instantly recognised. He had not seen one before, except in the pictures of the guide-book, but there could be no mistaking the raised and hideous head flattening and spreading out with fright and rage.

Wahdi leaped away, but MacArd cried out: "Let me get him!"

He raised his cane, a heavy malacca stick tipped with metal.

The potter shook his head and would not let him pass. He had stopped only a few feet from the cobra and now he stood motionless. He raised his hands and placed them palm to palm, touching his forehead with the tips of his fingers.

The cobra swayed back and forth in ever diminishing waves of motion, his sickening head resumed its natural shape, and, while the potter waited in the attitude of prayer, the cobra gradually subsided, uncooled its stubborn length, and slithered away.

The potter waited until it had disappeared into a wide crack in the field and then he turned to MacArd. Wahdi was creeping back again, seeing safety, and the potter spoke to him.

"He tells, Sahib," Wahdi said in some scorn, "he tells that the snake is a god. It is sin to kill a god."

MacArd was repelled to the soul. This, then, was why poisonous snakes abounded in the vile soil, and this was why they could not be destroyed!

He turned abruptly from the potter. "I will go back to Poona now," he said to Wahdi. "Pay this man something."

All the way back to Poona he kept seeing the flattened, devilish head of the snake, and

## Come, My Beloved

[from page 48]

between him and the slender, graceful figure of the potter, a good man as even he could see, but one who did not dare to kill the snake, the curse, the menace even to his own life, because of his religion.

MacArd strode into his hotel bedroom and forbade Wahdi to come in.

"I want to rest," he told Wahdi. "Go away, amuse yourself, eat a meal, anything you wish."

"Yes, Sahib," Wahdi said. He was used now to this harsh American who was foolishly liberal with his money. He went away complacent over his own superior common sense, and MacArd sat down in a wicker chair. David was not back and he was alone in the room.

Religion! Was that religion, being willing to wait for a snake to strike, passive and waiting, no protest, no self-defence? No wonder the people sat upon the barren land, waiting for the rains.

He struck his big, clenched fist on the bamboo arm of the chair. He would put an end to it.

The vision rose before his eyes. The dry land would grow green, the hungry would be fed, the poor would be rich. And he would go to heaven, at last.

**M**ACARD entered his own house with a firm step a few weeks later, and he gave his hat and stick and his gloves and overcoat to Enderby, the butler.

"Well, Enderby," he said in his usual brusque greeting. "Mr. MacArd, sir," Enderby replied, bowing his head slightly. "I hope you had a good trip."

"Excellent," MacArd said. He turned to David, waiting just behind him. "Well, son?"

"Yes, Father?" David said. He understood his father well; he knew that the grizzled head held high and the blue eyes fierce with resolution simply meant that there was to be no mention of his mother. The house was empty in spite of its warmth and the many flowers arranged in the magnificence of the vistas. He felt very tenderly towards his father.

"What are your plans?" MacArd asked.

"I have none, Father," David said in his equable voice. "I think I shall just go on to my office and be home for dinner tonight."

"Not at present," his father replied. "If you have nothing on your mind, I shall go on to my office and be home for dinner tonight."

"Yes, Father," David said again.

It was still early; they had breakfasted on the ship, and there was nothing he wished for so much as to be alone for reflection and meditation.

Above all, he needed relief from his father, that dominating and oppressive presence which he knew was also powerfully loving. He had shared its weight with his mother all the years of his life; she had taught him to value his father and yet to know that he was unchangeable and David could bear the knowledge while he had her with him, her gaiety, her humor, her life-giving vitality.

The talent she had for absorbing herself in him and in his father, quite separately and yet always keeping the three of them together, had made the atmosphere of this immense house. Now that she was gone he was resolved to maintain it so far as he could do so alone, for her sake, and yet he had a quiet independence, his father's thought filtered through the gentle blood of his mother, and he was determined also to find the life he wanted for himself and to live it.

"Will you have your luncheon served in your own sitting-room, sir?" Enderby was asking, in a slightly raised tone. "I'm sorry! Yes; if you please, Enderby, I shall spend the day there, I think, until my father comes home. I want to put my photographs away myself. I brought back a lot of them from India."

"Very well, sir," said Enderby, for whom India did not exist.

He went away and David mounted the wide marble stairs. There was an elevator at the end of the hall, but he liked the steps. His mother had descended them often while he stood at the bottom, his face uplifted to watch her come down, beautifully dressed, perhaps for the theatre or a dinner-party.

When he was small he had raced down to be ahead of her so that he could see her descend, her train trailing behind her, and her arms and bosom bare except for her jewels.

His rooms were on the second floor, in the east wing, and a wide carpeted corridor led to the door. The house was completely quiet, and this was strange to him, for when his mother had been alive it seemed full of pleasant sounds; music somewhere, the piano or her lovely voice, an almost brilliant voice, or, if not such music, yet the house had been full of the sounds of living, her friends, the bark and whines of her pet dogs.

He entered the outer door to the rooms he knew so well and there they were before him, the doors open between, his bedroom and dressing-room and bath, and here where he stood in his sitting-room, and beyond it his study and library combined.

The colors were crimson and cream; his mother had chosen them for him while he was in college, and the rooms looked fresh and yet familiar. He sat down in his favorite chair, and, leaning back, he closed his eyes.

India had made a profound impression upon him, or perhaps it was not India but Darya. He had not been able to explain to his father how he felt about Darya. He had been drawn to the slender young Indian when he met him in London, but there had been no time to talk with him. Darya was reserved then; he had seemed even cynical, at least dangerously humorous, his dark eyes quick and haunted, as though he saw everything and told nothing.

He had wished that Darya was taking the same ship to Bombay, for then he could have satisfied his curiosity about a man who attracted him so much and yet who seemed beyond the reach of understanding, but Darya had passage on a French ship a few days later and did not seem inclined to change.

"I never travel on English ships," he had said briefly. Yet he had no rancor towards the English there in the hotel, where he had the best suite of rooms.

All the days they were in Bombay and when he was alone in Agra, wherever they stopped until they reached Poona. David had kept thinking of Darya. He had written to him before they left Bombay, reminding him of their agreement to see each other, and Darya had replied courteously that he was at home, and he hoped that David would spend at least an afternoon with him.

That afternoon was, in a way he could not explain, the first comforting, the first reassuring, since his mother's death. Until then he had simply followed his father, trying to be pleasant, as his mother would have said, but he had not been able to think at all, even about what he was seeing. He guessed that his numbness had made his

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father anxious, and that perhaps his father had felt him a burden, too.

But Darya had lifted his heart or stirred his mind; he could not yet tell which, though Darya had said very little actually that he could remember. There was no entertainment beyond some cakes and honeyed milk, brought in by servants. None of the family appeared. They had simply wandered about the beautiful house and the flowering gardens, and Darya had pointed out one thing and another, the ivory carving set in a stone wall, the marble lattices brought from an ancient palace.

It was not exhibited in pride or vanity, for many handsome objects Darya had ignored. He showed David the particular things that he loved, sharing with him the reason for his pleasure in them. The lotus, blooming in the vast central pool in the garden, their rose-pink petals open under the sun, had moved Darya one day to suggest that they sit down on a marble bench and look at them. "When the sun begins to sink," he had said, "you will see the petals quiver and, if you are patient, you can watch them close. You cannot actually see them move, you understand, but while you wait they close over the golden centres."

And while they had sat in that garden of beauty where they seemed to be completely alone, although Darya told him that his two brothers and their wives and children lived here also, and that his married sister was visiting his parents with her children, Darya asked him a question which would have seemed strange except that they were in India and an Indian asked it.

"David, what is your religion?"

He asked it as one might ask about an ancestor, a nationality or race, or a destination.

David had hesitated for an instant. "I suppose I am a Christian," he said at last. "At least I am a member of a church."

"Of Christianity I know nothing," Darya said almost indifferently.

He stooped and plucked a small purple flower that grew between the marble stones of the terrace encircling the pool. He wore his Hindu dress, and this made him less a stranger, David reflected, than he had been in the London hotel, dressed as an Englishman. There was an air of informality about the white silk robes that left Darya's arms and legs bare, and he wore sandals instead of leather shoes.

"I know too little, myself," David said honestly. "But my mother believed in God and in prayer. She taught me to believe, I suppose."

Darya interrupted him. In London he had spoken like an Englishman, but here, though he used English perfectly, he spoke as an Indian, dulling the consonants and rounding the vowels.

"Your religion is not a part of your life?"

"In a way it is," David said. He wanted to be wholly honest with Darya. He yearned for friendship, a peculiar friendship where they could speak to each other from the heart, because they were strangers to each other. He could not so speak to those whom he had always known, who knew his family and especially his father.

To Darya the name MacArd seemed to mean nothing and he took wealth for granted. It was doubtful, David reflected, that all his father's fortune could match the riches Darya would inherit.

"How?" Darya persisted. "Tell me more, David, for I

wish to know you, and to know a man's religion is the best way to know him."

David said, somewhat astonished, "I am afraid that it is not true of me—or of most of us. Perhaps we mean different things by religion."

"Explain yourself," Darya commanded with an imperious air. He had a handsome head, smoothly waved dark hair cut short about his oval, beautiful face. His large, brown eyes, very dark, were fixed on David's face, and it was impossible to resist their magnetic power.

"With us," David said diffidently, "religion is or should be expressed in practical works. It would be impossible, for us, I think, to endure or allow such poverty as you have here in your country, Darya. We would try to do something about it, and that would be part of our religion."

**S**TILL Darya's eyes were fixed on David's face, his gaze not wavering. "What else?" he demanded.

"What else? Well, I suppose the church, its worship, and so on."

"But what of the soul?" Darya pressed. "What of the mind, the heart, the communion with God?"

"It is individual," David said. "You," Darya said reluctantly, "what is it to you?"

"Not very much, I am afraid," David acknowledged. "I have gone to church with my parents, I take communion, the bread and wine, you know. I used as a child to pray; I do not do so now. Since my mother died, I have thought about such things more than before, but I do not know how to begin to pray again. I cannot pray as a child and I do not know how to pray as a man."

## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

(from page 50)

Indeed, I am not convinced of the reality of prayer, though certainly I believe in God, or I cannot say I do not. I have no explanation, otherwise, for the universe."

"All this is not religion," Darya had said thoughtfully.

It was true that one could see the lotus closing. David noticed at this moment when Darya spoke that the heavy flowers were lifting their petals slowly from the water, their movement imperceptible, yet positive, as the sun sank down behind the walls of the garden.

"Then what is religion?" he asked, and, turning his head, he looked full into Darya's wonderful face, so living and lighted a face, so young, so confident.

"I cannot tell you," Darya said. "You cannot see it and yet it is everywhere. Shall you go to Benares?"

"I don't know," David had answered. "My father is somewhat unpredictable since my mother's death. We are not yet accustomed to being alone."

"You must not say she is dead," Darya said. "I read of it in the newspapers in London and that is why I was friendly with you at once when we met. But she is not dead; she is born again."

"We also are told that she is dead live," David said.

"Ah, but I mean really alive," Darya said with enthusiasm, "and you need not grieve for her. You may even meet her and you should be watchful."

"You spoke of Benares," David reminded him. He did not care to think of his mother living again in an unknown shape which he could not recognise, and he supposed that was what Darya meant.

"Ah, yes," Darya said, "it was only to say that there you could realise what religion is. Oh, it is a filthy city, you know, but you must remember that it is as old as Egypt, already great when Rome was founded, and that all India hopes to go there, Buddhist and Brahmin alike, to die beside the Ganges. I doubt if a western city could be clean if for thousands of years millions of people had gone there to die."

He went on slowly: "It is a repulsive city, I acknowledge it, it is full of beggars and fakirs, but it is also full of pilgrims and it is full of people who most earnestly seek God and with every breath and every act, so that all their life is religion. It is a place where rich men build palaces, where there are wide streets and costly clothes; this silk of my tunic was made there, and Benares is famous for its tapestries of silver and gold. In the old and narrow streets there are beggars and mangy dogs and naked children and unkempt women and pedlars of cheap stuffs and lazy sacred cows and bulls, and lepers—all the dregs of India, if you like, and yet people are driven there by the need for God. Unless you can understand—but how can you?"

Unexpectedly, he ended: "Promise me not to go to Benares, David. I wish you to understand India, and it is there that you will or will not, and I feel your understanding is necessary to me."

"I promise not to go without you," David said.

The evening air, the massive lotus flowers closing their petals over their hearts, the heavy fragrance that flowed from them in the dusk, the magic, silent garden spread about David an atmosphere which he

had never breathed before. He had never felt so close to any human being as he now did to Darya, not even to his mother, for Darya was a man and young, his own age, and life was before them both, a different life for each, in what different worlds he well knew, and yet their need was the same.

He had longed then to be able to speak profoundly to Darya of Christianity, but he could not. He did not know enough, all that he had learned had been from others and he had nothing of his own to give. And Darya, perhaps, was feeling the same way, longing to give him, an American, the richness he believed was in Hinduism.

"Our religion," Darya said suddenly, "does not spring from one source. Into it many religions have poured their streams; it is great enough to comprehend all and yet it has distilled something unique and individual. Some day I shall be able to explain it to you, but not yet."

They rose, for the dusk was suddenly chill.

"The lotus flowers have closed, just as you said they would, and it is a sight that I have never seen," David said.

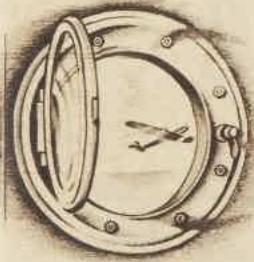
"You will see it often," Darya said. "You will come back again and again to India."

"And you will come to America," David replied with young warmth. "When you do, you must always stay with me."

"When I come, if I do," Darya said, "I will stay with you, and meanwhile we will sometimes write to each other."

It was a promise. They walked side by side through the garden and he felt his hand taken by Darya's hand, not closely or even warmly, but delicately, kindly, as a token and only of friendship. It would have been a strange act in an American and even repulsive,

To page 53



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but somehow it was not so here. He had often seen young Indians walking hand in hand, and the act was one of brotherhood. This young Indian accepted him as a brother, and he had never had a brother.

His heart stirred, but he did not know what to say, and at the gate he still did not know what to say. While the gate-man waited, the gate opened, he turned to Darya and put his other hand over their interlocked hands.

"I shall never forget you," he said.

"Nor I you," Darya said. They had planned to meet again, but there had been no other meeting and no visit to Benares. Instead his father had decided abruptly to leave India. Long ago his mother had told him never to interfere when such moments came.

"Your father is a sort of genius and you and I are not. We must be humble about it, Davie."

That was what she used to say, and so he had learned to be quiet in the house, not to ask questions, not even to insist on saying goodnight when he went to bed and rooddy in the morning when his father went to the office—not for a while, at least, until his father's fearful energy was fulfilled in some new explosion of creation.

Thus the MacArds' railroads had drawn into their iron grasp vast industries of oil and steel, coal and ore mines, ships and bridges, and these in time produced immense industrial plants and business buildings.

Was it over? He wondered where his father's powerful imagination would lead him now. He sighed, helpless before the dynamo, and then he drew from the bookshelf near his chair a small, leather-bound book. It was the New Testament his mother had kept on her table.

When he left her for the last time, she was lying dead upon her bed. He had not been allowed to stay. Strangers tipped in and waited for him to be gone so that they could begin their work. He had turned away, distracted, and at that moment he saw the little book and took it, and, alone in his room, he had tried to read it and could not, and so had thrust it into this shelf.

Now he could take it again, no longer fresh from her hand, and yet her touch was upon it and upon him. He let the pages fall open and his eyes fell upon a passage she had marked. She was given to marking lines in books and especially here. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

He read the words slowly. Rebirth, the words that Darya had used, but what did they mean, not in India, but here and now, for him?

MacArd was back in his office. Here he was used to being without Leila, and he plunged into the affairs which had accumulated during his absence, the large affairs which no one but himself could settle. He had trained his men to bring to him nothing except the crucial and the fundamental, and MacArd men knew better than to bring a problem to him uninvolved. He expected them to present their problems with their own solutions for his approval or disapproval.

"I pay a man to solve problems, not to bring them to me," was his favorite retort.

Everywhere through the immense MacArd building one came upon placards whereon was printed a sentence in capital letters, "Every problem has a solution—find it," and MacArd men were hired and fired upon the basis of whether they took the slogan seriously.

He allowed no ribaldry, no mockery, not even mild joking.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 148-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

from page 51

about it. A young man had once been making merry with a parody and MacArd had come strolling in to dismiss him as he stood.

"There is a time to laugh and a time not to laugh," he had thundered.

He knew his Bible and he was fond of speaking in Biblical language. He liked to think, and sometimes to say that he had been blessed with gold and possessions; with thousands of acres of land in the west, where in sat mines of iron and silver; with networks of steel in railroads; with merchant ships upon all the oceans of the globe; with vaults in many banks, hiding their treasure of stocks and bonds in a score of vast, interlocking industries.

The numbers of men who served MacArd were thousands, men whose faces he never saw, men who spent their lives in mines under the earth, who drove his great engines, who manned his machines in factories, who captained his ships, and busied themselves upon the intricate matters of accounting and accumulating the figures which presented to him daily exactly what he was worth.

He spent his days in this big office overlooking the harbor

he came home from India, when he starved for her, when, in the midst of his day's work, absorbed as he was with the space and the speed of all he did, he stopped for a moment, for ten minutes or for an hour, to battle with desperate loneliness. While she was alive he could forget her all day, but now that she was dead her spirit came, dancing into this room where actually she had been but a few times while she was alive.

"I dislike that castle of yours," she had said. "You sit there like a king on a throne. King David, King David, but I am not a subject of yours, just the same!"

He could almost hear her laugh. This morning near midday, here in his office he could have sworn that he heard the echo of her laughter, and he lifted his head sharply. He was alone, studying the pages of a proposal for the purchase of new mines in South America, and he heard in the silence of the great room her distant laughter.

She was not here, of course, not even the presence of her

arms. In the depths of his disappointment he felt impelled to prayer.

"God," he groaned aloud. "God, show me what she means. What is it I am meant to do?"

He waited in the silence and no voice spoke, until he heard his own voice lifted up, continuing, or so it seemed, in prayer.

"Thou knowest that all I have in Thine."

These were the words he stammered; they came from within him; they spoke themselves, as though someone else spoke through his lips, someone voiceless using his voice.

It was a strange experience quickly over; he was himself again almost immediately and yet he felt changed. He was bewildered, he was almost sure that more than his imagination had been here, yet he would have been ashamed to confess it, and, had the door opened and one of his employees come in, he would have been more brusque than usual.

Had Leila somehow managed, not quite to break through the wall, but still to touch his memory again and so impel him to the words he had just spoken? Did she want him to know that if the wall there were things that he must do which he had not yet done, a consecration of his wealth which he never made?

There was the chance. He was a practical man, but, like all incredibly successful men who made their own miracles, he had regions past belief, imaginations which were possible realities. Much that had once been only imagination had indeed become real, and so why not anything?

"All that I have is Thine—" The echoes lingered, and after an instant he struck the bell on the desk harshly. A middle-aged man came in, his secretary. He had never taken to the fad of having a woman in his office; he did not think women should be in business, certainly he did not want a strange woman near him now.

"Thomas, see if Dr. Barton is at home and ask him if he will lunch with me today at one o'clock."

He went away and returned in a few minutes, noticing no difference in the grizzled figure at the desk.

"Dr. Barton will be delighted, Mr. MacArd. Shall I give orders for the small dining-room?"

"Yes," MacArd said. When he was alone he had a tray brought him from the kitchen suite on the top floor. When he had a business conference he ordered luncheon in the panelled dining-room, but there was also a small glass-enclosed room on the roof, from where one could look out over the river and see the ocean far beyond. Only a most intimate associate ever lunched with him there, and sometimes Leila had come to dine with him on days when he could not leave the office at night.

Together they had eaten and drunk, and then, for a few minutes before he went back to his desk and she went home, he always turned off the lights so that she could see the dazzling city spread before her.

"All yours, my sweet, my queen," he used to say. "Yours, if you want it, to play with or to weave in a necklace or in your hair."

He had not used the room since she died. Now, when Thomas was gone, he threw down his pen and whirled his desk chair to face the wide window at his back. There, gazing over the roof-tops into the mild blue sky, he reflected upon what it might cost him to acknowledge the full meaning of the words that an hour ago had been torn from his own lips.

To be continued



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Page 53





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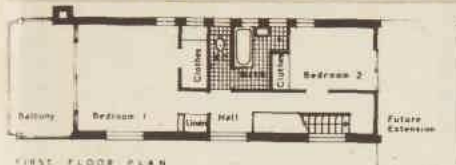
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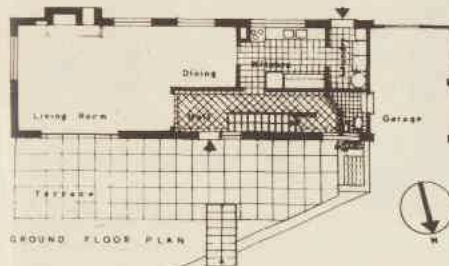
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# DESIGN FOR SMALL HOME



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



ABOVE: Ground and first-floor plans of architect Ronald Meyer's house in Cyprian Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

Mr. Ronald Meyer's two-story house at Mosman, N.S.W., is only 15ft. wide, but it gives the impression of being a much larger place.

THE effect of space has been achieved by thoughtful planning, skilful use of glass and color, and restrained artistry in the choice of furniture and furnishings.

The house is built on the eastern slope of a hill overlooking Middle Harbor above Chinaman's Beach. The hill is cut by a small, deep gully; the lot, which is about 188ft. by 84ft., forms one side of the gully.

There is no street frontage, and the approach is from the north along a drive 12ft. wide and about 200ft. long.

Mr. Meyer, who is lecturer in the Faculty of Architecture at Sydney University, bought this particular block because of its superb view and the beauty of its bushland setting. But the only suitable building area was a plateau about 50ft. by 30ft. overlooking the gully.

Mr. Meyer used a "calf-doner" on the site to clear the surface soil, and when this was done an almost level rock surface was revealed, on which the brickwork was built without footings.

The ground floor is made of reinforced concrete slabs throughout, finished with a tallow-wood floor in the living-dining area, and asphalt tiles in kitchen, laundry, and hall. The staircase is of reinforced concrete.

All plumbing is concealed and does not appear on the outer walls.

Windows are hung on casement stays, and bedroom doors are of unframed plate-glass which slides backward and forward on ball-bearing tracks. These doors were planned to open on verandahs, and so extend the space of the bedrooms.

The roof is of the gently sloping skillion type sheeted with corrugated asbestos cement.

A study of the ground-floor plan, reproduced above, will

show how Mr. Meyer has obtained the illusion of space by using wide glass doors.

From the entrance hall glass doors open into the living-room, and another door leads into the kitchen.

The northern wall of the living-room has massive sliding glass doors leading on to the terrace. When these are open the terrace becomes an outdoor extension of the room, making it seem much more spacious than it actually is.

Many housewives would envy Mr. Meyer his kitchen.

Walls are lime-yellow with warm grey woodwork; the floor is grey mottled asphalt tiles. Open shelves, stacked with brightly colored china, cupboards that conveniently house pots, pans, and foodstuffs, a tray-rack made with dowelling, and homely touches like a hand-towel rack behind the door and a spice rack near the stove give this room a distinctive personality.



ARCHITECT Ronald Meyer (above) on the terrace which he uses as an extension of his living-room. Walls of the living-room are off-white, ceiling and rug are grey, drapes and upholstery grey and white; accessories are clear yellow and blue. Below, view of kitchen and entrance hall. Wide glass doors help to give a spacious effect.



ABOVE: Bachelor bedroom has plate-glass sliding doors in the wall leading to the open sundeck. A dressing-room is built into the opposite wall.

RIGHT: View of architect Ronald Meyer's house. The one-way-pitch skillion roof reduces the rain-water drainage to a single down-pipe.





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morning...

-and did  
you like that  
wonderful  
bushland  
tang?



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SO GOOD FOR  
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GIVES SUCH LOTS  
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because everyone loves the clean,  
refreshing tang of Protex — the  
safe, gentle, medicated family  
soap.



# Design for knitted toy

Children will be delighted with this knitted kangaroo and the little "joey" in its pouch. Simple garter-stitch is used in the design, and the toy can be easily made before Christmas.

**H**ERE are the directions:

**Materials:** 3 skeins Twinprufe 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2326 (brown), and 1 skein, shade No. 2360 (beige), 1 pair No. 12 needles, cotton-wool.

## SIDES

Beginning at the bottom with brown wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts. and k 2 rows plain.

3rd Row: Inc. 1 in last st. (55).

4th Row: K 35, work on principle of last 2 rows once more (56).

7th Row: K 2 tog. twice at beg., inc. 1 in last st.

8th Row: K 55, work on principle of last 2 rows once more (54).

11th Row: Cast off 24 for hind leg, inc. 1 in last st. (31).

12th Row: K 31.

13th Row: Inc. 1 st. each end (33).

14th Row: K 33, work on principle of last 2 rows 5 times more (43).

25th Row: Inc. 1 in first st. (44).

26th Row: K 44, work on principle of last 2 rows 3 times more (47), then k 12 rows on 47 sts.

45th Row: K 2 tog. at beg. (46).

46th Row: K 46, work on principle of last 2 rows 5 times more (41).

57th Row: K 2 tog. twice at beg. (39).

58th Row: K 39, work on principle of last 2 rows 3 times more (33), then k 20 rows on 33 sts.

85th Row: K 14 and put on a safety-pin for the armhole. k rem. 13. K 15 rows on 19 sts., put these on a safety-pin and pick up 14 sts. on other safety-pin, joining wool nearest middle of body. K 11 rows on 14 sts.

97th Row: K 2 tog. at beg. (13), then k 3 more rows on 13 sts.

101st Row: K 13, pick up the other sts. from safety-pin, k to end of row (32), then k 3 rows on 32 sts.

105th Row: K 2 tog. at each end (30).

106th Row: K 30, work on principle of last 2 rows 4 times more (22).

115th Row: Inc. 1 at each end (24).

116th Row: K 24, work on principle of last 2 rows twice more (28).

121st Row: Inc. 1 in first st. (29).

122nd Row: K 29, work on principle of last 2 rows twice more (31).

127th Row: Cast on 2 for nose, k to end (33).

128th Row: K 33, work on principle of last 2 rows twice more (37), then k 6 rows on 37 sts.

130th Row: K 2 tog. twice at beg. (35).

140th Row: K 35, work on principle of last 2 rows 6 times more (23).

153rd Row: K 2 tog. at beg., middle, and end (20).

154th Row: K 20, rep. these 2 rows until there are 14 sts. left on needle, and cast off. Knit another piece.

## FRONT

Cast on 76 sts. with beige wool and k 2 rows plain.

3rd Row: Inc. 1 st. at each end (78).

4th Row: K 78, work on principle of last 2 rows once (80).

7th Row: K 2 tog. twice each end (76).

8th Row: K 76, rep. 7th and 8th rows once more (72).

11th Row: Cast off 24 sts. for hind leg (48).

12th Row: Cast off 24 sts. and k to end (24).

13th Row: Inc. 1 each end.

14th Row: K 26, work on principle of last 2 rows 5 times more (36 sts.). K 12 rows on 36 sts.

37th Row: K 2 tog. each end (34 sts.).

38th Row: K 34, work on principle of last 2 rows 11 times more, k 24 rows on 12 sts.

85th Row: K 2 tog. each end (10).

86th Row: K 10, work on principle of last 2 rows 3 times more (4). Cast off.

## PAWS

Cast on 20 sts. in brown wool and k 10 plain rows.

11th Row: Cast 15 sts. off, k to end of row, inc. 1 in last st. on needle (6). K 6 rows on 6 sts.

18th Row: K 2 tog. each end (4). K 6 rows on 4 sts.

25th Row: K 2 tog. twice and cast off. K 3 more pieces in exactly the same manner.

## EARS AND TAIL

With brown wool cast on 2 sts. and k 1 row.

2nd Row: Inc. 1 in each st. (4), then k 2 rows on 4 sts.

5th Row: Inc. 1 at each end (6) and k 2 rows on 6 sts. Work on principle of last 3 rows twice more (10). K 18 rows on 10 sts. and cast off. K another ear in the same way. For the tail cast on 24 sts. in brown wool and k 30 rows.

31st Row: K 2 tog. at each end (22) and k 3 rows on 22 sts. Work on principle of last 4 rows 6 times more (10), then k 30 rows on 10 sts.

89th Row: K 2 tog. each end (8), k 12 rows on 8 sts., work on principle of last 13 rows once more (6). Cast off.

## POUCH AND BASE

With beige wool cast on 26 sts. for top edge of pouch; k 16 rows.

17th Row: K 2 tog. at each end (24), k 3 rows on 24 sts., work on principle of last 4 rows 5 times more (14) and cast off.

With brown wool cast on 20 sts. for base. K 28 rows and cast off. Sew the two side pieces tog., commencing at the base, along the back, over head, face, and throat; sew underbody to the 2 side pieces, beg. at throat, then along the sides and legs. Sew up two parts of each arm and sew into armholes. Turn the knitting right side out and stuff well, sew in base, sew up tail and stuff slightly. Sew on. Sew on the pouch. Sew on the ears (if they are wired they are ever so much better, because they stand up well), and shoe-buttons for eyes. Mark nose,

mouth, and claws with black wool, use grey thread for whiskers, put 3 threads about lin. long each side of face.



mouth, and claws with black wool, use grey thread for whiskers, put 3 threads about lin. long each side of face.

## BABY KANGAROO

Cast on 15 sts. for lower edge in brown wool and k 4 rows.

5th Row: Cast off 6 for hind leg, k to end (9).

6th Row: K 9.

7th Row: Inc. 1 in first st. (10), then k 5 rows on 10 sts.

13th Row: K 2 tog. at beg. (9), then k 7 rows on 9 sts.

21st Row: Cast on 6 sts. for fore leg, k to end (15), k 5 rows on 15 sts.

27th Row: Cast off 7 sts., k to end (8), k 3 rows on 8 sts.

31st Row: Inc. 1 st. each end (10).

32nd Row: K 10.

33rd Row: Inc. 1 at beg. (11), then k 3 rows on 11 sts., afterwards work on principle of 33rd and 34th rows 3 times (14).

41st Row: K 2 at beg. (13).

42nd Row: K 13.

43rd Row: K 2 tog. at beg., middle, and end (10).

44th Row: K 10, work on principle of last 2 rows once more (7), and cast off. Work another piece.

## FRONT

With beige wool cast on 18 sts. and k 3 rows.

4th Row: Cast off 6 sts. for hind leg, k to end (12). Rep. last row once (6).

6th Row: Inc. 1 each end (8), then k 5 rows on 8 sts.

12th Row: K 2 tog. at each end (6), k 7 rows on 6 sts.

20th Row: Cast on 6 sts., k to end (12). Rep. last row once (18), k 5 rows on 18 sts.

25th Row: Cast off 7 sts., k to end (11). Rep. last row once (4).

27th Row: K 4.

28th Row: K 2 tog. twice. Cast off.

## TAIL AND EARS

With brown wool cast on 9 sts. and k 4 rows.

5th Row: K 2 tog. each end (7), then k 3 rows on 7 sts.

Work on principle of last 4 rows once more (5), then k 8 rows on 5 sts.

21st Row: K 2 tog. each end (3), k 6 rows, cast off.

Cast on 2 sts. for each ear, k 1 row.

2nd Row: Inc. 1 in each st. (4), k 6 rows on 4 sts., and cast off.

Sew sides tog., beg. at base. Join in the front down to bottom edge, sew right along except for lin. in middle, where insert the stuffing. Sew up. Sew on ears, mark nose with black wool, sew on two small black beads for eyes. Sew up tail and join to bottom of back.



BROWN AND BEIGE wool were used in the original toy, but other colors could be substituted.



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# QUICKLY MADE GIFTS

• Hand-made gifts carry a special message at Christmas. Here are five that you can make in double-quick time.

THE ribbon-trimmed plastic cloth shown right was designed for an invalid or for the one who breakfasts in bed.

The cloth, which measures 17in. x 26in., is made from 1/2yd. of spotted plastic and edged with three yards of matching lin. wide satin ribbon. When sewing on the ribbon turn over the raw edges of the plastic and leave the ribbon ends free at the centre to tie in a bow.

A useful and amusing gift for a gardener is shown below. Fingernails are painted on a pair of cotton gardening gloves with scarlet lacquer or appliqued with red cotton.

For a fine finish, red or green cotton cuffs can be added to the gloves. The cuffs may be made from a



A RIBBON-TRIMMED PLASTIC CLOTH is a practical and pretty gift for a friend who likes to have breakfast in bed.

cheap remnant of material, or, cheaper still, scraps from your sewing basket.

This unusual little gift will delight the home gardener. A few packets of seeds suitable for present and future sowing may accompany the gloves.

For an indoor gardener, a potted plant would add lustre to the gift.

A COOKERY-BOOK holder (below) is another practical idea. The book is kept open at the correct page and away from the kitchen spatters.

To make the holder, snip base of a wire coat-hanger in two, then bend up each section to form a rest for the book. Bind the holder with bias tape and finish with a small bow.

This holder may be hung from a conveniently placed hook or from the door-handle of a cupboard.

Old newspapers may be kept tidy in the holder also.

## For the children

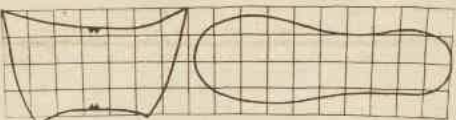
A PRETTY wall decoration for a child's room is shown at the foot of this page. Flower print cut-outs or bought transfer motifs are pasted on round lacy-patterned d'oyles and mounted on colored card-board. Attach a length of ribbon for hanging and finish with a dainty bow. The youngsters can make these.



GARDENING GLOVES have lacquered or scarlet applique patch nails for decoration.



HANDY cookery-book holder hangs from a cupboard door-knob or handle (above). RIGHT: Ribbon-hung d'oyles pictures for a child's room make a most attractive gift.



MEN'S SLIPPERS (above) may be made by enlarging these simple diagrams. Redress it to the scale of one square being equal to one inch. Complete directions for making and trimming the slippers are given below.

SLIPPERS you can make for father, brother, or best boyfriend are shown above.

Here are the directions for making the slippers:

Materials: 1/8th yd. of felt, 36in. wide; 1 pair of large-size men's insoles; 14 brass curtain rings, 1/2in. in diameter; pieces of colored felt.

Patterns: Make these from diagram (1 square equals 1in.).

Cutting Directions: Pattern A (sole): Cut 2 in felt (reversing pattern for other foot). Pattern B (upper): Cut 2 in felt.

Cut 4 pieces of felt (two 4 1/2in. long, two 7 1/2in. long, and all 1/2in. wide).

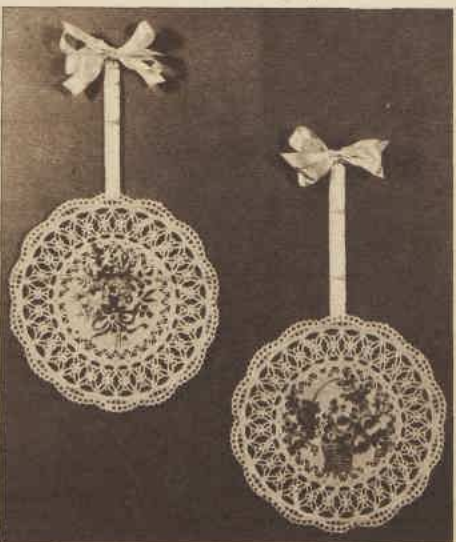
Cut the insoles to the pattern.

Sewing Directions: Place insole and felt sole pieces together, edges even. Stitch right round through all thicknesses.

Pipe the two notched edges of each upper section with the corresponding felt strips.

Cut circles of felt as in photograph and sew these, plus seven of the curtain rings, to the upper.

Lay upper on sole in a comfortable position for the foot. Sew firmly.



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# Treat your guests to this luscious HAWAIIAN SALAD



## FROM THE KRAFT KITCHEN HAWAIIAN SALAD to bring you compliments galore

**Pineapple Shell:** Pineapple meat, diced; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar cut in  $\frac{1}{2}$ " blocks; 1 medium orange, sliced; 1 medium red eating apple, sliced. **Lettuce Heart:** 1 cup cooked green peas; 2 firm tomatoes.

**Garnishes:** 2 finely sliced radishes; 1 piece red pepper; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Prepare salad makings. Arrange bed of lettuce in pineapple shell. Place quartered slices of orange next to head of shell, alternating with pieces of pineapple. Around back of shell place tomato wedges. Fill base and foreground with small Kraft Cheddar cubes. Centre these with a lettuce cup filled with green peas. Insert halved apple slices and garnish with slices of red pepper and radish. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

This summer give your friends and

family plenty of crisp, delicious Kraft Cheddar salads — especially over the weekends. Remember, Kraft Cheddar is richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein! Also, Kraft Cheddar gives you food values you won't find in meat . . . the essential vitamins A, B2 and D, plus calories and valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. It takes a gallon of milk to make a pound of Kraft Cheddar — what a bargain in nutrition!



Add the "WONDER FLAVOUR" of KRAFT MAYONNAISE. Made from a master recipe, kitchen-fresh Kraft Mayonnaise sets a new standard in flavour and quality. In the smart re-usable 5 oz. "Swanky Swig" glass, or big family-size 12 oz. jar.

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- 5 Pasteurised for purity

Sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or from the economical 5 lb. loaf.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 9, 1953



## Fine gift for a good cook



**BAG OF TRICKS.** Here is a novel and useful gift idea for a friend who loves to cook. Tie selected herbs in small cheese-cloth bags, like the one shown above, and parcel with a cook-book in a plastic food-scraping bag as at left.

Friends who love cooking are sure to be pleased with the very practical gift suggestion illustrated above.

**T**HE gift includes a cook-book, a dozen little bags of "bouquet garni"—an old French mixture of herbs—and a plastic bag.

The tiny bags that hold the herbs are made with double cheese-cloth and tied at the neck with narrow white tape.

Place the gift book and herb bags in a plastic bag, tie with ribbon, and finish with a sprig of holly.

**T**HE enchanting little bedroom cushion (above right) can be made very quickly. An 18in. by 18in. traced muslin square featuring the leaf-and-flower motif for quilting may be had from our Needlework Department. Price, 4/6, plus 4½d. postage.

A traced muslin quilting design featuring a spray of leaves for the decoration of a handkerchief, sachet or stocking-bag is also available from our Needlework Department. Size 18in. x 9in. Price, 2/6, plus 4½d. postage. See address on page 69.

**T**HE envelope of Vogart transfer pattern No. 180 shows the lovely tulips, wild roses, and daisy cut-work motifs that are included in the sheet.

These American-styled motifs for cut-work embroidery can be used on pillow-cases, sheets, dinner cloths, or supper sets; or sections of the motifs can be used on collars and fine linen blouses.

Full directions are given for embroidering the designs, and each motif is carefully marked where the cutting is to be done.

The transfer is now available from our Needlework Department. Price, 2/-. For address see page 69.



**QUILTED CUSHION-COVER** was made by our Needlework Department, using the traced muslin quilting design, colored wools, and organza. An 18in. x 18in. traced muslin square costs 4/6, plus 4½d. postage, from our Needlework Dept.



**BEAUTIFUL** cut-work designs included in Vogart transfer pattern No. 180, which is now obtainable from our Needlework Department. The transfer sheet measures 28in. x 24in. and the price is only 2/-. See address on page 69.

## Baby needs iron

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

**I**RON, which is found not only in the red blood cells but in all healthy cells of the body, is necessary for good nutrition.

The pre-natal diet should include foods rich in iron. These include liver, egg-yolk, and unrefined cereals.

Iron is required for the growing baby's immediate needs before birth, and it is also stored in the baby's liver.

For the first few months after birth a baby's food is almost exclusively milk, which

is deficient in iron, although it is rich in calcium and other valuable vitamins. During this period the baby's body draws upon the reserve of iron previously stored in the liver cells.

A leaflet dealing with iron and other mineral elements in the diet can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped, addressed envelope must be sent with each request.

PRESENTING

## Dishwashing Magic in a Bottle!

Shaker-top saves waste



## THE NEW ECONOMICAL CONCENTRATED LIQUID DETERGENT



**The Plot:** Piles of greasy dishes after a big dinner... and you've only a few minutes. Jif to the rescue! Just three or four shakes! Jif is a concentrated dishwasher... with twice the cleansing power of the usual watery detergents and, of course, much more economical!

**The Ending:** Bright and happy. Jif gives masses of grease-killing lather in hot water or cold, hard or soft. No rinsing... no wiping! Now dishes come out of the water shiny bright. And, glory be, no dishpan ring tonight!

A LEVER PRODUCT



Every  
mother  
will  
want this  
party book



Cottee's CHILDREN'S PARTY BOOK  
FOR FUN AND FARE

Cottee's "Fun & Fare" is chockful of information! Sections include ★ Special Cakes and Cookies ★ Party Pretty Desserts ★ Sweets for Treats ★ Drinks and Ices ★ Types of Parties ★ Invitations ★ Special Attractions ★ Party Decorations ★ Games, etc.

Here is one of the most unusual and exciting little books ever published. 40 pages of novel and exciting recipes and party ideas! 12 pages of glowing natural colour photographs. Truly a book every Australian mother will want! The recipes are new and yet so simple. Developed by one of Australia's leading home economists, they show, in word and picture, how easy it is to prepare the gayest, most delectable fare for parties and every occasion.

All you have to do is send a postal note for 1/-, or stamps, and your copy of Cottee's "Fun & Fare" will be delivered by the postman!

# Cottee's REAL FRUIT JUICES & JELLIES

COTTEE'S GOOD THINGS TO EAT AND DRINK WITH THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE LABELS



You can see the fruit in Cottee's!

Cottee's real fruit juice cordials have a flavour all their own! Serve them as beverages, in party punches, ice-blocks and desserts. Remember, too, everyone can now enjoy Cottee's real fruit cordials at the new budget reduced prices. There's no sales tax!

"FOR FUN & FARE" — What a nice idea for Xmas giving!

Address this coupon to "FUN & FARE" c/o Cottee's Pastimes Ltd., P.O. Box 28, Leichhardt, N.S.W. I enclose 1/- postal note (or stamps). Please send me a copy of "Fun & Fare."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 9, 1953





# Breakfast Specials

● **Breakfast is as important as any meal of the day and should be carefully planned to appeal to the eye as well as to the appetite.**

**S**CHOOLCHILDREN, workers, and the housewife all need a nourishing, satisfying breakfast so that they can keep alert and active until lunch-time.

Members of the family with a no-time and no-inclination attitude to breakfast may be tempted by well-cooked food served attractively with gay china and a pretty cloth.

Left-overs from the previous day's meals or from food prepared for family lunch-boxes can make tasty breakfasts in a matter of minutes.

Here are some interesting, quick, and easy main-course dishes to help you serve brighter breakfasts.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## SAVORY EGG SCRAMBLE IN TOMATOES

Two eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 3 tomatoes.

Melt shortening in small saucepan, add beaten eggs and milk, salt, pepper, bacon, breadcrumbs, and onion. Cook gently until thickened and set, stirring lightly. Cut tomatoes into 4 sections without cutting right through. Separate sections slightly, fill with egg mixture, serve immediately.

**Note:** If desired, whole tomato may be heated in small quantity of simmering water in a covered saucepan before cutting and filling with egg.

**SAVORY EGG SCRAMBLE IN TOMATOES** and sausage and bacon croquettes with sautéed apple slices are dishes which are just right to start the day well for the family. Try the other appetizing recipes given on this page, too. Quickly cooked, tasty, and nourishing foods make the best breakfast dishes.

## By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

### SAUSAGE AND BACON CROQUETTES

One pound sausage meat, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, thin bacon rashers (rind removed).

Combine sausage meat, onion, parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and Worcestershire sauce. Shape into croquettes, keeping fingers coated with seasoned flour. Roll in flour, dip in egg-glazing, coat with breadcrumbs. Wrap a strip of bacon around each, secure with cocktail sticks. Deep-fry in fuming fat, reducing heat after immersing croquettes. Cook 5 to 7 minutes, serve hot with sautéed apple slices.

### SAUTEED APPLE SLICES

Apple slices cut barely 1/4 in. thick, lemon juice, melted shortening.

Coat apple slices with lemon juice, lightly fry in small quantity melted shortening, turning to brown both sides.

### CREOLE SAUSAGES

Six or eight sausages, 1 small chopped onion, 1/4 dessertspoons fat, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1/4 cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1/4 to 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, salt, pepper.

Prick sausages with fork, cook, covered in boiling water, 8 to 10 minutes. Brown onion lightly in hot fat, add flour, allow to brown. Stir in stock and all other ingredients. Drain sausages, remove skins, cut into chunky pieces. Add to sauce, simmer 3 minutes.

### STUFFED FRANKFURTS

One pound frankfurts, 3oz. chopped salted peanuts, 3 to 4 oz. grated tasty cheese.

Slit along frankfurts lengthwise, cutting nearly, but not quite, through. Combine cheese and nuts and spread along frankfurts. Place under grill for 8 to 10 minutes until cheese is melted and frankfurts thoroughly heated. Serve with tomato sauce.

### CORN AND PEA FRITTERS

One small tin whole kernel corn, 1/2 cup cooked peas, 1 cup stiff batter flavored with salt, cayenne pepper, 1/4 teaspoon grated onion, and 2 tablespoons grated cheese, fat for frying, tomato sauce.

Drain corn, add to batter with peas, mix well. Drop a small teaspoonful at a time into hot fat. Cook gently 4 to 5 minutes, drain on kitchen paper. Before serving, dip into tomato sauce heated with small quantity stock or water. Serve with bacon.

### FRIED BRAINS AND PINEAPPLE SLICES

Three sets sheep's brains, 6 slices fresh pineapple, egg-glazing, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, butter, browned breadcrumbs, grilled bacon rolls, parsley.

Soak brains in cold water and remove the skin. Blanch in fresh water, simmer 8 minutes in salted water containing a little nutmeg or mace. Drain well. Divide into six and coat each piece with seasoned flour. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry golden brown. Remove skin from pineapple, brush with butter or substitute, and grill slowly until tender, turning frequently. Serve brains on pineapple slices with bacon rolls and parsley.



For that "brand new" look... use the  
BEST STARCH IN THE WORLD



**SILVER STAR  
STARCH**



**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT!**

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- Brings a stay-clean, crispness to muslin curtains and dainty lawns
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- So fine, it penetrates all fabrics evenly! So smooth, the iron simply glides! So good, it gives you more starching for less money!

FAMOUS FOR GENERATIONS—A HARPER PRODUCT.

## READERS' RECIPES

# Potato boats made with salmon or flaked fish

• These tested recipes win prizes this week:  
Salmon-filled potato boats, orange banana cake, sardine savory, and tomato jelly salad.

**F**ISH cutlets, or any other flaked cooked fish, fresh or salted, may be used in place of salmon in this week's main prizewinning recipe.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

### SALMON-FILLED POTATO BOATS

Two medium-sized potatoes, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg yolk, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, nut of butter, squeeze lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, salt, 1 small tin salmon or fish cutlets, paprika.

Scrub potatoes, dry, and bake in jackets until tender. Cut in halves lengthwise while hot, scooping out centres. Mash potato pulp with milk, egg yolk, onion, butter, lemon juice, and seasonings. Add flaked fish, pile into potato shells. Sprinkle with paprika, reheat in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

**Note:** Remaining mixture may be moulded into finger-length sticks, rolled in bread-crumbs, and baked on greased tray in moderate oven for 10 minutes.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Bell, 2 Railway Terrace, Alberton East, S.A.**

### SARDINE SAVORY

Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, little water, extra 1oz. butter, 1oz. finely grated cheese, 1 tin sardines.

Rub butter into sifted flour and salt. Add beaten egg-yolk and water. Knead to a soft dough. Roll and cut into

oblong pieces. Melt extra shortening and dip each sardine (tail removed) in it and roll in cheese. Place on to pastry strips, fold over, and press ends lightly together after moistening with egg-white. Bake on greased tray in hot oven until pastry is crisp.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.**

### TOMATO JELLY SALAD

One tablespoon gelatine, 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ¼ tea-

spoon salt, 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery, 1 cup coarsely grated cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives, 1 tablespoon chopped chives.

Soften gelatine in ¼ cup of tomato juice. Heat remaining tomato juice, add softened gelatine, lemon juice, and salt, stir until gelatine is dissolved. Combine cheese, celery, olives, and chives. Shape into 6 balls. Place a thin layer of gelatine mixture into wetted individual moulds. When firm, place a cheese ball in each mould. When remaining jelly begins to thicken, fill into moulds. Chill until set. Unmould, garnish with shredded cheese, and serve with salad greens and mayonnaise.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. McTaggart, 1 Curtin Place, Westmead, N.S.W.**

### ORANGE BANANA CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, grated rind 1 orange, 1/3rd cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 ripe banana, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add honey, grated orange rind, fruit juices, and mashed banana. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Place in greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin and bake in moderate oven for approximately 1 hour.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Pellow, 10 McKinnon Rd., McKinnon, S.E.14, Melbourne.**



FOR WEEKDAY LUNCHEON or Saturday tea these salmon-filled potato boats served with tomatoes are satisfying and appetising. See prizewinning recipe on this page.



How can a girl ask a boy out...

- ☐ Let's have a milkshake? ☐ Meet me at the pictures?  
☐ Invite him to your home?

He's shy about asking you out. Here's how you make the bid gracefully. Talk it over with your girl friend—ask her and her mad, plus the Sky One up to your place to play records, or ping pong. The more the merrier—that's why you'll be happier on "those" days with Kotex. Kotex is thicker, wider, too, with feather-soft edges that can't chafe. And softer Kotex can't pack hard or go stringy either. It's built for real comfort.



## Are you in the know?



De Luxe (Mauve) with pins or fasteners 3/6  
Featherweight (Blue) with fasteners 1/9  
Woodform (Pink) with pins or fasteners 3/2

What do girls forget most...

- ☐ Remove make-up at bedtime?  
☐ Repair chipped nail polish?  
☐ Buy a new Kotex belt?

Maybe you do keep your nails neat—and your face is scrubbed every night. But if you're like most girls you've been putting off buying a new sanitary belt. Next time you buy Kotex choose a new one from the Kotex dispenser right there on the counter. No need to ask—just choose the one that suits you and hand it to the assistant. Three types to suit everyone's needs:

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everywhere

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.



Where to park purse and gloves...

☐ On your lap? ☐ On the table? ☐ Under your chair?  
If you'd escape the raised eyebrow, remember this when at a restaurant. Accessories are taboo on the table. Avoid clutter—keep 'em out of the butter. The safe proper place for your purse and gloves is on your lap. On calendar days, too, poise comes from knowing that the Kotex moisture-proof panel is deep down, forming the safety centre of each napkin. Whichever side you wear it is the right side with Kotex.



If your nails split should you...

- ☐ Trim them with your teeth? ☐ Wear artificial nails?  
☐ Smooth them with an emery board?

To keep nails smooth, give them a daily going over with an emery board. Nail care can spare you embarrassing moments. Just as Kotex spares you embarrassment. Only Kotex tapers to fit you—from a deeper centre area where you need protection, to thin flat-pressed ends that positively can't show bulges or ridges.

K04



Continued from page 23

## Hope in world behind wired windows

THE occupational therapy or sewing-room is attractively furnished with pretty chintz curtains, tables, and chairs. It is a large, sunny room, but it needs to be twice as big as it is. This is where broken minds are truly mended. The atmosphere is full of hope, and as a patient struggles with a piece of knitting or fancywork she is also sewing her way to freedom.

The articles made by the patients are afterwards sold at the annual fete, and the same excitement prevails as among other women who are working for their annual bazaar.

Once a week patients are permitted to see a film. This helps in many ways and also keeps the patient up to date on fashion trends in the outside world.

There is a lending library, and in the two sitting-rooms, which are attractively furnished with floral curtains and cushion covers made by the patients, are a wireless and a piano.

On Sundays patients from other wards may come over and have a little sing-song round the piano. Songs may be anything from hymns to popular jazz. This brings a lot of happiness to patients who have been in hospital for years and haven't any visitors or friends to worry about them.

Time passed and my thoughts turned to Christmas; the tree we always had, decorated with tinsel and presents, the children wakening with excited faces, and the thrill of seeing them delving down into the toes of the stockings.

I was proud of my children, but would they be proud of me? Were they feeling ashamed of having their mother in an asylum? Would other parents feel sorry for my children?

Christmas week came and with it a box of decorations. We didn't have any balloons, and my husband brought in a couple of dozen. I nearly winded myself, puffing and blowing to inflate them. It was worth the effort, as they added just that little touch of color we needed.

I FORGOT my unhappiness as I helped with the decorations.

Just like women the world over, everyone was interested in what to wear to the Christmas parties, how to have her hair set, and all the last-minute fun of admiring each other's clothes and giving friendly advice about make-up.

At the first of the Christmas parties I remembered the happiness of the last few days as I danced with one of the men patients. He didn't seem any different from partners I had met at other balls.

He was married, too, and we talked about our children. I told him of my husband and how long I had been in hospital. The dance ended and he returned me to my place. Another man asked me for the next dance.

It was a lovely evening. After stewed steak three times daily the supper was something to dream about. I don't know who provided it, but it differed little from suppers at other parties, except that there was no alcohol.

At midnight a crowd of happy, contented people said goodnight to each other and walked back to their own wards.

A few days before Christmas the doctor in charge told me I was to be allowed home for Christmas Day. My husband was to call for me after breakfast and bring me back after the evening meal.

The days dragged and the nights seemed endless until at last it was Christmas Eve. No shopping to do, no cake and puddings to bake, no children too excited to go to bed.

This year someone else was filling my children's stockings.

That night I wished the other patients a merry Christmas and went to bed, my one present, a box of powder from the hospital staff, tucked away in my bedside cabinet.

On Christmas Day, with other patients who were also being allowed home, I stood waiting for my husband and the children to arrive.

At last they arrived. It had been two months since I had seen the children, though my husband had visited me twice a week.

My daughter, overjoyed to see me, threw herself into my arms and hugged me. My son just stood watching, his face reflecting his feelings.

The day passed quickly. It seemed unreal. It just didn't make sense that I wasn't free to stay with my family and had to return to the hospital at nightfall.

It was like having a black cloud hanging over me, but I tried to pretend it was just a normal day without any doors locking us away from each other.

I knew that if I didn't return willingly I would be taken back forcibly by the authorities.

At the close of the day we washed the dishes, tidied the house, and caught the tram and bus back to the hospital. I kissed my husband and children and once more I was inside.

THE days went by, and then the doctors, pleased with my progress, asked me whether I'd like to help in the hairdressing and beauty parlor, which had just lost one of its hairdressers.

I am a qualified chiropodist, hairdresser, and beauty specialist, and I am interested in the work, but I hesitated. I felt that the need for a new beauty specialist might delay my release.

Eventually I agreed to take the job and found it very pleasant, different only from beauty parlors outside in that the doors were always locked.

One day the other hairdresser, a pretty girl who came every day, gave me the key to the door and asked me whether I'd like to hang the towels out on the verandah to dry.

I did so, and I suppose she gave a sigh of relief to see me return without trying to escape.

After that I used to go out without being asked.

During their treatments the clients acted normally, read magazines, talked about general topics, and showed they were interested in their appearances.

Gradually I began to hope that soon I would be well and happy again. Every day I looked out the verandah window I had so hated when I first came, and by degrees began to feel myself part of the beauty of the world again.

The wooded hill, the church in the distance, the little cove with sailing boats bobbing about on the blue water—this was the scene I gazed at day after day.

Looking at it all, I began to feel strong, filled with the urgent desire to get out of the hospital and write my story.

I watched with interest as the doctors brought in new patients and noted how the staff derived pleasure and satisfaction in seeing them get well and go home.

I thought of the young mothers in the last months of their pregnancies, lying in strait-jackets, and the helplessness and misery their husbands were feeling because they did not know what to do to make them well again.

Fortunately, babies are not born at the hospital. Patients are taken to maternity hospitals for the births.

One patient who brought her baby to see us gave him to me to nurse. It was a wonderful moment. He was a beautiful little baby. I hated giving him back, but I think most people feel that way about babies, don't they?

At last my husband was allowed to come and take me home. I packed my case, kissed my friends goodbye, and said farewell to the doctors. The nurses stood at the door waving to me and laughing.

Looking at them and laughing, too, I said, "If I am ill again, I shall know where to come."

**Footnote:** The writer of this article hopes that its publication will help people to understand the problems of nerve patients and the loneliness of those who have no friends or close relatives to look after them, particularly at Christmas time. A gift, any sign at all from the outside world that they are not forgotten, will, she thinks, make them feel warm and wanted, and encourage them to go on fighting for their health and a return to normal life.



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“Now let’s see . . .  
have we overlooked anybody?”

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## Continuing . . . No Pets Allowed

from page 5

but I didn't have the chance. He jumped on me, and his dog jumped on me, too.

He got in a good one over my eye that broke the skin, and I knocked most of the wind out of him with a right to the short ribs. He moved my nose a trifle to the left, and I felt the blood starting.

I came back with a fine punch to the mouth that hurt my knuckles just right and would make him swell up plenty. Then we were at it, close in, hammer and tongs until a big man ran out and broke it up, swearing something awful.

I suppose the fight was a draw. If there was a winner, it was that dog. The dog ripped my pants at the ankle and drew a little blood and got away clean.

If Trick had been with me—well, it was a lucky thing for that dog that Trick wasn't.

The man said he was going to see to it that we both got properly belted, so I squirmed out of his grip and beat it for home.

It was hurting, but most of the bleeding had stopped. I opened our door, and as soon as I heard dad's voice I knew something was wrong.

"John," he called. He never calls me John unless something is wrong. "Come here at once, John!"

"He's got to be disciplined," mother's voice said. "But don't lose your temper, Bob."

"John!" dad said again. "On the double!"

So I went on in, not knowing what could be wrong.

When mother saw me she turned pale and gasped. She ran across the room and took me in her arms.

"Johnny," she said, "you're hurt! What happened? Did a car hit you?"

Dad didn't run to me, but he stood up. "Yes," he said. "What happened, Johnny? Tell us."

"I got in a fight," I said. "A big mean kid said Trick was no good. And then he—"

"That can wait," mother said. "Come with me, Johnny."

She washed my face and painted it all over with iodine that stung something fearful. She pressed around my ribs to make sure I didn't have any broken bones, though I told her that was silly; you never get really hurt in fights. I know.

Then she took me back to the living-room and I had to tell them all about it. I told it just as it happened, too, ex-

cept, naturally, I made out that the kid was bigger and tougher than he actually was.

Dad looked stern. "That wasn't very bright, Johnny," he said. "Do you think getting into a stupid brawl can help Trick?"

"I got mad," I said. "I got so mad I saw red." I hadn't, but it sounded good.

"And then I didn't have Trick to show him. If I'd had him, you there'd never have been any fight. He'd have seen what a great dog Trick is. Anybody would."

Mother made a funny little sound and dad looked even sterner. "None of that, Mary," he said. "We aren't going to be juvenile, too." He looked back at me. "There is one more thing. Did you send a real estate salesman who smells like a brewery around to see me?"

"Oh," I said. "I didn't think he smelled. That was John T. Evans, I guess. I mean, it wasn't really John T. Evans, but he is just the same as if he was."

This sounded kind of confused. "I mean, he works for him, and he has all kinds of fine houses and—"

Dad said, "I don't care if he is John T. Evans or Joe Glutz. That was really inexcusable, John. I practically had to throw him out. He tried to sell me a Moorish bungalow with a Spanish patio attached. As I remember, what he called the rumpus room is done in the Olde English manner. But that is not the point."

"There are extenuating circumstances, Bob," mother said. She looked almost as sad as I felt, and her eyes were very soft . . . like when I had pneumonia that time.

"I know, Mary," dad said. "Just let me handle this, please."

Then he said, "Listen to me, John. I am not going to be stampeded into buying a house. I am going to build a house when and where I decide, at some future date I have not determined upon."

"Trick is perfectly all right where he is, and my life is not going to be controlled by a dog . . . or, to put it more accurately, by your desires concerning a dog. You are not going to send any more real estate salesmen to call on me, whether they are dead or living, drunk or dry, or whether they are named or not named John T. Evans."

He lighted his pipe. "Is that clear? If not, I shall be glad to repeat it."

"Yes, sir, dad," I said. "But you see, I—"

"No 'buts,' John," he said, and I knew, from experience, that he meant just what he said. "Now, go and change your clothes and take a shower. You don't smell like a brewery. It might be better if you did. You smell like an old gymnasium."

I started slowly out of the room. I looked at mother. She smiled, but it was not much of a smile. She was on dad's side. Nobody was on Trick's side . . . nobody but me.

Those were bad days, I can tell you. I didn't have anything much to do except worry about Trick, and dad said the happiest moment of his life would be when school opened.

My mother didn't say that, but she looked as if she felt the same way. Then, about a week after we'd got there, the letter came from grandma.

Mother opened it. Dad is a great reader, but he is not much for letters, particularly those to and from relatives. When she got to the end, she said, "Everybody's just fine, nothing has happened, and the goose hangs high. That also includes Trick."

"Uh-huh," dad said.

"What does she say about Trick?" I asked.

Mother looked at the letter again. Her eyes crinkled as if she were having trouble making the words out, though grandma writes a very clear hand. "Oh, here it is," she said. "She says: 'Tell Johnny that Trick is fine and fat and happy. He'll be ready and waiting when you're ready for him.'"

Mother folded the letter, put it back in the envelope, and put the envelope down on the table beside her. It seemed to me that she did all this kind of extra slow. Then she smiled.

"Isn't that splendid?" she said. "They're taking care of Trick just as if he were a baby." "I guess so," I said. But it didn't sound right.

A little while later dad and mother went out to do some shopping. They'd be back in an hour or so, they said, and why didn't I go, too, and get some air? But I said I thought I'd just stay here, as I was rather tired today.

I waited until they were well away. Then I made a beeline for grandma's letter. Oh, I know it is not right to read

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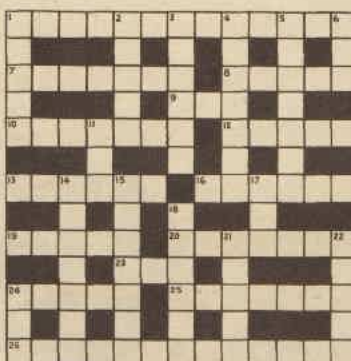
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Constant anfractuities on many women's heads (9, 4).
7. Dull sob disturbed with a remedy (7).
8. Rage takes a printer's measure and gets confused, and it's still a rage (5).
9. The front vehicle (3).
10. Frank transgression and one hundred before (7).
12. This a cover is of stable shape (5).
13. Begins a fruit pie in a steamer (6).
16. Vimout, but can be inquisitive on a bird's bill (8).

19. Small medicine bottle surrounded by a friend (5).
20. Shakespearian storm (7).
22. Look at tea, it's a great deal (3).
24. Usual price offered for thoughts (5).
25. One does it by force another by charm, but neither gives freedom (8).
26. You have been reminded often to remember it (9, 4).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. There is a lot in these conspiracies (5).
2. Sharp and with the ends removed makes wound (5).
3. Odd number yet mostly even (6).
4. Passage Tristan could have made if confused but not foolish (7).
5. In a clog (ANAG. 7).
6. Organic listener (3).
11. Carriage in a flower without nation (3).
14. Town where the dancing floor is on a bridge (7).
15. The fox is in sight (8, 2).
17. Small but still the devil (3).
18. Wait upon at task to the end (6).
21. Skin-flint (5).
22. Rotterwin but mainly eat (5).
24. Dog fighter (3).



Solution to last week's crossword.

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other people's mail. But this was different, because of Trick.

I found what it said about Trick, and I knew why mother had had trouble reading it to me. She hadn't read it right at all. For here is what it said:

"Trick has missed Johnny. His appetite isn't what it used to be and he seems to mope around. But it isn't anything to worry about. He'll get over it, and if he gets really sick we'll rush him to a veterinarian. Pets seem to be as much of a problem as children, don't they?"

I put the letter back in the envelope. They mustn't know I'd read it. My hands shook so hard I could hardly handle the paper.

Trick—Trick was missing me terrible! Trick wasn't eating right! And Trick was almost three hundred miles away.

I thought for a long time, and it just got more awful. I looked around the room, sort of scared and frantic-like. I noticed the telephone.

I'd never used the telephone much and never made a long-distance call in my life. But Trick—

It took quite a while, but finally the operator understood what I wanted. I heard the ring, and then a click, and grandma's voice said, "Hello?" I was glad it was grandma rather than grandpa.

"It's Johnny," I said. "May I speak to Trick, please?"

"What?" she said. "Is this Johnny? Why, Johnny, it's nice to hear your voice. You're calling for mother, aren't you?"

"No," I said. "I'm calling for me. To talk to Trick."

"I don't think I understand," she said. "I thought you said—"

This went on for quite a while. She seemed awful slow-witted. But at last I managed to explain.

If she would just put the receiver to Trick's ear I could talk to him. Then he could answer back.

"But, Johnny," she said, "that's ridiculous—talking to a dog on the phone. Long-distance, too. Why—"

"Please, grandma," I said. "Please, please. For me."

And she did. After a long wait she said, "He's here, Johnny. Go ahead and talk."

I said, "Trick! It's me, Johnny. Now you listen real careful. I'm taking care of things as best I can down here, even if it is going pretty slow. But you eat right and you just remember—"

I heard his bark. Trick had always been a big-barking dog. But this was his biggest bark ever.

It banged out of that telephone like a shot. "Trick!" I yelled. And he barked again, one right after the other.

I didn't hear them come in, what with listening to Trick. The first thing I knew dad had grabbed the phone out of my hand. He said, "What on earth!" You could hear Trick all over the apartment.

He spoke into the phone, very loud. "Get that dog off this thing!" he said. "Whoever put him on should be in the booby hatch!" Oh. Sorry. Well—

After a while he hung up. He and mother just stood there looking at me. He said, "So you called Trick, long-distance, did you? Do you know how much that costs?"

"No, sir," I said. "But I'll pay it out of my allowance."

"Too right, you will," he said. "Bob," mother said.

"Okay, okay," dad said. . . .

"Now hear, this young man. You are forbidden even to

touch that phone. You are forbidden to talk about buying houses. You are—"

"You needn't go on, Bob," mother said. "He understands."

"I wonder," dad said. "I wonder if there is any sanity anywhere in this insane and suicidal world. . . . Well, do you get my point, John?"

"Yes, sir," I said. I had got the point all right. I had to see Trick. I'd made up my mind. I was going after Trick no matter what happened.

You make a big decision like that and you want to carry it out as fast as you can. My chance came the next night. Dad and mother were going to a party and they said they would be out till midnight.

They left at eight and I slipped out the back entrance ten minutes later. I wasn't sure how I could make that three hundred miles. If I hitch-hiked rides somebody might get suspicious.

I trotted down side streets until I reached the highway that led north. A big open truck with a load of melons stopped for the sign.

There was a canvas over the melons. I climbed aboard just as the truck moved off.

I pulled the canvas over me and shifted melons around until I was comfortable enough. The truck barrelled along pretty good, straight north.

Trick, I thought; I was getting closer to Trick all the time. And when I found Trick—well, I'd solve that problem when I came to it.

We drove for a long, long time. Once the truck stopped at a roadside eating place and

## Continuing . . . No Pets Allowed

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the driver went in. I scrunched down so he wouldn't see me. After a while he came back and we drove on again.

It was getting late. I guessed it must be two—three o'clock in the morning. But I was on my way to Trick, and that was all that mattered. And then, not meaning to, I went to sleep, right there in the middle of those melons with the canvas over me.

I woke up terribly sudden. A man was shaking me. He had a uniform on. I heard another man talking, who must be the truck driver.

"Look, officer," he said, "I didn't know he was there. Why in the name of—"

There was still another man in uniform, and he said, "All right, all right. We ain't blaming you. He was hid under the canvas. We just happened to see him in our lights as a corner flipped up."

Then the man in uniform who had been shaking me stopped and said, "You the Magic kid?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Good," he said. "They been driving us nuts for hours about you. Down you come."

I was wide awake now and I thought of Trick, and I tried to fight him off. "No," I said. "You leave me alone. You got no right. I want to see—"

He wasn't rough about it, but he was strong. He caught me under the arms and lifted me down and carried me toward the police car.

"Sorry," he said, "but that's the way it is. It's a hard world. In you go and don't make us no more trouble."

"Trick," I said. "Trick is sick and—"

"Skip it, kid," he said. "I just work here."

It was nine the next morning when we drove up to the flat. Dad and mother were waiting by the street door, dressed in their party clothes. They looked awful tired.

"Johnny!" mother said. "Oh, Johnny!" She kissed me.

Dad didn't say a word to me. He talked to the policemen for a moment, thanked them, and then said in a general way, "Let's all go inside now. We've made enough of a spectacle of ourselves for one night."

We went up to our apartment. Dad closed the door carefully. He said, "Well, John, what have you to say about this?"

I just went to pieces. "You can't make me stay," I said. "Not unless you lock me up. Nobody can make me stay when Trick's up there sick and dying. Dead maybe. Nobody can—"

"John!" he said. "Johnny," mother said, and there were tears in her voice. "Johnny, oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny!"

"I won't stay," I said. "I read grandma's letter, and I'm glad I did. He's sick and I'm going to him. I'm going the first chance I get. And I'm going to take him and go where you'll never find us. Never!"

Dad took his glasses off and wiped them on his coat. That wasn't like him—he always used a spick-and-span handkerchief. Mother looked at me, and then at him, and then at the window.

"I wonder," she said, and she didn't seem to be talking to anybody in particular—"I wonder if anyone really knows about boys and dogs."

Then dad laughed. It was a queer laugh, not the kind of

laugh you make at a joke. He drew a long deep breath and rubbed his hands up and down his chest.

He put his pipe in his mouth, though there wasn't any tobacco in it. He looked at the window, just as mother had, for quite a while.

Then he said, "Okay, this is it. What's the name of that real estate man?"

I practically yelled, "John T. Evans!" I said. "I mean, he isn't really John T. Evans, but he—"

"Don't go through that again," dad said, and reached for the phone book.

We did not buy the Moorish bungalow with the Spanish patio and the Olde English rumpus room.

We bought what Mr. Evans' man said was a California ranch-house type. Mother says it is livable, though the kitchen is not so good and the bedroom wallpaper is ghastly.

Father says it is too far from the University and the study is not big enough for a gnat. I think it is a wonderful house.

Grandpa and grandma drove Trick down. They said they might as well make a party of it. Trick didn't even wait for the car door to be opened.

He boiled out of the window and he and I rolled over and over on the grass. Mother laughed until her eyes were wet, and said she couldn't tell which was boy and which was dog.

I made Trick sit and looked him over real carefully. He looked good, all things considered.

Then dad and mother came up and said hello to him in a dignified way. They looked happy as could be, even if the house we'd bought wasn't exactly what they'd planned on.

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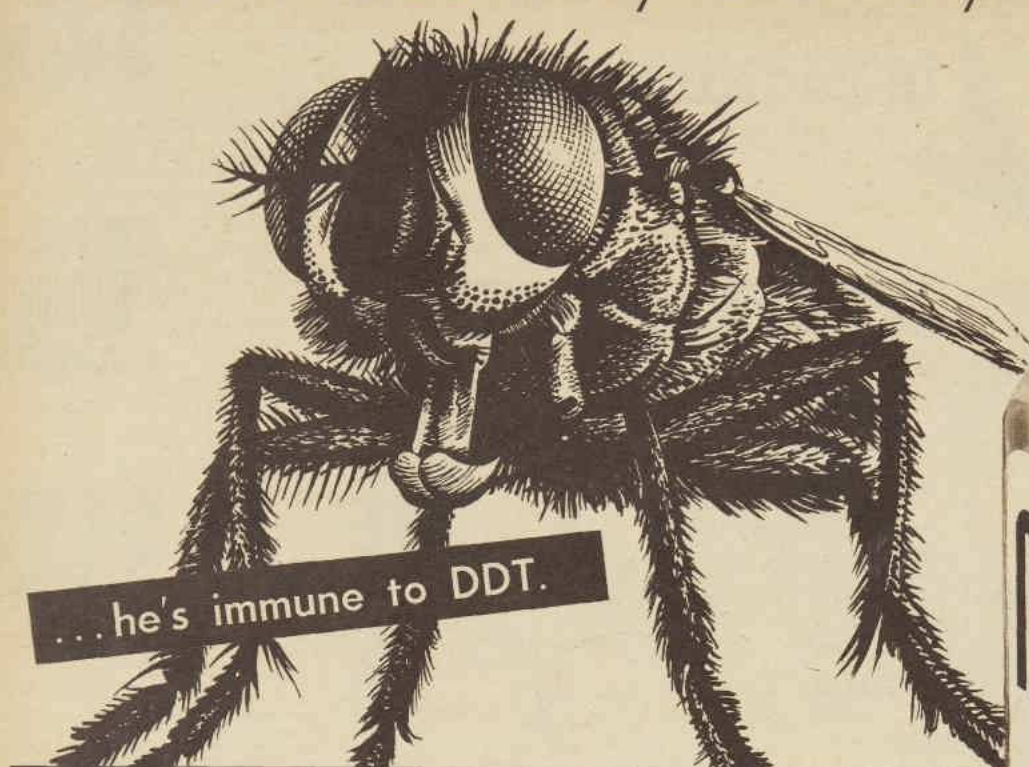
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Smart easy-to-make tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white everglaze or white headcloth. Sizes 32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. bust. Price, headcloth, 28/6; everglaze, 54/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

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# Miss Pettigrew lives for a day

By WINIFRED WATSON



The Australian Women's Weekly  
Novel. December 9, 1953

SUPPLEMENT. Must not be sold separately



## Miss Pettigrew lives for a day

9.15 a.m.—11.11 a.m.

**A**S the clock struck a quarter past nine, Miss Pettigrew pushed open the door of the employment agency and went in. She had, as usual, very little hope but today the Principal greeted her with a more cheerful smile.

"Ah! Miss Pettigrew, I think we have something for you today. Two came in when I had left last night. Now let me see. Ah, yes! Mrs. Hilary, maid, Miss LaFosse, nursery governess. Hmm! You'd have thought it was the other way round. But there! I expect she's an aunt with an adopted orphan niece, or something."

She gave Miss Pettigrew particulars. There you are then, Miss LaFosse, 15, Onslow Mansions. The appointment is for ten sharp this morning. You'll make it nicely."

"Oh thank you," Miss Pettigrew said weakly, nearly fainting with relief. She clutched the card of particulars firmly in her hand. "I'd nearly given up hope. Not many of my kind of post these days."

"Not many," agreed Miss Holt, and, as the door closed behind Miss Pettigrew, "I hope that's the last I see of her," thought Miss Holt.

Outside on the pavement Miss Pettigrew shivered slightly. It was a cold, grey, foggy November day with a drizzle of rain in the air. Her coat, of a nondescript, ugly brown, was not very thick. It was five years old.

London traffic roared about her. Pedestrians hurried to reach their destinations and get out of the depressing atmosphere as quickly as possible. Miss Pettigrew joined the throng, middle-aged, rather angular, of medium height, thin through lack of good food, with a timid, defeated expression, and terror quite discernible in her eyes, if any one cared to look.

But there was no personal friend or relation in the whole world who knew or cared whether Miss Pettigrew was alive or dead.

Miss Pettigrew went to the bus-stop to wait a bus. She could not afford the fare, but she could still less afford to lose a possible situation by being late. The bus deposited her about five minutes' walk from Onslow Mansions, and at seven minutes to ten precisely she was outside her destination.

It was a very exclusive, very opulent, very intimidating block of flats. Miss Pettigrew was conscious of her shabby clothes, her faded gentility, her courage lost through weeks of desperation. She stood a moment. She prayed silently.

"Oh Lord! If I've ever doubted your benevolence in the past, forgive me and help me now." She added a rider to her prayer, with the first candid confession she had ever made to her conscious mind. "It's my last chance. You know it, I know it."

She went in. A porter in the hall eyed her questioningly. Her courage failed at ringing for the lift as she mounted the main stairway and looked around until she discovered No. 5. A little plate on the door said Miss LaFosse. She looked at her watch, inherited from her mother, waited until it said precisely ten, then rang.

There was no answer. She rang again. She waited and rang again. She was not normally an anxious person, but fear gave her the courage of desperation. She rang off and on, for five minutes. Suddenly the door flew open and a young woman stood in the entry.

Miss Pettigrew gasped. The creature was so lovely she called to mind immediately beauties of the screen. Her golden, curly hair, tumbled about her face. Her eyes were blue as gentians. The lovely rose of youth flushed her cheeks. She wore that kind of foamy robe, no mere dressing-gown, worn by the most famous of stars in seductive scenes in the films. Miss Pettigrew was well versed in the etiquette of dress and behaviour of young women on the screen.

In a dull, miserable existence her one wild extravagance was her weekly orgy at the cinema, where for over two hours she lived in an enchanted world peopled by beautiful women, handsome heroes, fascinating villains, charming employers, and there were no bullying parents, no appalling offspring, no tasses, torment, terror, harry her every waking hour.

**I**N real life, Miss Pettigrew had never seen any woman arrive to breakfast in a silk, satin and lace negligee. Every one did on the films. To see one of these lovely visions in the flesh was almost more than she could believe.

But Miss Pettigrew knew fright when she saw it. The young woman's face, when she opened the door, had been rigid with apprehension. At sight of Miss Pettigrew it grew radiant with relief.

"I have come . . ." began Miss Pettigrew nervously.

"What time is it?" "It was prompt ten when I first rang. The hour you named, Miss . . . Miss LaFosse? I have been ringing for about five minutes. It is now five past ten."

"Great Good!" Miss Pettigrew's surprising interrogator swung round and disappeared back into the room. She did not say come in, but for a gentlewoman to face destitution was a very serious crisis: Miss Pettigrew found courage, walked in and shut the door behind her.

"At least I shall ask for an interview," thought Miss Pettigrew. She saw the whisk of draperies disappear through another door and heard a voice saying urgently: "Phil, I had no idea. It's half past ten."

"Proned to exaggerate," thought Miss Pettigrew. "Not a good influence for children at all." She now had time to take in her surroundings. Brilliant cushions ornamented more brilliant chairs and Chesterfield. A deep, velvety carpet of strange, futuristic design decorated the floor. Gorgeous, breathtaking curtains draped the windows. On the walls hung pictures not . . . not quite decent, decided Miss Pettigrew. Ornaments of every color and shape adorned mantelpiece, table, and stands. Nothing matched anything else. Everything was of an exotic brilliance that took away the breath.

"Not the room of a lady," thought Miss Pettigrew. "Not the kind of room my dear mother would have chosen." "And yet . . . why, yes! Quite definitely yes, the kind of room that perfectly suited the lovely creature who had so abruptly disappeared."

Miss Pettigrew cast a sternly disapproving eye about her, but behind her disapproval stirred a strange sensation of excitement. This was the kind of room in which one did things and strange events occurred and amazing creatures, like her momentary inquisitor, lived vivid, exciting, hazardous lives.

Shocked by such flighty thoughts Miss Pettigrew took her imagination severely in hand and forced it back to the practical.

"Children," pondered Miss Pettigrew. "Where could one possibly teach or play with children in an impossible room like this? Ink or dirty marks on those cushions would be desecration."

From behind the closed door Miss Pettigrew could make out a heated altercation in progress, the low, pleasantly grumbling tones of a man's voice, and Miss LaFosse's high, exhorting voice. "I've got such a lot to do this morning."

Soon the door opened and Miss LaFosse appeared again, almost immediately followed by a man clad in such magnificence of style Miss Pettigrew blinked.

She stood apprehensive, clutching her handbag in quivering fingers, awaiting the chilling inquiry of what her presence meant. Hot waves of nervous dread made her perspire just a little. She was always at her worst at interviews. Suddenly she felt terrified, defeated, forlorn, before ever the battle commenced. People like these . . . any kind of employer . . . would never again pay her for her services. She stood as dignified as possible, stoical, terrified, awaiting her dismissal.

The young man glanced at her amiably, without a trace of surprise.

"Morning."

"Good morning," said Miss Pettigrew.

She felt so weak she simply sat down bang on a chair and stared at him. He was dapper, neat, brisk, with brilliant, liquid-brown eyes and dark hair. He had a jutting nose, a full-lipped mouth, and a look about him that said he was not a man to play tricks with, yet a hint he could be pleasant enough if folks were pleasant with him.

He said in a conversational tone to no one in particular. "Well, you may be in a hurry and satisfied with orange juice, but I'm not. I'm hungry. I want my breakfast."

"Breakfast?" gasped Miss LaFosse. "Breakfast! You know my maid's left. I can't cook. I can't cook anything but a boiled egg."

"I hate boiled eggs." Miss LaFosse's eyes swelled round to Miss Pettigrew. Her expression became imploring, beseeching.

"Can you cook?" Miss Pettigrew stood up. "When I was a girl," said Miss Pettigrew, "my father said that after my dear mother I was the best plain cook he knew."

Miss LaFosse's face became illumined with joy. "I knew it. The minute I laid eyes on you I knew you were the kind of person to be relied on. I'm not. I'm no use at all. The kitchen's through that door. You'll find everything there. But hurry. Please hurry."

Fluttered, bewildered, excited, Miss Pettigrew made for the door. She knew she was not a person to be relied upon. But perhaps that was because hitherto



every one had perpetually taken her inadequacy for granted. How do we know what latent possibilities of achievement we possess? Chin up, eyes shining, pulse beating, Miss Pettigrew went into the kitchen.

She looked about her. Everything was up to date. Tiled walls, refrigerator, electric oven, pantry stocked to overflowing, but, "oh dear, how untidy," thought Miss Pettigrew. "And yes, not clean. Whoever had charge here was a . . . a slut!"

She took off her coat and hat and set to work. Soon the blisful aroma of fried ham and eggs and coffee filled the air. She discovered an electric toaster. Toast took its correct place. She went back into the room.

"Everything is ready, Miss LaFosse," Miss LaFosse's face took on such a brilliant smile of thanks that Miss Pettigrew blushed with pleasure.

"There," said Miss LaFosse solicitously. "You've gone all red. It's cooking over a hot stove. That's why I've never cultivated the art. It simply ruins the complexion. I'm terribly sorry."

"It's all right," said Miss Pettigrew with resignation. "I've reached the age when . . . when complexions don't matter."

"Not matter!" said Miss LaFosse, shocked. "Complexions always matter!"

Phil came back into the room. Miss Pettigrew noticed that he wore a lot of rings with very shining stones.

"Not in good taste," she thought. "Gentlemen never wear all those rings."

"Ha!" ejaculated Phil. "My nose smells breakfast and my stomach says it's waiting for it. Stout woman."

Miss Pettigrew smiled happily.

"I do hope it's cooked to your satisfaction."

"Sure to be. My horreur is a useless hussy. I'm glad she has useful friends." He beamed amiably. Then abruptly, boldly, frankly, Miss Pettigrew acknowledged to herself that she liked him.

"I do," she apostrophised her shocked other self determinedly. "I don't care. I do. He's not quite . . . quite delicate. But he's nice. He doesn't care whether I'm shabby and poor, I'm a lady, so he's polite in his way to me."

Perhaps it was because he was different from any other man she had ever met. He was not a gentleman, yet there was something in his cheerful pleasantness that suddenly made her feel more comfortably happy and confident than all the polite, exuding courtesies that had been her measure from men all her life. Miss LaFosse was speaking to her.

"I've set a place for you. Even if you've had your breakfast a cup of nice coffee never comes amiss at this time."

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew, touched. "How . . . exceptionally kind of you." She suddenly wanted to cry, but she didn't. Surprisingly she lifted her head firmly and said authoritatively. "Now you two sit down and I'll serve breakfast. Everything's ready."

Phil enjoyed his breakfast. He ate leisurely through a grapefruit, ham and eggs, toast and marmalade, fruit. Then he leaned back comfortably in his chair and dug out of his pocket a packet of villainous-looking cheroots.

"Dash it all, I'm sorry," he apologized to Miss Pettigrew. "Haven't got a cigarette on me to offer you. Always mean to carry 'em and always forget."

Miss Pettigrew fluttered in her chair and looked a little pink with pleasure. She couldn't look quite as antiquated as she had always imagined if a man thought she smoked.

"I do wish you wouldn't smoke those nasty things," grumbled Miss LaFosse. "I don't like the smell."

"Force of habit," said Phil apologetically. "Bought 'em when I couldn't

afford cigars, and now I don't want cigars."

"Oh, well. Every one to his taste," said Miss LaFosse philosophically.

All this time Miss Pettigrew's delicate female perceptions had been aware that their hostess was in a high state of agitation behind her smiling front. Suddenly Miss LaFosse jumped to her feet and made for the kitchen.

"I must have some more coffee."

Miss Pettigrew followed her with her eyes. She saw her stop in the doorway and make frantic signs of appeal. Miss Pettigrew had never been an actress in her life, but now she gave a brilliant performance. She rose to her feet with just the right touch of tolerant amusement in her voice.

"I'd better go myself. She's quite capable of pouring it over herself."

In the kitchen Miss LaFosse clutched her arm frantically.

"You must get him out. What shall I do? You must get him out at once. You can do it without his guessing. I'm sure you can do anything. Please, please get him out for me."

She wrung her hands in distress, her lovely face quite white with agitation.

The kitchen pulsed with drama. No one could have resisted Miss LaFosse's appeal, let alone Miss Pettigrew with her susceptible heart. She felt strong with compassion and sympathy though for what she hadn't the faintest idea. Yet behind her solicitude, rather guiltily, Miss Pettigrew felt the most glorious, exhilarating sensation of excitement she had ever experienced.

"This," thought Miss Pettigrew, "is life. I have never lived before."

But feeling pity wasn't enough. This lovely child looked to her to act. Miss Pettigrew had never in her life before dealt with a situation that needed such finesse. What should she do? Her mind ranged in panic over her past life. From what experience could she draw. She thought of Mrs. Mortlemans in that Golden's Green post and her terrible husband she had managed so well. If only . . .

FROM NOWHERE, Miss Pettigrew felt an amazing, powerful assurance pouring into her veins. This beautiful creature believed in her. She would not fail her. Could a Miss Pettigrew not be a Mrs. Mortlemans?

"I have never," said Miss Pettigrew, "fold a biask he in my life, and very few white ones, but there is always a time to begin."

"He mustn't guess I want him away. You're sure you won't let him guess."

"He won't guess."

Miss LaFosse rung her arms round Miss Pettigrew and kissed her.

"Oh, you darling! How can I thank you? Oh, thank you, thank you . . . you're sure you can manage?"

"Leave it to me," said Miss Pettigrew.

Miss LaFosse made for the door. Calmly, collectedly, full powers in control. Miss Pettigrew chided her gently. "You've forgotten the coffee."

Miss Pettigrew filled the coffee-pot, turned around and went back into the room. Her heart was thumping, her cheeks were flushed, she felt weak with nervousness, but she had never felt so exhilarated in her life. Things were happening. Miss LaFosse followed meekly behind.

Miss Pettigrew sat down, poured out another cup of coffee for herself and Miss LaFosse and waited, with devilish tact, for a few minutes. That marvelous sense of assurance still upheld her. Phil looked set for the morning. At last Miss Pettigrew spoke. She leaned forward with her gentle, engaging smile.

"Young man, I am a busy woman and

I have a lot of things to discuss with Miss LaFosse. Would you mind very much if I were so rude as to ask you to leave us alone together?"

"What things?"

Miss Pettigrew was not beaten.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew with delicate reserve. "Certain articles . . . of a lady's clothing . . ."

"That's all right. I know all about 'em."

"In theory, perhaps," said Miss Pettigrew with dignity. "In practice . . . I hope not. We are fitting."

"I don't mind learning."

"You choose to joke," said Miss Pettigrew sternly.

"O.K.," said Phil resignedly. "I'll wait in the bedroom."

Miss Pettigrew shook her head with gentle amusement.

"If that suits you . . . but I don't think you'll like sitting for over an hour in a cold bedroom."

"You can't be discussing underclothes all the time."

"There are other feminine interests."

"Can't I listen in?"

"You can not," said Miss Pettigrew firmly.

"Why not? Ain't it pure enough for my ears?"

Miss Pettigrew stood up and drew herself to her full height.

"I am," said Miss Pettigrew, "the daughter of a curate."

He was quelled.

"O.K., sister. You win. I'll scram."

"The contaminating effect," thought Miss Pettigrew severely, "of too many cheap American films."

Miss Pettigrew herself helped him on with his coat. All this time Miss LaFosse wore an air of vague detachment, as though she didn't really care whether he went or stayed, but one must humor these middle-aged females. And once she winked at him at Miss Pettigrew's expense. Miss Pettigrew noted and her now indecorous self gave full marks of approval for the delicate touch it gave to the whole conspiracy.

"Well, goodbye, baby," said Phil. "See you anon."

He took Miss LaFosse in his arms and kissed her, just as though he didn't care whether Miss Pettigrew saw or not. And, of course, he couldn't care. Miss Pettigrew sat down weakly.

"Oh dear!" Miss Pettigrew's virgin mind awoke wildly for adjustment. "Kisses . . . in front of me. I mean such . . . such ardent kisses. Not at all proper."

But her traitorous, female heart turned right over in her body and thoroughly sympathised with the look of wholehearted enjoyment registered by Miss LaFosse's face. And even though he was obviously left a little drunk with the reciprocal fervor of Miss LaFosse's kisses, Phil still, very politely, remembered to say goodbye to herself.

A last kiss for Miss LaFosse, a last word for Miss Pettigrew. Phil opened the door and was gone.

11.11 a.m.—11.35 a.m.

With the banging of the door behind Phil, the door also banged on Miss Pettigrew's exhilarating feeling of adventure, romance and joy. She felt suddenly tired, inefficient, and nervous again. She had only been allowed the privilege of seeing romance for a short time, but it was not really her portion in life.

Now all the practical, terrifying worries of her daily life poured back into her mind. She was now the applicant for a post and Miss LaFosse her possible employer. She would never learn who Phil was, or what his last name was, or why Miss LaFosse so urgently wanted him away when she so obviously enjoyed his kisses.

She pushed back a wisp of straying



hair with shaking fingers and gathered herself for the always terrifying ordeal of stating her negligible qualifications.

"About . . ." began Miss Pettigrew with an attempt at firmness.

Miss LaFosse swooped down on her and caught her hands.

"You've saved my life. How can I thank you? You've saved more than my life. You've saved a situation. I was utterly lost without you. I never could have got him away myself. I can never repay you."

"The remembrance of stern dictums. To succeed, seize opportunity when it knocks," came into Miss Pettigrew's mind. With the last remnants of her courage she began feebly, "But you can . . ."

Miss LaFosse didn't hear her. She began to speak urgently and dramatically, but Miss Pettigrew could see that laughter lit the backs of Miss LaFosse's eyes as much as to say she quite realised she was hopeless, but hoped Miss Pettigrew would humor her.

"Is your pulse fluttering?" asked Miss LaFosse. "Is your eyesight excellent?"

Miss Pettigrew's pulse was fluttering, but she thought, "One lie today, why not two?"

"My pulse is not fluttering," said Miss Pettigrew. "And my eyesight is excellent."

"Oh!" said Miss LaFosse in great relief. "I knew you were the calm kind. Mine is, so I know I'm too agitated to see. You know the way it is in detective books. You've cleared everything away or think you have, then the detectives go around snooping and they discover a pipe or analyse some ash and find it's cigar ash and then they say, 'Hal! So you smoke a cigar now, do you, miss?'"

"I see," said Miss Pettigrew, not seeing at all, completely bewildered, and with visions of policemen, sergeants, detectives, descending on Miss LaFosse's flat.

"No you don't. I must explain everything. Nick's coming this morning. At least I'm perfectly certain he'll come. Just to try to catch me out. He's wickedly jealous."

Miss Pettigrew, completely submerged in unknown waters, did her best to surmount the waves.

"You mean another young man is coming this morning?" she questioned faintly.

"That's it," said Miss LaFosse in relief. "I knew you'd understand. Will you clear everything away every single thing that might faintly hint another man has been here?"

The waters nearly went over Miss Pettigrew's head, but she managed a weak, faltering voice.

"The safest course would be not to let him in."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Why not?" questioned Miss Pettigrew in surprise.

"I'm sort of afraid of him," said Miss LaFosse simply.

"If," said Miss Pettigrew with brilliant courage, "if you are afraid of this young man, I . . . I will go to the door for you and say very firmly you are not at home."

"Oh dear!" Miss LaFosse wrung her hands. "But I don't think he'll knock. You see, he's got a key. He'll just walk in. And I couldn't in any case. He pays the rent you know. You see how it is."

"I see," said Miss Pettigrew in a small voice. She did see. It was nearly too much for her. She knew she should now gather her hat and coat, elevate her nose and walk out with outraged dignity. But she couldn't. She heard her voice saying very weakly, "Then couldn't you . . . couldn't you have stopped the other young man from coming here?"

"Oh dear!" said Miss LaFosse, again hopelessly. "It's so involved. I didn't

know Nick was coming. I only got to know quite by chance late last night. He told me he was coming home tomorrow. He's been away, you know. I think he . . . he doubts me a little. And I couldn't make Phil suspicious. He doesn't know about Nick. He's going to back me in a new show. You see how it is?"

"I see," said Miss Pettigrew, shocked, excited and, yes, thrilled. Thrilled right down to the very marrow of her bones. Why pretend? This was life. This was drama. This was action. This was the way the other half lived.

"So you see what you've got to do?" Miss LaFosse pleaded. "You see how vital it is. You're sure you can manage?"

Miss Pettigrew thought of her place set at table, the cups of coffee, the thickly buttered toast piled on her plate, which, had Miss LaFosse only known, were the first food and drink she had had that day.

"As I said before," remarked Miss Pettigrew, "I have excellent eyesight."

She busied about erasing all possible signs of a male visitor.

"Now," she thought miserably, "it is really business. Nothing can put it off now." She felt a sudden, unaccustomed sting at the back of her eyes. "Oh dear!" thought Miss Pettigrew suddenly. "I'm so tired, so terribly tired of business and living in other people's houses and being dependent on their moods."

WITH the hopeless dignity of the petitioner, Miss Pettigrew walked slowly across the room and sat down on a comfortable chair opposite Miss LaFosse, who was reclining elegantly on a chesterfield in front of an electric fire. She folded her hands on her lap and held them very firmly together.

"About . . ." began Miss Pettigrew desperately.

Miss LaFosse leaned forward eagerly. "Is everything all right?"

"Absolutely," said Miss Pettigrew. "You can set your mind at rest."

"Oh, you darling!" Miss LaFosse leaned forward impulsively and kissed her again, and there, right on Miss Pettigrew's clasped hands, fell two drops of water and two more were trickling down her cheeks. Miss Pettigrew flushed a delicate pink.

"I have not," said Miss Pettigrew in humble excuse, "had much affection in my life."

"Oh, you poor darling," said Miss LaFosse gently. "I've always had such a lot."

"I'm glad," said Miss Pettigrew simply. "Now about . . ."

"It's because you're so understanding," broke in Miss LaFosse eagerly. "I felt it at once. I'm very good at first impressions. Here's a woman, I thought, who wouldn't let another woman down."

"No, I wouldn't do that," said Miss Pettigrew.

"I knew it. I've trespassed on your kindness a lot, I know, but don't you think you could stay a bit? I mean, Nick might be here any minute. I'd appreciate it a lot."

"Stay?" said Miss Pettigrew. "Yes," said Miss LaFosse pleadingly. "If . . . if I could be of any assistance," said Miss Pettigrew.

"You see, Nick's a very dangerous person. That's why he hadn't to learn of Phil. He has more money and more influence than Phil. He might quite easily do something that might hurt Phil. I couldn't have that happen. I mean, it wouldn't be fair. After all, I led Phil on. Phil's willing to back me in a show. Nick won't. He's too jealous. He won't help me an inch with my career. So you see I couldn't have Nick trying to hurt Phil."

"No," agreed Miss Pettigrew firmly. "It wouldn't be fair."

"I know all the bad things there are to know about Nick, but it's no use. When he's here I can't resist him. I've been trying for a long time. He's been away for three weeks and I've survived quite beautifully, so I thought now or never is the time to break. That's why I want you to stay. Meet him alone and I know I'm lost. Already I can feel quivers of expectation. So you see, when I waver, and I know I'll waver, I want you to be strong for me."

Miss Pettigrew now forgot all about her original errand. For the first time for twenty years someone really wanted her for herself, not for her meagre scholarly qualifications. For the first time for twenty years she was herself, a woman, not a paid automaton. She was so intoxicated with pride she would have condoned far worse sins than Miss LaFosse's having two young men in love with her. She put it like that. She became at once judicial, admonitory, and questioning.

"I wouldn't think of advising normally," said Miss Pettigrew, "but I'm a great deal older than you and shall act in the place of a mother. If you are afraid of this new young man, wouldn't it be easy to sever all connection with him? I mean, he can't do anything to you. Just fix your mind on that."

"I know," said Miss LaFosse sadly, "but you don't quite understand yet."

She leaned forward. "Have you ever," said Miss LaFosse earnestly, "had strange feelings in your stomach when a man kissed you?"

"Where," thought Miss Pettigrew wildly, "have I read that there is something in the stomach that responds to osculation. Or was it the stomach? It doesn't matter. I must reassure her."

"Don't be alarmed," said Miss Pettigrew weakly. "I understand that it is a scientific fact that the stomach . . ."

"I'm not alarmed," said Miss LaFosse. "That's just it. I love it. It's no use. I can't escape him. He just looks at me and I'm wax in his hands."

"A firm will . . ." began Miss Pettigrew hesitantly.

"I'm a rabbit," said Miss LaFosse, "and he's a snake. When a snake fixes a rabbit with its eyes, the rabbit has no will. It stays there. It wants to stay there, even if it does mean its death."

"Oh, not death," said Miss Pettigrew, shocked.

"Worse than that," said Miss LaFosse.

She got to her feet abruptly, went into the bedroom and returned with a small packet, which she opened and placed on Miss Pettigrew's knees. "Do you know what that is?"

"It looks," said Miss Pettigrew cautiously, "like a headache powder."

"That's cocaine," said Miss LaFosse. "Oh no! No!"

Terrified, aghast, thrilled, Miss Pettigrew stared at the innocent-looking powder. Drugs, wicked dives of iniquity, typified in Miss Pettigrew's mind by red plush and gilt and men with sinister black moustaches, roamed in wild array through her mind. What dangerous den of vice had she discovered? She must fly. Then her common sense asserted itself. Miss LaFosse was in danger. She must save her. She jumped to her feet, tore into the kitchen, scattered the powder down the sink and returned triumphant.

"There!" she said breathlessly. "That bit of temptation is beyond your reach. Now tell me, you have not contracted the habit?"

"No," said Miss LaFosse. "I haven't taken any yet. If I did, Michael might see. If he got to know he'd want to beat the daylight out of me. He's liable to beat the daylight out of me. Then he'd



be off to murder the man who gave it me."

"Michael!" said Miss Pettigrew faintly. "Not another young man?"

"Oh, no!" denied Miss LaFosse hastily. "Not a bit like that. Michael wants to marry me."

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew weakly.

"A woman's got to look out for these men," said Miss LaFosse darkly. "If you don't you'll find yourself before the altar before you know where you are, and then where are you?"

Bang went all Miss Pettigrew's cherished beliefs: scattered her naive imaginings that only the men dreamed the altar. "I've lived too secluded a life," thought Miss Pettigrew. "I've not appreciated how my own sex has advanced. It's time I realised it."

She ought to have said, "My dear, a good man's love is not to be scorned." But she didn't. She shut her mouth with a snap. None of that weak woman stuff here. She saw how ridiculous had been her wild thoughts of protecting Miss LaFosse. Miss Pettigrew sat up.

"You've said it, baby," said Miss Pettigrew calmly, happily, blissfully.

"Oh!" said Miss LaFosse.

"American slang," explained Miss Pettigrew. "I heard it at the pictures."

"Oh!" said Miss LaFosse.

"I have always longed," explained Miss Pettigrew, "sometimes to use slang. To let myself go, you understand. But I could never permit myself. Because of the children, you know. They might have heard."

"Oh, quite," said Miss LaFosse, bewildered.

"I'm glad you understand," said Miss Pettigrew simply.

"I'm glad you understand about Nick."

"Of course," said Miss Pettigrew. She raised her head. "He's wicked and handsome and fascinating," said Miss Pettigrew in a clear voice, "but his life and excitement and thrill."

"Yes," said Miss LaFosse.

"And this good young man, this Michael, who wants to marry you, has all the virtues, but he's dull. He has no imagination. He would stifle your spirit. You want color, life, music. He would offer you a house in suburbia," ended Miss Pettigrew brilliantly.

Miss LaFosse gave her a quick look from under her eye-lashes. "Well," she began guiltily, "I don't know that."

"Neither do I," said Miss Pettigrew simply. "I cannot advise you. It would be impertinent. My own life has been a failure. How could I advise others?"

"Oh," said Miss LaFosse. She said nothing more.

"You look," said Miss Pettigrew shyly, "so lovely in that . . . that article of clothing. I can quite understand all the young men falling in love with you. I don't think, my dear, you need decide about your future yet."

Miss LaFosse leaped forward, a smile parting her delightful mouth.

"Do you think so?" she asked eagerly. "I kept it on deliberately. You know, I think there's something sort of, well, especially fetching about a negligee, don't you think? And men are so difficult in the morning."

From her one tremendous experience of living in a house where the eldest daughter was about to be married, Miss Pettigrew agreed sagely.

"A . . . a sort of wistful attraction," Miss Pettigrew blushed for her adjective. "Very hard for the men to resist."

"You understand perfectly," said Miss LaFosse.

Miss Pettigrew suddenly remembered. She gasped in distress.

"But, Miss LaFosse," said Miss Pettigrew in agitation, "you're slipping already. You mustn't do it. You shouldn't want to be attractive. You

should dress your plainest. You should try and repel him."

"I know," confessed Miss LaFosse guiltily, "but I just can't help . . ."

They heard the faint sound of a key being gently inserted in the lock. They each gave a wild glance at the other. Then Miss Pettigrew was treated to a brilliant piece of acting. Miss LaFosse lay back quickly.

"I always consider," said Miss LaFosse in a lazy, languid voice, "that blue suits me best. It brings out the color of my eyes."

The door opened and shut. Miss Pettigrew sat in dumb admiration while surprise, unbelief and joy in turns took delectful possession of Miss LaFosse's face. She jumped to her feet. There was a flutter of draperies, a rush across the room with outstretched arms.

"Nick," cried Miss LaFosse.

Miss Pettigrew averted her eyes hastily.

"Oh dear!" thought Miss Pettigrew. "Not . . . not again . . . so publicly. And I always thought they exaggerated kisses on the films."

11.35 a.m. - 12.32 p.m.

Miss LaFosse disengaged herself from the newcomer's arms and Miss Pettigrew saw him clearly for the first time. Graceful, lithe, beautifully poised body. Dark, vivid looks: a perfection of feature and coloring rare in a man. Brilliant, piercing eyes of a dark bluish-purple color; a beautiful, cruel mouth, above which a small black moustache gave him a look of sophistication and a subtle air of degeneracy that had its own appeal. Something predatory in his expression: something fascinating and inescapable in his personality.

Miss Pettigrew rose slowly from her chair with a queer feeling of helplessness. She understood immediately Miss LaFosse's subjection. It only needed one look. She had seen his counterpart a dozen times on the films. She had seen the heroine a dozen times nearly lose happiness because of his attentions.

"Queer," thought Miss Pettigrew helplessly, "one reads about these men. One sees them on the films. One never thinks to meet them in daily life, but they do exist after all."

**A**LREADY, as she stood away from her visitor, Miss LaFosse's cat's look of contentment after cream became tinged with a nervous tension. Nick now noticed Miss Pettigrew. His face immediately darkened. He flung Miss LaFosse an angry, questioning glance.

"Oh!" said Miss LaFosse. "This is my friend . . . my friend . . . Alice. Alice, meet Nick."

"How do you do?" asked Miss Pettigrew politely.

"How do?" said Nick curtly.

His glance flicked over her and Miss Pettigrew became aware at once of her age, her dowdy clothes, her clumsy figure, her wispy hair, her sallow complexion. She flushed a painful red. Her mind disliked him at once; her emotions were enlaid.

It wasn't only good looks. It was something in the man himself. The room was in an instant filled with his presence. All the women of any consequence would at once be rivals for his notice. Miss Pettigrew's feminine susceptibilities turned traitor on her and for a moment she would have given ten years of her life for him to kiss her as he had kissed Miss LaFosse.

He was not good. Miss Pettigrew knew that. From what Miss LaFosse had told her and from something about the man himself. That was why he was so fascinating. Miss Pettigrew's intelligence was quite up to the subtle attrac-

tion of a spice of wickedness against the dullness of too much virtue.

"Oh dear!" she thought. "These men. They're wicked, but it doesn't matter. They simply leave the good men standing still. If only Michael had been a little less good and proper he might have had a chance, but as it is, against a man like this, what ordinary man has a look in?"

She sighed. The problem was going to be a difficult one.

Miss LaFosse was standing eyeing them both a little nervously. Her smile had lost its lovely assurance and had that faintly placating nervousness about it of a woman who longs for, yet doubts, her complete power over a man.

"Come and sit down," said Miss LaFosse to Nick precipitately.

"Oh, my dear," thought Miss Pettigrew, "that other manner is much the best. A . . . a sort of regal indifference. This kind of creature respects that. The minute he thinks you're all his, you'll lose him."

Her worldly wisdom almost dumfounded her. She had to call him in her mind creature, upstart, mountebank, to save herself falling in love with him.

"Who would ever have thought it," worried Miss Pettigrew, "at my age? I am a very stupid woman. As if I didn't know he thinks I'm an old back number and wants me away."

In truth the very air round Nick was thick with anger at her presence. He had come jealously prepared to find Miss LaFosse not alone, but he had not expected a Miss Pettigrew. This old fool seemed set for the day. Miss Pettigrew felt these waves of thought. Suddenly all her old deprecating nervousness crowded back on her. She fumbled at the back of a chair. Then she looked at Miss LaFosse.

Miss LaFosse gave her a brilliant, friendly, reassuring smile.

And quite suddenly Miss Pettigrew was immune: safe from his dislike; safe from his charm. He could turn on his fascination act as much as he liked. He could be as rude as he liked. Here she was and here she would stay. Only Miss LaFosse could turn her out.

Miss Pettigrew sat down on her chair again, serene, composed, set for the day.

Nick glared at her, met the solid wall of her indifference, and turned slowly to Miss LaFosse.

"I thought you would be alone."

Miss LaFosse jumped at his deadly tone.

"But you said tomorrow," she pleaded nervously. "You distinctly said tomorrow."

"I know, but I pushed the business through a day earlier and came straight back. I thought you would be glad to have me back sooner."

"Oh, darling, I am glad," Miss LaFosse came to him with outstretched arms. "I've missed you terribly."

"Very bad beginning," worried Miss Pettigrew. "Not at all the kind of greeting to lead up to a parting."

Nick looked placated. He gave her a quick kiss, finishing with an under-estimating glance. Obviously she didn't like to be rude to the old fool, but he didn't mind in the slightest. He put her to one side and came to rest in front of Miss Pettigrew.

"I didn't catch the name," said Nick in his most insulting voice.

Miss Pettigrew sat secure beneath the mantle of Mrs. Jackman, four situations previous. How superbly she had countered the insults of an abominable husband by bland unawareness, until blaspheming, he had torn from the house and left her to a little peace.

"Pettigrew," said Miss Pettigrew helpfully, "so uncommon, isn't it? My dear father used to say . . ."



"Too uncommon not to let it travel around," said Nick amiably.

"Ah!" said Miss Pettigrew sadly. "I've never been a good traveller. I remember once . . ."

"I've been away three weeks," said Nick, beginning to get warm.

"Well now, I do hope you had a nice holiday," said Miss Pettigrew kindly. "Do you intend to travel much further? The weather has been so unsettled."

"I have something to say to Miss LaFosse," said Nick, getting still more furious.

"Something you forgot to write? But there, the post these days is disgraceful. But the telephone is such a convenience that I simply cannot think what we would do."

"I thought she would be alone," said Nick, holding back an explosion with difficulty.

"Great minds . . ." said Miss Pettigrew brightly. "Just what I hoped myself. I was so glad to find Miss LaFosse alone today. I've been looking forward to such a long chat, but it was nice of you to pop in as you passed."

Nick was red in the face. Miss LaFosse painfully awaited the explosion.

"Most of her friends have tact," said Nick pointedly, in a last raging effort towards peaceable election.

"There now," said Miss Pettigrew cheerfully. "I knew you had. It makes it so much easier. So nice of you to understand. As soon as I saw you I thought . . ."

"I don't care what you thought. Will you go?" exploded Nick.

"No," said Miss Pettigrew.

"I . . . ? ? ? ? ? I . . . !"

"Oh!" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

Miss LaFosse started forward. She threw a wild look at Miss Pettigrew's shocked countenance, and a distracted look at Nick's raging one.

"Nick, darling, do sit down and let me have a look at you."

Nick was too dumfounded to resist. She helped him off with his coat. She pulled him on to the chesterfield and sat down beside him. Nick gave Miss Pettigrew one more glare, shrugged his shoulders and proceeded to forget her.

As Miss LaFosse had thought the negligence was very appealing.

By this time Miss Pettigrew was getting almost hardened.

"Well," she thought weakly, "they don't seem to mind. Why should I? I think before, perhaps, I've held too narrow views. This . . . this lovenaking seems a very pleasant business."

She sat up and began to take quite an interest in the technique.

"Ah!" thought Miss Pettigrew sagely, "with Phil it was only a business, a pleasant business, but only part of the day's routine. But with Nick, every gesture, every caress conveys the impression you are the one woman in the world. Who could resist him?"

After a while Miss LaFosse and Nick relaxed for air. He now took Miss Pettigrew quite philosophically. If the old lady—every one to Nick was old over thirty-three—didn't mind a bit of petting, he wasn't the one to deprive her of her enjoyment. He sat up.

"I could do with a drink."

"So could I," agreed Miss LaFosse.

"You know where the stuff is."

"O.K. What'll it be?"

"Well," pondered Miss LaFosse, "mix me one of your specials, Nick. There's a wallop in them that sets you up for the day."

"Anything you say. What's yours?"

"Me?" said Miss Pettigrew. She nearly said, "Oh, no thank you," in a flutter of genteel denial. But she didn't. Not now. She stopped herself in time: just in time. From this one day, dropped out of the blue into her lap, she was going to savor everything it offered her.

"I will take," said Miss Pettigrew,

with calmness, with ease, with assurance, "a little dry sherry, if you please."

She considered the "dry" the perfect touch. Not sherry. Anyone could say that. "Dry sherry." That showed pose, sophistication, the experienced palate. It raised her prestige. She had no idea what the dry meant, but she remembered distinctly the husband of her last situation but one, who had always terrified her by his booming irritation, cursing this "dry sherry" and she was quite sure that what he didn't like she would.

Nick looked unimpressed.

"Sure you won't have a Horse's Philip too?"

Miss Pettigrew's resolution to experience everything wavered a little.

"Oh, I think not," she said hurriedly, "not in the morning. Just a little dry sherry, please."

Nick went into the kitchen. Miss LaFosse leaned forward. She felt responsible for Nick's behaviour and his language was not suitable for ladies like her new friend.

"You mustn't mind Nick's language," she whispered. "I mean, he doesn't mean anything. It's just like you or me saying 'Oh bother' or 'drat it'."

Miss Pettigrew raised her head. Her expression became very firm.

"My dear, I don't like to be unpleasant, but I'm afraid I don't believe that excuse. I am a lot older than you and during my lifetime I have heard a great many people say they don't mean a thing when they know perfectly well they do. It's just a weak excuse for a bad habit. If I were you I would use your influence on that young man to well, moderate his language. You know, my dear, in the end a young man thinks a lot more of a young lady who insists on decorum in her presence. I think you don't mind my telling you this, but I am, as I say, almost old enough to be your mother."

There was the loveliest twinkle in Miss LaFosse's eyes, kindly, affectionate, but she veiled it discreetly. She wouldn't have hurt Miss Pettigrew for worlds.

"I'll try," said Miss LaFosse meekly. "I'll do my best. I'm quite sure you're quite right about it."

THEY could hear the clink of glasses in the kitchen, and Nick moving about. He was humming, with a low, cheerful sound, a popular tune. Suddenly the humming stopped, to be succeeded by a terrifying silence. Miss Pettigrew looked at Miss LaFosse. Miss LaFosse looked at Miss Pettigrew. Her face was suddenly strained with the expression of rigid apprehension worn on Miss Pettigrew's first view of her.

The kitchen door opened and Nick stood on the threshold. Miss Pettigrew felt a sudden shiver run down her spine. All his pleasant amiability was gone. His face was menacing, frightening. Miss Pettigrew understood at once that it was no mere joke that some men were to be feared. Her vague, developing belief that all these amazing interludes were some kind of charming joke she had been privileged to share vanished abruptly and she realised she was now in the middle of a new situation that no longer held humor.

She saw Miss LaFosse's lovely face go almost green with fright under Nick's terrible stare.

"Since when," asked Nick in a low, deadly voice, "have you started smoking cheroots?"

Miss Pettigrew's first impulse was to explode into glasses and she saw that the same unbalanced spirit threatened Miss LaFosse behind her terror. She could hear, quite plainly, Miss LaFosse saying, "Then the detective

snoops around and says, 'Ha! So you smoke a cigar now, do you miss?'"

Miss LaFosse was quite incapable of speaking. Miss Pettigrew saw that everything now depended on her.

Her mind whirled dizzily, then burst like a rocket into dazzling light. She remembered Mrs. Brummegan, her last employer; cheat like a bill, nose like a horse mouth like a clamp, chin like a hatchet, voice like a rasp, manner calculated to awe a brigadier. Her life with Mrs. Brummegan had been two years of sheer undiluted horror. But she was thankful for it now. It all lay in the manner. Manner can put over anything and who, better than she knew, just how Mrs. Brummegan did it? No one ever dared doubt Mrs. Brummegan. This was her moment.

Miss Pettigrew stood up. She stalked across the room, arrogance and contempt in her stride. She picked up her handbag lying on a chair. She turned; she glanced at Nick, chin up, eyes blazing, voice rasping.

"Young man," said Miss Pettigrew, "if there's one thing I completely abominate it's the effeminate type of man that snoops round the house like an old, peeping busybody. I am Miss LaFosse's guest. If she doesn't mind, it's no business of yours. If I want to smoke cheroots, I'll smoke cheroots, instead of those damned silly cigarettes. I've reached the age when I can please myself and I mean to please myself and to hell with your opinion. Have one. I can recommend them."

Miss Pettigrew opened her bag. She took out a worn packet of cheroots. She held it out. It was a crisis. She snorted, she glared.

Nick was vanquished. He reached out, took the packet, compared the cheroots. He dropped the half-burned end on the rug and ground it with his heel. He walked over to Miss LaFosse and stood over her. He said in a soft voice that made Miss Pettigrew shiver, "You wouldn't fool me, would you?"

Miss LaFosse made a lightning recovery. She was not an actress for nothing. She jumped to her feet with a petulant gesture.

"Nick! When will you stop having heroics? I said I wouldn't have any men in the place. Now are you satisfied? Where's that drink, or have I got to get it myself?"

"Sorry."

He flung an abrupt arm around Miss LaFosse and kissed her. Miss Pettigrew did a hasty disappearing act into the bedroom.

"Oh dear!" she gasped to herself. "There's times when two are company. I didn't know there were kisses like that."

She was in such a trembling state of reaction after Mrs. Brummegan that she felt like collapsing, but she didn't dare. She had to sustain Mrs. Brummegan to the end. She quite forgot in the heat of the moment that it would be the best thing possible if Nick did depart in a rage. Nick had frightened her. He had frightened Miss LaFosse. He must not be allowed to do it again. After a hasty terrified glance at herself in the glass she returned to the sitting-room.

Nick was bringing in the drinks on a tray. Miss LaFosse was sitting quietly with the radiant, shining look on her face of the woman who has just been thoroughly and satisfactorily kissed. It caught at Miss Pettigrew's heart. It made her look so defenceless. Then Miss Pettigrew remembered again.

"He's got her again," thought Miss Pettigrew, "but I won't let him. I'll save her yet."

Nick brought up her drink. Miss Pettigrew took her glass without a word and downed it like a taper without a single thought of its possible effect on her wits.



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The ones that started young, when they're getting on and have the experience, they don't like to be relegated to minor roles. They don't like the old boys to say, 'By Jove, I remember her when we were both young. You should have seen her then, my boy. They like to stay young and play young leads, and when they can't they quit. I don't blame them. I'll do it myself.'

"You're on the stage yourself?" queried Miss Pettigrew, tactfully leading the subject from her own histrionic powers.

"Yes," agreed Miss LaFosse, "but I'm resting just now, only I'm working while I'm resting. I didn't want to sign a poorer contract while Phil was getting ready to back me in 'Pile on the Pepper,' so I refused to sign a small contract and I'm singing just now at the 'Scarlet Peacock.'"

"A very odd name," murmured Miss Pettigrew, 'Scarlet Peacock.'"

"Very," agreed Miss LaFosse, "but it's very fetching, don't you think? Nick is partner in it with Teddy Scholitz. Nick's a bit conventional and wanted to call it 'The Scarlet Woman,' and Teddy's a bit unimaginative and wanted to call it 'The Green Peacock.' So they cut for it, only they didn't know they'd got hold of Charlie Hard-bright's fake pack and they both cut the Ace of Spades. Neither would give in and cur again, so they split the difference and called it 'The Scarlet Peacock.'"

"How terribly interesting," breathed Miss Pettigrew. "I mean, you know, knowing the inside histories of things, I've always been on the outside before."

"Yes," agreed Miss LaFosse. "You're certainly on the inside when Nick's around."

Talking about Nick brought him close again. She got up and began fiddling with an ornament on the mantelpiece, her head half-turned from Miss Pettigrew. Her merry, laughing face was clouded and a little unhappy.

"You see how it is," said Miss LaFosse in a muffled voice; "he just . . . gets you."

"Yes," agreed Miss Pettigrew.

"Some men are like that."

"Absolutely."

Miss LaFosse leaned her elbow on the mantelpiece and rested her brow on the palm of her hand. Her voice sounded a little hopeless.

"He's bad and I know it and I want to break with him. While he's been away these three weeks I determined when he came back I would finish everything. I even asked you to help me to be firm. But you saw how it was. The minute he returned I was soft again. If you hadn't been here I'd have agreed about everything he asked, but you may be here next time."

Miss Pettigrew saw things needed firm handling. She was getting to know her new role and was beginning to find a certain zest in attacking problems boldly.

"Sit down," said Miss Pettigrew. "Looking back, I don't know why I acted as I did. It was purely automatic. I never thought. He has a very, very intimidating personality. You were afraid. I was afraid. But something had to be done about it, so I did something. I was very foolish. I should really have let him discover about Phil, even if it meant sacrificing Phil to his anger, then all would have been safely over between you. I cannot think why I destroyed the opportunity."

"But I'm so glad you did," breathed Miss LaFosse.

"Sit down."

Miss LaFosse sat down.

"You need a talking-to," said Miss Pettigrew. "If you don't mind I'll talk."

"Not at all," said Miss LaFosse. "Please do."

"You're pitying yourself," accused

Miss Pettigrew. "You think it's very hard you should be picked out to love a person you think you shouldn't love. You don't think it's fair and you're a little aggrieved at so much worry and so you're pitying yourself."

"I suppose I am," agreed Miss LaFosse honestly.

"In my life," said Miss Pettigrew, "a great many unpleasant things have happened. I hope they never happen to you. I don't think they will because you're not afraid like me. But there's one thing I found fatal; pitying myself. It made things worse."

"I expect you're right."

"I am right. You've got to face up to facts. I did. My way," said Miss Pettigrew simply, "was dumb endurance. It was the only way I could. I hadn't the courage for fighting. I've always been terrified of people."

Miss LaFosse turned unbelieving eyes on her.

"It's true," pursued Miss Pettigrew. "You must not judge by today's events. I've never acted like that in my life before."

"I couldn't dumbly endure."

"No," agreed Miss Pettigrew. "I'm glad. You'd probably kick back and end safely somewhere. But you've got courage and I haven't."

"I'm glad you think so."

"Agreed to the courage," said Miss Pettigrew firmly. "Now you've got to use it."

"Oh."

"He's gone," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Yes."

"And when he went through the door you thought the world went with him."

"You do understand things."

"Do you feel exactly the same now?" demanded Miss Pettigrew.

"Well, No. Not now. Not so badly. Come to think of it, No."

"I mean he's away, but you can bear him away."

"We'll see."

"And tomorrow isn't ten years away?"

"Why no. I suppose it isn't. I'll survive."

**I**N a tone that surprised herself, Miss Pettigrew went on. "You see? It's only when he's there. When he's gone you know you can live without him. Will you always remember that, so that however hard it is at the moment, will you promise me that every time in future he asks you to do anything you'll only agree to give him an answer later, and wait until he's gone fifteen minutes before deciding, when the glamor has ceased to function?"

"It's a difficult promise," said Miss LaFosse, "but I give it. I know it's for my own good. I can never thank you for what you've done for me today. You've saved me twice. You know I've never turned Nick away before. I didn't think I ever really could, however much I hoped. Now I've done it, and do you know? I feel quite all right now. I feel kind of fine. I feel. I've done it once, why can't I do it again? I feel why I can do it again. . . I feel," said Miss LaFosse, warming up, "just grand. Free. Maybe I can resist him."

"That," said Miss Pettigrew, "is the spirit."

She leaned back in her chair. Miss LaFosse leaned back in hers and sank into a contemplative dream. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked. Slowly its ticking penetrated Miss Pettigrew's brain. She turned her head and looks at the clock. The pointers were racing round and Miss Pettigrew remembered where she was.

There was nothing to keen her there now. Good manners demanded her departure. She must state her errand and go. She felt a hopeless, bitter un-

happiness invade her. But there was nothing she could do. She must at last get her presence explained and end this wonderful adventure. She felt the tears of loneliness and exclusion sting her eyes.

"I'll wait," thought Miss Pettigrew dully, "three more minutes. Surely I can have three more minutes of being happy."

She prayed desperately for a knock on the door. A knock on Miss LaFosse's door heralded adventure. It was not like an ordinary house, when the knocker would be the butcher, or baker, or candlestick-maker. A knock on Miss LaFosse's door would mean excitement, drama, a new crisis to be dealt with.

Oh, if only for once the Lord would be good and cause some miracle to happen to keep her here, to see for one day how life could be lived, so that for all the rest of her dull, uneventful days, when things grew bad, she could look back in her mind and dwell on the time when for one perfect day she, Miss Pettigrew, lived.

But miracles don't happen. No knock came. The clock ticked on. Three minutes were over. Miss Pettigrew, always honest, even with herself, sat up. She clasped her hands very tightly. Her face shadowed with a determined, pathetic, hopeless look.

"There's a little matter," began Miss Pettigrew bravely. "I think we ought to get settled. About my . . ."

Miss LaFosse came out of her dream with a sigh and smiled at Miss Pettigrew.

"I was thinking of Michael," she confessed.

"Michael?" exclaimed Miss Pettigrew. Miss LaFosse nodded with a half-shamefaced look.

"I don't care who it is," she said earnestly, "a woman always has a kind of sentimental feeling for the man who wants to marry her, even if she has no intention of marrying him and thinks he's terrible. It doesn't matter who he is or what he's like, he at once becomes a man apart. I suppose," Miss LaFosse looked profound, "it is the greatest compliment there is and it flatters your vanity."

Miss Pettigrew didn't like Michael.

She wanted Miss LaFosse to get married. Marriage was her best safeguard. But it hadn't to be an ordinary marriage. For Miss LaFosse she wanted something happy and romantic and brilliant. It somehow hurt her to think of Miss LaFosse settling into obscurity with a dull provincial nonentity, even if he did offer her security. And she had the impression that Michael was all these things.

"I suppose," questioned Miss Pettigrew hopefully, "he isn't in the line for a baronetcy, or a title, or anything like that?"

"Oh, no," said Miss LaFosse, "not Michael. Nothing like that."

"I thought not," said Miss Pettigrew sadly.

"His father owned a fish shop in Birmingham," explained Miss LaFosse, "and his mother was a dressmaker. But he came south when he was sixteen. He's what you might call a self-made man."

"I see," said Miss Pettigrew in complete disappointment.

She detested Michael. She knew just how conventional and narrow-minded these self-made men could be. There was that Mr. Saffish in her Fulbury post. A contemptible man. No ancestry. No background. Clinging to their new status with nervous respectability. Fearful of straying from the straight path because of their insecurity. Terrified of whispers and people talking. "His wife you know. Watchful, nervous eyes forever following a wife's movements. Poor Mrs. Saffish! It



would break Miss LaFosse's spirit. He would clip her wings.

"Isn't there anyone else who wants to marry you?" asked Miss Pettigrew hopefully.

Miss LaFosse brightened. The conversation was getting interesting.

"Well, there's Dick," she said helpfully, "but he's got no money and squints."

"No use," said Miss Pettigrew firmly. "And there's Wilfred, but he's had two children already by Daisy LaRue, and I think he ought to marry her."

"Undoubtedly," agreed Miss Pettigrew, shocked, but with a wicked interest.

"I think he will, once he's got over me. He's very fond of Joan and George."

"The poor darlings!" said Miss Pettigrew, all agog. "And there's no one else?"

"Well, no, I don't think so. Not at the moment, I mean, well, I haven't been working on anything very seriously just lately."

"Well," said Miss Pettigrew with grudging fairness, "I haven't seen Michael yet."

The clock caught Miss LaFosse's eye.

"Good heavens!" she gasped. "Look at the time. Quarter past one. You must be starved!" She turned impulsively to Miss Pettigrew. "Oh, please! Do say you can stay. You haven't got another appointment, have you? I don't feel a bit like lunching alone."

Miss Pettigrew leaned back. Bliss made her quite dizzy.

"Oh no," said Miss Pettigrew in a voice which, if visible, would have shone. "I haven't got another appointment. I'd love to have lunch with you. I'm free all day."

1.17 p.m.—1.13 p.m.

They lunched at home, and Miss Pettigrew prepared it. She discovered the remains of a cold chicken in the pantry. Cold chicken, to her, was the height of luxury. Miss LaFosse opened a bottle of Liebfraumilch and made her drink some. Miss Pettigrew sipped it slowly with stern caution, and beyond making her feel, if possible, a little more reckless, it had no ill effects.

They were sipping their coffee in comfortable intimacy when the bell rang. Miss Pettigrew looked up with alert expectancy. Things were starting again. Her body jerked in response, but Miss LaFosse was before her. She answered the door and brought in a box containing a huge sheaf of scarlet roses.

"Oh, how lovely!" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

Miss LaFosse hunted for the card. "Until tomorrow," read Miss LaFosse. "Nick."

"Nick!" said Miss Pettigrew in a flat voice.

"Nick!" repeated Miss LaFosse in a thrilled voice. "Oh! The darling!"

She picked up the roses and buried her nose in their fragrance. Over her face, very slowly, dawned a look of sentimental tenderness.

"Oh!" she breathed again, "how sweet of him!"

She looked apologetically at Miss Pettigrew.

"He doesn't often send them. I mean, he's not like that. I mean, it means more from him than from someone else."

Miss Pettigrew saw Miss LaFosse was slipping. She sat up for action. She gave a negligent glance at the flowers.

"Anyone can send flowers," said Miss Pettigrew. "It's the easiest thing in the world for a man with money to walk into a shop and say send a bunch of flowers to Miss So-and-so. No trouble

to him; no worry; no care, and he knows that every silly, sentimental woman is touched by the act. Odd!" said Miss Pettigrew conversationally "the undermining effect of flowers on a woman's common sense."

"Well! It was very nice of him," said Miss LaFosse defensively.

"Oh . . . very," said Miss Pettigrew sarcastically.

"Well, what else should he do?" asked Miss LaFosse, getting a little heated.

"Are they your favorite flowers?" demanded Miss Pettigrew.

Miss LaFosse looked at the roses. "Well, no," she confessed. "To tell you the truth, I've never been too partial to scarlet roses. One gets such a lot. Like orchids. All the men send you orchids because they're expensive and they know that you know they are. But I always kind of think they're cheap, don't you, just because they're expensive. Like telling someone how much you paid for something to show off. I've always loved those great bronze chrysanthemum blooms."

WITH a careless gesture, Miss Pettigrew said, "There you are. He's never even taken the trouble to find out your favorite flowers. Now, if he'd done that . . . Well! There's something to it. But just to walk into a shop and order some flowers sent round like a pound of butter . . . no!" said Miss Pettigrew. "I'm sorry. But I can't get excited over that."

"You're quite right," said Miss LaFosse. "I never thought of that before. It's just as you say. It's the little things that show a man's true feelings."

She dropped the roses on the couch.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew hastily.

"I don't think it's the flowers' fault. A little water, don't you think . . . ?"

"Of course. I'll get some."

Miss LaFosse found an empty vase and went into the kitchen for water. Miss Pettigrew stood up. She in turn picked up the roses and let their lovely fragrance envelop her senses.

"Oh!" thought Miss Pettigrew, "if a man had ever sent me a bunch of scarlet roses, I'd have lain on the ground and let him walk all over me."

Miss LaFosse came back, and Miss Pettigrew carelessly pushed the roses in the vase. Their vivid hue added one more touch of brilliance to the room.

"Quarter to three," meditated Miss LaFosse. "It's early, but we're due at the Odeons at five and it's surprising how long it takes to change and get your face made up. We'd better start now. You must come and decide my frock for me."

Miss Pettigrew followed her into the bedroom. That "we" rang in her head. But she couldn't believe it meant herself. Someone else must be calling for Miss LaFosse. Until he came though it would certainly be a "he" she would savor every precious minute left with her hostess.

"A bath first," said Miss LaFosse. "I haven't had one yet. There's one blessing about this place. The water's always hot. In my last flat you could never depend on the hot water and I do like a nice hot bath whenever I want. I'll go first, then you can have one and we can choose a frock for you. Now will you turn on the water while I find some clothes."

Dazed, Miss Pettigrew went into the bathroom. Dazed, she turned on the water. Dazed, she laid out soap and towels. She hadn't heard a word. Her ears were playing her tricks. Even if she had heard aright she was putting the wrong construction on it. She stood gazing at the water pouring in. She was quite drunk now. She was drunk with excitement and expectancy and joy.

She was drunk with an exhilaration she had never known in her life before.

She went back into the bedroom. "Your bath's ready."

Miss LaFosse disappeared into the bathroom. Miss Pettigrew surveyed the room. It was in great disorder. Cobwebby stockings of various shades strewn the floor. Underwear, masses of silk and lace, hung out of drawers and draped chair-backs. Frocks were tossed on the bed.

Miss Pettigrew shook her head.

"Tut . . . tut," thought yesterday's Miss Pettigrew. "A very untidy child. Very slovenly. No order. No care. Bad upbringing. A lady's bedroom should never be in this state."

Yesterday's Miss Pettigrew subsided. "Oh charming disorder!" thought Miss Pettigrew luxuriantly. "Oh lovely sense of ease! Oh glorious relaxation! No example to set. No standard to keep up. No ladylike neatness."

Even if one did work as governess for Miss LaFosse, Miss Pettigrew was quite sure Miss LaFosse would never come round with prying eyes to invade the privacy of your bedroom and judge how you kept it. She felt a soaring sense of joy just to know there were people in the world as kind as Miss LaFosse. She stood in the centre of the room and beamed round happily until Miss LaFosse returned from the bathroom.

Miss LaFosse wore nothing but a peach-colored silk dressing-gown. As she moved carelessly her gown swished apart and Miss Pettigrew had a glimpse of beautifully modelled limbs, of flawless, pale-colored flesh. Her face was flushed a delicate pink by the heat. The steam had fluffed her hair into tiny, curling tendrils round her face. Miss Pettigrew regarded her with shy admiration.

"You are very lovely."

"Well, now," smiled Miss LaFosse, "that is very nice of you to say so."

She slipped off her dressing-gown unconcernedly and began hunting round for another garment. Miss Pettigrew gasped, blinked, shut her eyes, opened them again. Miss LaFosse wandered round with unconscious ease, unaware of offending any delicate sensibilities.

Miss Pettigrew, feeling hot and flustered, chided herself.

"It is I," thought Miss Pettigrew sternly, "who has an evil mind. What's wrong with the human body? Nothing. Didn't the Lord make it, the same as our faces? Certainly. Would He create anything He thought wrong? No. Isn't it only the extremes of our climate which have demanded clothes? Of course. It's all in the way of thinking. I've a silly, narrow mind. I've never seen anything lovelier than Miss LaFosse standing there."

Miss LaFosse was now regarding herself in the mirror with detached appreciation.

"Though I say it as shouldn't," said Miss LaFosse. "I do think I've got a nice figure. I mean, do you? You see, it's so very important in my profession. Lose your figure, lose your following. One's got to keep fit."

"You've got the loveliest figure I've ever seen," said Miss Pettigrew.

Miss LaFosse beamed.

"You say the nicest things. You'd make anyone feel good with themselves."

She slipped into a bit of silk and lace. Miss Pettigrew gave a gentle sigh of relief. She was quite willing to have her outlook widened, but she was a bit old to move too precipitately.

"What a mess!" exclaimed Miss LaFosse. "I've lost my maid, you know, and I never can keep things tidy when I hunt clothes myself. Now. Which frock shall it be?"

She held up two frocks. Miss Pettigrew drew a deep breath. Each was



ravishing. Each the kind of frock fit to feature a film star. One had a background of midnight blue, patterned in a wild design of colors. The other was black, with a silver dog-collar and wide, transparent sleeves, fastened right around the wrist with silver bands, and a silver girdle round the waist.

Miss Pettigrew liked them both. She didn't mind which Miss LaPosse wore, but she looked solemn, wise, and knowing and pointed decisively to the black. Black was always safe.

"The black," said Miss Pettigrew. "With your fair hair and complexion and blue eyes . . . perfect."

Miss LaPosse struggled into the black. Miss Pettigrew fastened her up.

"They're both new," said Miss LaPosse. "I was going to give the bill to Nick, but if I'm going to try and break with him, I think it's only decent to send the bill to Phil, don't you agree?"

"Oh, undoubtedly," said Miss Pettigrew faintly.

Miss LaPosse sat in front of the mirror in preparation for the greatest rite of all, the face decoration. The dressing-table bore so many bottles and jars Miss Pettigrew lost count of them.

"Now, Alice," said Miss LaPosse, "sit down. You'll tire yourself out standing round like that."

With the happy sense of being looked after, never experienced since she was eighteen and took her first post, Miss Pettigrew found a chair and pulled it close to the dressing-table.

"Excuse me," said Miss Pettigrew. She flushed slightly. "My real name is Guinevere. It's a very silly name. I know, given me by my mother, and not at all suitable. She had been reading Sir Lancelot and Guinevere. Alice, as you say, is much more suitable. I look," said Miss Pettigrew sadly, "much more like Alice."

Miss LaPosse swung round. "Nonsense," she said ecstatically. "It's a lovely name: a perfectly marvellous name. And actually your own. It gives you importance at once. It . . . it makes you somebody." She lowered her voice. "My own name," she confessed, "is Sarah Grubb. There! I've told you. I wouldn't confess it to another living soul, but I think a lot of you. You've saved my reputation today. When I went on the stage I took another name. I called myself Delysia LaPosse. I made up the LaPosse myself. I thought it was very good."

"You look," said Miss Pettigrew, "much more like a Delysia."

"Thank you," said Miss LaPosse; "I kind of thought I did."

"What's in a name," quoted Miss Pettigrew dreamily.

"A lot," said Miss LaPosse simply; "a snoopingly little newspaper man with a spite against me dug up my real name once and I don't tell you what I had to do to make him keep it out of his wretched little gossip column."

Miss Pettigrew didn't dare think.

"Ruined to have been," continued Miss LaPosse. "Can't you see it? Sarah Grubb. Enough to ruin anyone. Who could get enthusiastic over Sarah Grubb! But she fakes him, kind, he got drunk as usual one night and got run over by a lorry so that was one worry the less for me."

"Very kind," agreed Miss Pettigrew feebly.

"What's the full label?" asked Miss LaPosse, interested.

Miss Pettigrew's wits were becoming remarkably sharpened in one day. She understood at once.

"Pettigrew," said Miss Pettigrew. "Guinevere Pettigrew. Very ridiculous. I'm afraid you'll think."

"Perfect," breathed Miss LaPosse; "absolutely perfect. A marvellous combination. And all your own. No chance

of some wretched little tyke making a fool of you by dishing up an Ethel Blegg. You're sure," pressed Miss LaPosse earnestly, "you've never thought of going on the boards? I mean, with your powers of mimicry and all that. I have a bit of influence, you know."

"No," said Miss Pettigrew firmly, but with a new sense of importance, of prestige, or consequence, "never."

"A pity," Miss LaPosse shook her head. "A great pity. A perfect name lost from the lights."

She drew a comb through her hair. "You have beautiful hair," said Miss Pettigrew wistfully. She looked at her own straight, lustreless locks a little sadly in the mirror. "It makes such a difference."

"All the difference in the world," agreed Miss LaPosse. "I'm lucky. My hair has a natural wave, but if it hadn't, it's a perm you want. There's nothing like a good perm for working a transformation. I mean, even if you do go out in the rain, it stays in curl. And it's everything if you know that your hair's perfect."

**T**URNING again, Miss LaPosse looked critically at Miss Pettigrew. "I really think we'll have to. I don't mean to offend, but don't you think an outsider sometimes knows better what suits you than you do yourself? Alphonse is the very man. He'll know just what to do. We'll go to him."

Miss Pettigrew sat, face pink, eyes shining, mouth trembling.

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Pettigrew. "You couldn't offend me, but aren't you forgetting that . . ."

There was a loud ring at the bell.

"There!" said Miss LaPosse. "Do you mind?"

Mind! Miss Pettigrew was on her feet in a flash. She closed the bedroom door firmly behind her. One never knew. Her feet nearly tripped over themselves hurrying over the floor. She stood in front of the door for one perfect, breathless second of expectancy, then she swung it open.

3.13 p.m.—8.44 p.m.

"Oh," gasped Miss Pettigrew. She was nearly knocked over by the flying passage of a body belonging to a female of startling attractions. Miss Pettigrew gasped, blinked and devoured them avidly.

The newcomer was young, slim, arresting. Her face was of a deep, creamy pallor, devoid of any color except the wicked red bow of her mouth. Hair, like black lacquer, parted in the middle, was coiled in an elaborate roll at the nape of her neck. A tiny hat was perched at the side of her head. Black brows curved with an unnatural slant above the eyes of a surprisingly vivid blue for a brunette. Long, black lashes, as thick and curled as the most famous of film stars, held Miss Pettigrew's fascinated attention. Vivid green earrings dangled from tiny, shell-like ears snug against her head.

As she moved, a delicate perfume, subtly alluring, beguiled Miss Pettigrew's senses. Her clothes . . . Miss Pettigrew gave it up. Her experience had not fitted her to describe Puritan confections. The newcomer had flung open her fur coat and tossed her gloves on the couch. Obviously here to stay, Miss Pettigrew turned and shut the door.

The visitor glanced distractedly round the room.

"I don't know you."

"No," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Is Delysia in?"

"Yes."

"I must see her. I simply must see her. I can see her."

"Certainly," agreed Miss Pettigrew.

"I mean," she threw a wild glance at the closed bedroom door. "I'm not butting in. I hear Nick's back."

"Miss LaPosse is alone."

"Thank goodness!"

"If you will tell me your name," said Miss Pettigrew helpfully. "I will acquaint Miss LaPosse of your presence."

The visitor was already on her way to the bedroom door. She threw a surprised glance over her shoulder.

"That's all right. She knows me."

She hurried to the door and flung it open. "Delysia."

"Go away," said Miss LaPosse.

"I've something to tell you."

"I know. When haven't you. That's why I'm saying so away. I'm busy now. If you distract me while I'm making up my face I'll make a mistake and look a fright. I'll not be long."

"I've simply got to talk to you."

"Guinevere," called Miss LaPosse.

"Yes," said Miss Pettigrew, immediate attention.

"Edythe, meet Guinevere. She'll look after you. Guinevere, meet Edythe. For pity's sake take her away and do something with her. She's a terrible woman, but I'll not be long."

"Delighted," said Miss Pettigrew happily.

She shut the bedroom door firmly. Miss LaPosse wanted to be alone. Miss LaPosse should be alone. She turned a little diffidently to her new visitor. She was not quite sure how one talked to young women like this. They could not all be as simple and kindly as Miss LaPosse.

"Pettigrew is the surname," she said a little apologetically, in case the visitor should not like the familiarity of Christian names.

"Ah! Mine's Dubarry."

"How-do-you-do?" said Miss Pettigrew politely.

"Awful," said Miss Dubarry. "How are you?"

"Oh . . . oh, fine," said Miss Pettigrew, gasping, but hastily seeking sophisticated ease. "Just fine."

"Then you're safely married," said Miss Dubarry gloomily, "or you're not in love. I'm selfish."

"Neither what?" queried Miss Pettigrew, surprised into rudeness.

"I'm not safely married and I am in love."

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew, thrilled, interested, frankly curious. "How lovely."

"Lovely?" exploded Miss Dubarry. "Lovely? When the dirty dog's walked out on me!"

"Oh, how tragic!" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"Tragic's the word," groaned Miss Dubarry. "That's why I've come to Delysia. She's got brains, that woman, even if she's a natural beauty as well. Don't you be deceived."

"I'm not," said Miss Pettigrew.

"No, you wouldn't be. It's the men who make the mistake. They see she's got the looks and think she can't have the grey matter as well, and they try to take her for a ride. Their mistake, of course."

"They deserve all they get," said Miss Pettigrew belligerently, but without the faintest idea of what they were talking about.

"That's what I say. But she's got brains. She gets away with it. I haven't, so I always land in a mess."

She glanced so unhappily round the room that Miss Pettigrew's kind heart melted.

"Have a seat," said Miss Pettigrew kindly.

"Thanks, I will."

Miss Dubarry sat down.

"Men are awful," said Miss Dubarry miserably.

"I quite agree," said Miss Pettigrew.

The subject of the conversation still



cluded her, but she didn't care. She was thoroughly enjoying herself. She was in a state of spiritual intoxication. No one had ever talked to her like that before. The very oddness of their conversation sent thrills of delight down her spine. Come to think of it, hardly anyone had ever troubled to talk to her about anything at all; not in a personal sense. But these people! They opened their hearts. They admitted her. She was one of them.

No surprise: they simply said "Hallo, and you were one of them. No worrying what your position and your family and your bank balance were. In all her lonely life Miss Pettigrew had never realised how lonely she had been until now, when for one day she was lonely no longer.

And how they talked! She had never heard the like before. Every sentence was like a heady cocktail. The whole flavor of the remarks gave her a wicked feeling of sophistication. And the way she kept her end up! No one would ever dream she was new to it.

"I never believed," thought Miss Pettigrew with pride, "that I had it in me."

She stood beaming down at Miss Dubarry. Miss Dubarry sat staring gloomily at the electric fire, quite unaware of the elation she was causing. Delysia's friend, Miss Pettigrew thought she must do something to lighten Miss Dubarry's distress. She soared to the heights, with carelessness, with ease, with negligent poise, as featured in countless talks.

"Have a spot," said Miss Pettigrew. Miss Dubarry brightened. "That's an idea. Blessings on the woman."

Miss Pettigrew resorted once more to the cupboard in the kitchen. She came back with a laden tray. She had put on bottles of most things she could discover.

"Perhaps you'll mix your own," she said with careless airiness. "Everyone to their own poison. I always say."

Miss Dubarry rose with alacrity. "Just a little gin, I think, and where's the lime juice? Ah! Here. I think a gin and lime will do me grand."

Miss Pettigrew watched her with veiled concentration.

"What'll yours be?" offered Miss Dubarry helpfully.

Miss Pettigrew started. A hasty refusal came to her lips, then she changed her mind. This was no time for squeamishness. A hostess must drink with her guest.

"I'll mix my own," said Miss Pettigrew recklessly.

"O.K."

Miss Dubarry retired with her drink. Hastily Miss Pettigrew filled a glass with soda and lime colored it with sherry to give it a look of authenticity. She returned to her seat.

"Mud in your eyes," said Miss Dubarry.

Miss Pettigrew knew no happy rejoinder, so made one up. "Wash and brush up," said Miss Pettigrew.

They drank.

"Another?" offered Miss Pettigrew. "I don't think I'd better," said Miss Dubarry reluctantly. "I mean, if we're going to the Odette's, we'd better arrive sober. I mean, we nearly always leave drunk."

"Exactly," agreed Miss Pettigrew.

"And then, if Tony's there, I'll need all my wits about me."

"Precisely," said Miss Pettigrew.

"So I'd better not have another."

"The bar has closed," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Well, perhaps just a splash," said Miss Dubarry.

She splashed. Already she looked a great deal more cheerful. Her air of funereal gloom had almost departed. She regarded Miss Pettigrew with in-

terested curiosity and made no bones about satisfying her inquisitiveness.

"Friend of Delysia's?"

Miss Pettigrew stared at her toes, glanced at the closed bedroom door, looked back at Miss Dubarry.

"Yes," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Well," said Miss Dubarry, "I always say a friend of Delysia's is a friend of mine."

"Thank you," said Miss Pettigrew.

"She sees things in people I don't and she's always right, so I follow her lead."

This sounded a little doubtful to Miss Pettigrew, so she only smiled.

"New to London," diagnosed Miss Dubarry brilliantly.

Miss Pettigrew forbore to tell her that for the last ten years all her posts had been in and near London. Suddenly she was ashamed to acknowledge it. Obviously she had gained nothing by this advantage.

"I was born in a village in Northumbria," she prevaricated.

"It's a long way from London," said Miss Dubarry darkly. "Here for good now?"

"I hope so."

"Ah. You'll soon learn things here. There's no place like London. Takes time, you know. But you'll soon leave the provinces behind."

"Do you think so?"

"No doubt at all, with a little expert advice."

Miss Dubarry stood up abruptly. She circled Miss Pettigrew, eyes intent, expression concentrated. Miss Pettigrew sat petrified. Miss Dubarry frowned. She held her chin between thumb and forefinger. She shook her head. Suddenly she barked.

"You shouldn't wear those muddy browns. They're not your color."

"Oh!" Miss Pettigrew jumped.

"Certainly not. What's your taste? Where's your artistic discrimination?"

"I haven't any," said Miss Pettigrew meekly.

"And your make-up's wrong."

"Make-up!" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"I haven't any."

"No make-up," said Miss Dubarry.

"What? It's indecent, walking around naked."

"B

LANKLY, Miss Pettigrew stared at her. Her mind was whirling; her thoughts chaotic. Yes, why? All these years and she had never had the wicked thrill of making up. And all because she lacked the courage. All because she had never thought for herself. Powder, thunder-ed her father the curate, the road to damnation. Lipstick, whispered her mother, the first step on the downward path.

Miss Pettigrew's thoughts ran wildly. A sin to make the best of the worst? She sat up. Her eyes began to shine. All her feminine faculties were intent on the important, earnest, serious, mighty task of improving on God's handiwork. Then she remembered. She sat back. Her face clouded.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew in a flat voice. "My dear . . . at my age. With my complexion . . ."

"It's a beautiful complexion."

"Beautiful?" said Miss Pettigrew incredulously.

"Not a mark, not a spot, not a blemish. Color! Who wants natural color? It's always wrong. A perfect background. No base to prepare. No handicaps to overcome. Blonde, brunette, pink and white, tanned, creamy pallor. Anything you like."

Miss Dubarry leaned forward intently. She tipped Miss Pettigrew's face this way; she tipped it that way. She patted the skin. She felt the texture of her hair.

"Hum! A good cleansing cream, A

strong astringent to tone up the muscles. Eyebrows definitely darkened. Can't make up my mind about the hair yet. Nut-brown, I think. Complexion needs color. Definitely color. Brings out the blue of the eyes. Whole face needs a course of treatment. Shockingly neglected."

She stopped abruptly and looked apologetic.

"Oh dear! You must excuse me. Here I am, forgetting myself again. I'm in the trade, you see, and I can't help taking a professional interest."

"Don't mind me," breathed Miss Pettigrew. "Please don't mind me. I love it. No one's ever taken an interest in my face before."

"Obviously not," said Miss Dubarry sternly. "Not even yourself."

"I've never had any time," apologised Miss Pettigrew.

"Nonsense. You've had time to wash, haven't you? You've time to get a bath. You're time to cut your nails. A woman's first duty is to her face. I'm surprised at you."

"Ah well!" sighed Miss Pettigrew hopelessly. "I'm long past the age now."

"No woman," said Miss Dubarry grimly. "Is ever past the age. The more years that pass the more reason for care. You should be old enough to know better."

"I've never had the money."

"Ah!" said Miss Dubarry with understanding. "That's different. You wouldn't believe the amount it costs me to keep my face fixed, and I'm in the trade and that means nearly ninety-nine per cent off."

She found her handbag and opened it.

"Here's my card. You bring that any time you like and you shall have the best of everything. Any friend of Delysia's is a friend of mine. If I'm at liberty I'll do you myself. If not, I'll get you the best left."

"How wonderful," gasped Miss Pettigrew. She took the card with trembling fingers.

"Edythe Dubarry," she read, thrilled.

"It's well seen you're no Londoner," said Miss Dubarry. "That name stands for something. It's the best beauty parlor in London, though it is my own."

Miss Pettigrew's face began to shine.

"Tell me," she begged, "is it true? Is it really true? I mean, can these places improve your looks?"

Miss Dubarry sat down. She hesitated. She hitched her chair closer.

"Look at me."

Miss Pettigrew looked. Miss Dubarry gave a friendly chuckle.

"I like you. There's something about you . . . well! What do you think of me?"

"Oh dear!" said Miss Pettigrew, much embarrassed. "What have I to say to that?"

"Just what you like. I don't mind. But the truth."

"Well," said Miss Pettigrew, taking the plunge. "I think you have very . . . very startling looks."

Miss Dubarry looked immensely pleased.

"There you are then."

Miss Pettigrew warmed to her task. If Miss Dubarry could be frank, so could she.

"You're not exactly beautiful, like Miss LaFosse, but you catch the eye. When you come into a room, everyone will notice you."

"There," said Miss Dubarry. "What did I tell you?"

"What?" asked Miss Pettigrew.

"What I've been telling you."

"What? That?"

"You and I," said Miss Dubarry, "are exactly alike."

"Oh . . . how can you say it!" said Miss Pettigrew unbelievably.

"You don't look like the kind of



woman to give away secrets," said Miss Dubarry recklessly.

"I'm not," said Miss Pettigrew. "And when I see such a perfect lay figure as you, I can't help spreading the glad tidings."

"No?" said Miss Pettigrew, bewildered.

Miss Dubarry leaned closer. "My hair," stated Miss Dubarry, "is mouse-colored . . . like yours."

"No!" gasped Miss Pettigrew. "Not really."

"A fact. I thought black suited me better."

"Undoubtedly," continued Miss Dubarry, "and eyelashes are sandy-colored. I have plucked my eyebrows and pencilled in new ones. My eyelashes, as well as being such a damnable shade, are short. I have had new ones fixed. Black, long, and curly."

"Marvelous," whispered Miss Pettigrew, at last realising the reason for Miss Dubarry's surprising eyes.

"I have the unsipid, indeterminate complexion that goes with that stupid coloring. I thought a creamy pallor a great deal more interesting."

"Absolutely," breathed Miss Pettigrew.

"My nose was a difficulty. You score over me there. But McCormick is a marvellous surgeon. He gave me a new one."

"No," gasped Miss Pettigrew. "My teeth were the greatest trouble," confessed Miss Dubarry. "They weren't spaced evenly. Fifty pounds that cost me. But it was worth it."

Miss Pettigrew leaned back. "It's unbelievable," she said faintly, "quite unbelievable."

"I forgot the ears," said Miss Dubarry. "They stood out too much, but, as I say, McCormick's a marvellous surgeon. He soon put that right."

"It can't be possible," Miss Pettigrew was almost beyond words. "I mean, you're not you."

"Just a little care," said Miss Dubarry. "It does wonders."

"Miracles," articulated Miss Pettigrew, "miracles: I'll never believe a woman again when I see her."

"Why?" said Miss Dubarry. "Would you have us all go naked and unashamed? Must we take off the powder with the petticoat, and discard the eye-black with the brassiere? Must we renounce beauty and revert to the crudities of nature?"

"All but Miss LaFosse," continued Miss Pettigrew faintly but loyally. "I saw her straight . . . out . . . of . . . the . . . bath."

"Oh, Delysia!" said Miss Dubarry. "She's different. She was blessed at birth."

She glanced at the bedroom door. Her face clouded over again.

"I wish she'd hurry. I'm in an awful jam and she generally sees a way out."

Miss Pettigrew's eyes became misted. "How lovely!" she thought sentimentally. "Is there anything more beautiful? Woman to woman. And they say we don't trust each other!"

"There's nothing like another woman when you're in trouble," sighed Miss Pettigrew.

Miss Dubarry shuddered. "Don't you believe that," she said earnestly. "There's not another woman I'd come to but Delysia."

"No?" asked Miss Pettigrew in surprise.

"Well, Delysia, she's different. I mean, with her looks she hasn't got to worry about men. You can trust her."

"Yes," said Miss Pettigrew. "I know you can."

"She doesn't try to pinch your men. I mean, I don't mind flirting. A woman wouldn't be human if she didn't, but there's ways of doing it. She doesn't try to turn them off you behind your

back. She says the best when you're not there."

"Just like her," said Miss Pettigrew proudly.

"Oh, yes. I forgot. You're an old friend of hers. Oh dear! I wish she'd hurry. There'll be no time for her to think of anything."

"How did you come to own a beauty parlor?" asked Miss Pettigrew factfully, trying to turn Miss Dubarry's mind from her troubles. "You look very young. If you don't think I'm rude, I'm very interested."

"Oh, that," said Miss Dubarry. "That was very simple. I vamped the boss."

"Vamped the boss!" echoed Miss Pettigrew weakly. "Oh dear! However could you think of such a thing?"

"Very simple. I was eighteen . . . an apprentice. He was getting on. They always fall for the young ones . . . if you're clever, that is. I was always clever that way," said Miss Dubarry simply. "If you set marriage or nothing, they generally give you marriage. I was very lucky. I went to his head, but he couldn't stand the pace. He got a nice tombstone and I got the parlor."

**R**IGHT out of her depth, Miss Pettigrew murmured vaguely. "We must be fair."

"I earned it," said Miss Dubarry simply. "But there! You can't expect to get things without a little work. And he wasn't a bad sort. I've known worse. I was no fool either. I learned that business, even though I did get married. It's paid me. Do you know, it's worth three times as much now as when he passed on."

"I bet it is," admired Miss Pettigrew simply and slantly.

"I put up the prices. That's business. And I changed the name of course. I picked Dubarry. I mean, you've only got to think of Du Barry and you expect things. It stands for something. I think it was a very clever choice. At least," said Miss Dubarry honestly, "Delysia thought of it, but I was quick to be on to it."

"A perfect name," praised Miss Pettigrew. "A marvellous name," she added recklessly.

She did her best to discipline her judgment. But it was no use. She was carried away. Who was she to judge? Wouldn't she have married any man who had asked her in the last ten years to escape the Mrs. Brummegats of this world? Of course she would! Why pretend? Why pretend with all the other silly old women that they were better than their sisters because they had had no chance of being otherwise? Away with cant. Miss Pettigrew leaned forward with shining eyes and patted Miss Dubarry's knee.

"I think," said Miss Pettigrew, "you're wonderful. I only wish I'd had half your brains when I was young. I might be a merry widow today."

"A lot's in the chances you get," consoled Miss Dubarry. "Always remember that. And grabbing them when they come, of course."

"Even if they had come," said Miss Pettigrew with sad conviction. "I could never have grabbed. I wasn't the kind."

"Never say die," said Miss Dubarry. "You'll get your kick out of life yet."

She patted Miss Pettigrew's knee in return, and the delicate seductiveness of her perfume again assailed Miss Pettigrew's senses.

"What a lovely scent," admired Miss Pettigrew.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Dubarry complacently.

"I've never smelt anything like it before."

"You're hardly likely to. I'm the only person in England knows the secret."

"How wonderful!" marvelled Miss Pettigrew. "Is it expensive?"

"Nine pounds an ounce."

"What?" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"Oh well! It costs me ten-and-six."

"And people buy it?" quavered Miss Pettigrew.

"As much as I'll sell them. But I've found in the long run you keep a steadier market by pretending there's a shortage. You might sell more in the beginning, but let them once think there's plenty and the demand will soon fall off. My clients like to be select."

"Ten-and-six," said Miss Pettigrew faintly. "Nine pounds."

"Ah, that's just business. I mean, no one else can make it, so of course I charge. If the secret leaked out, the price would come down with a bang. It's the exclusiveness you're paying for."

Miss Pettigrew's interest overcame her shock.

"But how, if you don't mind my asking, did you learn to make it?"

"Well, it's a long story," said Miss Dubarry, "told in full, I was over in France buying stock. I met Gaston Leblanc . . . he's the greatest expert on perfumes there is. Well, I mean, it was too good a chance to miss, so I put in a bit of overtime. His idea, of course, was to combine the two businesses. I'm no fool. It wasn't exactly my charms alone. Well, I didn't exactly cold-shoulder him and he gave me the secret as an engagement present. You know! Cost him nothing and the secret was safe in the family. Then I came back to England."

"To England?" said Miss Pettigrew, bewildered.

"Of course," said Miss Dubarry indignantly. "Well, I mean to say! He wasn't wanting to marry me. He was wanting to marry Dubarry's. It wasn't as if I didn't know. I don't approve of these continental ways. He'd never have considered me for marriage without my business. Well, that's more than I can stomach."

"No," said Miss Pettigrew indignantly. "Of course not. The very ideal A business indeed!"

Miss Dubarry dug into her handbag and brought out her compact. She proceeded to paint on a new mouth again. Miss Pettigrew stood up.

She stared at herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, at the tokens of middle age that lay not so much in lines and wrinkles but in much more subtle suggestions, in something old in the expression, in the tiredness of the eyes, in the lack of brilliance about the face. Straight, lank, mouse-colored hair; faded, tired blue eyes; pale mouth, thin face, dull, yellowish complexion.

"It's no use," thought Miss Pettigrew, "you can do what you like with paint and powder, but you can't get away from the unhealthy complexion brought by lack of good food. And I don't see where good food's coming to me."

Suddenly she felt flat, lifeless and terrified again. Immediately the nervous worry sprang into the face in front of her. It was ageing, destructive. It demolished all signs of youth.

Miss Pettigrew hastily turned her eyes from her own image. She stared at Miss Dubarry, sitting in her expensive clothes, with her sleek, black head, her crimson lips, the beautiful arresting pallor of her face.

"No," thought Miss Pettigrew hopelessly, "you could never at any time turn me into her. Even when I was young. It isn't only the paint. It's something inside you."

She moved to sit down. The bedroom door opened and Miss LaFosse emerged.



3.44 p.m.—5.2 p.m.

Miss LaFosse came into the room, black draperies floating, silver collar, silver girdle, gleaming, fair hair, like a pale gold crown, shining. At once, in Miss Pettigrew's estimation, Miss Dubarry sank into the shade.

"Ah," thought Miss Pettigrew with a feeling of possessive pride, "art can never beat nature."

"Delysia!" cried Miss Dubarry, springing to her feet. "I thought you would never come."

"Now be calm, Edythe," begged Miss LaFosse. "You always get too excited." "So would you if you were in my place."

"Yes, I suppose I would," agreed Miss LaFosse soothingly. "It's easy talking when it isn't yourself. But how have you and Guinevere been getting along? Sorry to keep you waiting."

"Oh, fine. We've had a grand talk. I've been showing off. It's a soothing feeling."

"Oh, no, she wasn't," denied Miss Pettigrew hastily. "She was only telling me things because I asked."

Miss LaFosse chuckled. "I believe both of you."

"Oh, Delysia!" Miss Dubarry's voice broke.

All her unhappiness came back into her face again. She nearly wept. Her face puckered, but she could not imperil her make-up. She sat down on the couch and tried to gain control of herself.

"I know," said Miss LaFosse with comforting sympathy. "I'm ready. Where's the cigarettes... here? Have one." She lit one for herself and one for Miss Dubarry and sat down beside her. "Now, tell me."

Miss Dubarry gulped in the smoke. "Tony's left me."

"No!" said Miss LaFosse incredulously.

Miss Dubarry nodded her head.

"It's true," she said dully.

"But you've quarrelled before."

"Yes. But not real quarrels. There's a difference."

"I know," agreed Miss LaFosse. "What's happened?"

"Well, you know how Tony is? He's so jealous. If you just speak politely to the liftman he thinks you have designs on him."

"I know. But you must confess you've a very intimate way of being nice to men."

"Yes, I know all that. But it's just habit. You know that. Until you've made your way you've got to be like that, and the habit's just stuck."

"Yes," agreed Miss LaFosse again. "There isn't anyone but Tony. You know that. There never has been. I mean, you might marry for business first time, the way I did, but you don't fall in love for business once you've settled in life. I'd even marry him, if he asked me. But he's never asked."

"Perhaps he doesn't like to. I mean, it's a lot to give up, your freedom, with your business and plenty of money. He's probably thinking of you."

"I think that's what he does think. I'm almost sure it is. I earn more with my business than he does, you know. I wouldn't care if he'd only say so, then I'd know where I was. I mean, if he'd only say he was serious, I'd soon make him agree to marriage."

"Men are funny," agreed Miss LaFosse.

"Well, he expects it both ways. Me to be faithful, like married, yet not married and nothing even said."

"It's the funny way they have. Expect you to read their minds."

"Well, I was willing. I'd rather have Tony that way than no way, but I didn't see why I shouldn't have a bit of innocent fun. You know he had to go abroad for six weeks and I got

running around with Frank Desmond. Nothing to it, you know. Just amusement. Well, a party of us motored out to his week-end place one night. The others left ahead of us. I just stayed for one more drink, and when we got to Frank's car the lights wouldn't work. He's no mechanic and we hadn't even a torch to give us light. It was pouring and black as pitch and a mile to the village, so what could I do but stay the night?"

"Well, obviously nothing," concurred Miss LaFosse. "But I suppose Tony's got to know."

Miss Dubarry's mouth trembled.

"Yes," she said.

"I suppose," queried Miss LaFosse tentatively, "it was all innocent?"

"That's what hurts," mourned Miss Dubarry pathetically. "You know what a fascinating devil Frank is. It isn't as though you wouldn't have liked a bit of fun with him. But because of Tony, well, I didn't. And now I might just as well for all he'll believe me."

"Tony won't believe you?"

"No. You know what a reputation Frank has. Tony simply won't believe either of us. I even lowered myself to drag in Frank. He says of course he'd lie for me."

"Of course he would," said Miss LaFosse dearly. "That's the worst of it. I mean, Tony knows he'd lie, so how does he know when he's not lying? Oh dear, it's most difficult."

"I know. That's the way it was."

Miss Dubarry's voice choked. A few of the prudently withheld tears spilled over. She caught Miss LaFosse's arm. "Oh, Delysia! You've got to think of something. I can't live without him."

Miss LaFosse made comforting noises. Miss Dubarry dabbed her eyes, then she looked up with a show of indignation.

"Crying over a man! Can you beat it? You must think I'm mad. I am mad. The ideal! He's a horrid, suspicious beast. I never want to have anything more to do with him in my life again."

"Very heroic," sighed Miss LaFosse, "but unfortunately untrue."

**I**NSTANTLY, Miss Dubarry collapsed again. "I thought immediately of you. I came straight to you. I heard Nick was back. I didn't know whether you'd be available but I risked it."

"Oh yes, Nick's back."

"I thought you said he said to-morrow."

"He did."

"Are you still coming to the Ogilveys' then?"

"Oh yes."

"When did he come?"

"This morning."

"Where's he now then?"

"I don't know. He didn't stay."

"What?"

"Only an hour."

"He's not... he's not... wavering?"

said Miss Dubarry, aghast.

"Oh no! Guinevere wouldn't let him. That was the real reason."

"What? Wouldn't let him?"

"She didn't like him."

"You're joking."

"Ask her."

"He'll be back any minute though?"

"No. Tomorrow."

"He's not coming back tonight?"

"No."

"What?"

"Guinevere wouldn't have him."

Miss Dubarry gasped. "He stood for it?"

"He had no choice. He was no match for Guinevere."

Miss Dubarry moved round. She stared at Miss Pettigrew. Awe, amaze-

ment, incredulous disbelief showed in her face. Dawning reverence ousted all other emotions.

"You turned Nick out of his own flat?"

"Oh dear!" fluttered Miss Pettigrew, "not as bad as all that."

"I was in a jam," said Miss LaFosse.

"You too?" said Miss Dubarry faintly.

"Nick said he was coming to-morrow, and I had Phil here. He's backing my new show. He doesn't know about Nick?"

"What happened?"

"Guinevere put him out."

"No."

"Yes."

"Did he guess?"

"Not an idea."

"And then Nick came?"

"Yes," said Miss LaFosse. "He found one of Phil's chiroooks."

"No!" gasped Miss Dubarry.

"Guinevere handled that, too. She offered him another. She had him eating out of her hand."

"Holy Moses!" breathed Miss Dubarry. "And he fell for it?"

"The way she did it," said Miss LaFosse simply, "you'd have fallen yourself."

"Explain," said Miss Dubarry in a weak voice. "Full details. Nothing missed out."

Miss LaFosse explained. Miss Pettigrew twittered, fluttered, blushed, made little disclaiming noises. Her face shone. She had never felt so proud of herself in her life before.

"What a woman!" said Miss Dubarry. She came over and took Miss Pettigrew's hand. "Guinevere," she said simply, "she disposes of you well."

She touched Miss Pettigrew's clothes. "I made a mistake. You're the goods."

"That's what I think," said Miss LaFosse.

They looked at each other.

"If she can deal with Nick..."

said Miss Dubarry weakly.

"That's what I thought," said Miss LaFosse.

They both turned and looked at Miss Pettigrew.

"It's a chance," said Miss Dubarry.

"No instructions," said Miss LaFosse hastily. "She works better alone. She'll think up something when she gets the right cue. That's her way. We mustn't muddle her."

"Of course not."

"He'll be there?"

"He said he was going."

"What's the time?" asked Miss LaFosse.

"Ten past four."

"And Guinevere's still to dress. You're the very person to advise. Something that'll do for this afternoon and tonight as well. She needn't take off her coat this afternoon. We want to look as though we're leaving when we arrive. You know what the Ogilveys are like."

"Stand up," said Miss Dubarry earnestly to Miss Pettigrew. Miss Pettigrew stood up. Miss Dubarry regarded her with a frown.

"She's about your build."

"That's what I thought."

"Your things might fit."

"We'll make them."

"Oh please!" said Miss Pettigrew in a nervous voice. "If you want to go, please go. Don't worry about me. I couldn't intrude on your friends."

"Intrude on the Ogilveys," said Miss Dubarry in a surprised voice.

"They don't know there is such a word," said Miss LaFosse.

"As long as I'm not putting you out," said Miss Pettigrew weakly, too excited at the prospect of further excitement to stress her excuses. "But please don't let me be a nuisance."

"A nuisance," exclaimed Miss Dubarry, "when it's you doing us a favor,



You've got to save me. Please, please, don't forget that."

"Oh, Guinevere!" implored Miss LaFosse. "You won't let me down. You've simply got to do something about Tony."

Miss Pettigrew said no more. Why plead against your own happiness? She let her spirits soar. She simply stood and let elation pour through her like a shot of Nick's cocaine. She was bewildered as to what she had to do with Tony, but then, so many of their remarks were obscure, she simply let it pass.

"Where are we going?" asked Miss Pettigrew.

"To a cocktail party at the Oglevees'."

"A cocktail party?" said Miss Pettigrew blissfully. "A cocktail party! Me?"

"Why not?" demanded Miss Dubarry. "Why not?" echoed Miss Pettigrew. Her face became one shining light.

"Oh women!" said Miss Pettigrew. "Lead me to it."

They led her into the bedroom. She had a quick bath while Miss Dubarry and Miss LaFosse concentrated on Miss LaFosse's wardrobe. She put on silk underclothes laid out for her by Miss LaFosse. She had never worn real silk underclothes in her life. At once they made her feel different. She felt wicked, daring, ready for anything. She left her hesitations behind with her home-made woollens.

"The psychology of silk underclothes has not yet been fully considered," mused Miss Pettigrew happily.

She came back into the bedroom like a debutante. Even her legs, quite uncovered below the last short frill of lace, caused her no blushes.

Miss Dubarry sat her in front of the mirror.

"No," said Miss Pettigrew firmly. "I think not. I'd rather see the final result, nothing worked out, reaching the intermediate stages, thank you."

They moved her from the mirror. The most important moment of the day had arrived.

"The face," said Miss Dubarry. "Can you do anything with it?" asked Miss LaFosse nervously.

"With that to start on," said Miss Dubarry. "I'll do a job."

She stood away and regarded Miss Pettigrew. She walked round her. She cocked her head on one side. Her brow grew convulsed. Miss Dubarry, in her professional guise, was a different woman. No nervousness, worry, or indecision. All gravity, firmness, competence: the expert at work.

"Look at that jawline," said Miss Dubarry. "Clean as a whistle. No mass of fat to be massaged away. Look at that nose. Perfect. You can do a lot with a face, but a nose! That takes a surgeon, and there's not many will risk that."

"Beautiful," agreed Miss LaFosse.

"When you're over thirty-five," lectured Miss Dubarry, "make-up must be sparing. There's nothing worse than a middle-aged woman with too much make-up. It accentuates her age, not lessens it."

Miss Dubarry set to work. Miss Pettigrew had her face pommelled, patted, dabbed, massaged; cream rubbed in, cream smoothed off, lotion dabbed on, lotion wiped off. Her skin tingled; felt glowing, healthy, rejuvenated.

"Well!" said Miss Dubarry at last. "It's the best I can do here. It's not like my own place. But you can't have everything."

She tipped Miss Pettigrew's face to the light. "You see I haven't blackened the eyebrows and lashes. I've merely delicately darkened them. Would you say they weren't natural? No. You wouldn't."

"Can't be bettered," agreed Miss LaFosse. "You're a genius, Edythe."

"Well, I'm pretty good in my own line," acknowledged Miss Dubarry modestly.

She admired Miss Pettigrew a moment.

"Now!" she said briskly. "The frock."

"Are you sure you won't have the green-and-gold brocade?" asked Miss LaFosse wistfully.

"No. I will not," said Miss Dubarry firmly. "Much too elaborate for Guinevere. She hasn't the right atmosphere for it. Not vulgar, enough, if you want the exact truth. If you weren't the kind of woman who can wear anything and look right, Delysia, you'd have no taste in clothes at all. Guinevere can't just wear anything."

"She's got to be right," said Miss LaFosse meekly.

"The black velvet," said Miss Dubarry.

They put it on. For a breathless second they hardly dared look. But it fitted. Not perfectly, but enough not to notice.

"I thought she was about my figure," said Miss LaFosse with a sigh of relief.

**W**ILDLY and extravagantly, Miss Pettigrew thought. "Thank heaven for short rations and no middle-aged spread."

"A necklace," said Miss Dubarry. "Something chaste and ladylike."

"There're my pearls," said Miss LaFosse. "They're not very good ones, but who knows?"

"The very thing."

"No," broke in Miss Pettigrew very firmly. "I will not wear anyone's pearls. I should not enjoy a single minute, thinking I might lose them. Thank you very much, but no."

Miss Dubarry and Miss LaFosse looked at each other.

"She means it," said Miss LaFosse. "When Guinevere says no she means no."

"The jade earrings," said Miss Dubarry. "The necklace to match. Glittering stones are not Guinevere's medium of expression."

Miss Pettigrew trembled towards further speech, but Miss LaFosse said hastily. "They're only imitation. You needn't worry. A relic of my less palmy days, but Edythe always liked them."

They went on.

"And tonight," said Miss Dubarry. "She must have a spray. Something delicate, mainly green and cream, to carry out the color touch, but one single flower may have a brilliant color. And real flowers. Not artificial. Real flowers express her personality—something fresh and natural about her."

"Unspoiled," said Miss LaFosse.

"And with her brains," Miss Dubarry shook her head.

"Almost unbelievable," agreed Miss LaFosse.

"You'd have thought the dictatorial air."

"Not a sign of it."

"Thank goodness!" said Miss Dubarry.

"I'll choose it myself," promised Miss LaFosse.

"You'd better. Funny how these brainy people so seldom know how to look after themselves. Minds must be above it. No insult meant."

"None taken," said Miss Pettigrew.

"And now," said Miss Dubarry, "the hair."

She let down Miss Pettigrew's locks. Absolutely straight, but the kind that takes a perfect wave. Sometimes if there's a trace of natural wave it doesn't look so well. Oh! Miss Dubarry looked blankly at Miss LaFosse. "You don't need curling tongs. Your hair's natural. You won't have any. We're sunk."

"We are not. I have," said Miss LaFosse with pride. "You remember the night Molly Leroy lost her curls in the rain coming here and had draggily ends all evening, and it spoiled her night . . . well, ever since then I've kept a pair for my guests in case of need. And I got a gadget as well to heat them with."

Miss LaFosse produced the whole outfit like a conjurer producing a rabbit from a hat. Miss Dubarry set to work.

"No time for a shampoo. Pity, but it can't be helped. Fortunately her hair isn't greasy. Just a few loose waves. We haven't time for an artistic dressing."

Her clever fingers flew. Miss Pettigrew sat almost unconscious with excitement. She had never, in all her life before, interfered with the simple gifts presented by nature. "Why," asked her mother, "attempt to improve on God's handiwork? Will He be pleased? No. He gave you that face and that hair. He meant you to have them."

Miss Pettigrew sat savoring to the full a blissful sense of adventure, of wrongdoing; a dashing feeling of being a little fast; a worldly sense of being in the fashion; a wicked feeling of guilty ecstasy. She enjoyed it. She enjoyed it very much.

"Finished," said Miss Dubarry. "A side parting. A few, loose, negligent waves back from the brow—the impression of being natural and just a little carelessly dressed. A sophisticated coil at the nape of the neck—the idea of worldly pose for all the carelessness."

"There." She stood away from her handiwork.

"My Holy Aunt!" breathed Miss LaFosse. "Would you believe that hair can make such a difference to a person?"

"Am I ready?" quavered Miss Pettigrew.

"Ready," exclaimed Miss Dubarry.

"Fixed," exclaimed Miss LaFosse.

"A satisfactory job," agreed Miss Dubarry modestly.

"I don't believe my eyes yet," marvelled Miss LaFosse.

"It's a good subject," said Miss Dubarry. She allowed enthusiasm to overcome modesty. "Though I say it as shouldn't, I'm proud of my work."

"Can I look?" implored Miss Pettigrew.

"The mirror's waiting," said Miss Dubarry.

Miss Pettigrew stood up. She turned round. She stared.

"No," whispered Miss Pettigrew.

"Yes," chorused the Misses Dubarry and LaFosse joyously.

"It isn't me," gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"You in the flesh," said Miss Dubarry.

"You as man intended," encouraged Miss LaFosse.

Then they were both silent. This was a sacred moment. This was Miss Pettigrew's moment. They gave it the honor of silent admiration.

Miss Pettigrew stared. She caught the back of a chair for support. She felt faint. Another woman stood there. A woman of fashion: poised, sophisticated, finished, fastidiously elegant. A woman of no age. Obviously not young. Obviously not old. Who would care about age? No one. Not in a woman of that charming exterior.

The rich, black velvet of the gown was of so deep and lustrous a sheen it glowed like color. An artist had created it. It had the wicked, brilliant cut that made its wearer look both daring and chaste. It intrigued the beholder. He had to discover which. Its severe lines made her look taller. The earrings made her look just a little, well, experienced. No other word



The necklace gave her elegance. She, Miss Pettigrew, elegant.

That delicate flush! Was it natural? Who could tell? That loosely curling hair! No ends, no wisps, no lack of drooping. Was it her own? She didn't recognise it. Those eyes, so much more blue than memory recalled! Those artfully shaded brows and lashes! That mouth, with its faint, provocative redness! Was it colored? Only by kissing it would a man find a satisfactory answer.

She smiled. The woman smiled back, assured, composed. Where was the meek carriage, the deprecating smile, the timid shyness, the dowdy figure, the ugly hair, the sallow complexion? Gone. Gone under the magic of Du Barry's expert owner and manager. Miss Pettigrew, rapt, thrilled, transported, gazed at herself as her dreams had painted her. A lump came into her throat. Her eyes became misty.

"Guinevere," screamed Miss Dubarry in a panic. "Control yourself!"

"Guinevere," gasped Miss LaFosse. "Your make-up. Remember your duty to your make-up."

Miss Pettigrew made a valiant effort.

"Most certainly," said Miss Pettigrew with dignity. "England expects I am quite aware that due care is essential."

"Shoes," said Miss Dubarry.

Miss Pettigrew tried on a pair.

"Way," marvelled Miss Pettigrew.

"They are a trifle too large."

"Well, that's a blessing," said Miss LaFosse thankfully. "It's better than too small. We'll stop and buy a pair of soles."

"Now her coat," said Miss Dubarry.

Miss Pettigrew had a horrified vision of all her splendour being eclipsed by her shabby brown tweed. But no! She suddenly found herself encased in a fur coat so soft, so silky, so blissfully warm, she knew she had never known luxury before.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Pettigrew. "Oh! I can't believe it. All my life I've longed to wear a fur coat, just once."

"No hat!" asked Miss Dubarry.

"None of mine are suitable," decided Miss LaFosse. "She'll have to go without. No one will notice."

Gloves, handkerchief, a new handbag.

"Ready?" asked Miss Dubarry, after a last touch to herself.

"All set," agreed Miss LaFosse. "Let's get going."

A last look round: a final inventory. They all made for the door.

5.2 p.m.—6.21 p.m.

Miss Pettigrew found herself wafted into the passage. She was past remembrance now, past bewilderment, surprise, exaltation. Her eyes shone. Her face glowed. Her spirits soared. Everything was happening too quickly. She couldn't keep up with things, but, by golly, she could enjoy them.

"I don't care," thought Miss Pettigrew rapturously. "My dear mother would have been shocked. I can't help it. I've never been so thrilled in my life before. She always said to be careful of strangers, you never know. They may be leading me to destruction, but who can possibly want to destroy a middle-aged spinster like me? I don't know why these things are happening. I don't care. They're happening. That's enough."

"Feeling O.K.?" asked Miss LaFosse solicitously.

"Lead on," said Miss Pettigrew joyfully, radiantly.

"Taxi, miss?" asked the porter downstairs.

Miss Pettigrew had never been in a taxi for pure frivolity before. It was the final touch: the gesture perfect. She sat back and watched the London streets fly past her with the sense of being in a dream, but a perfectly

sensible dream. No nightmare round the corner.

She didn't know where they went. She had always been terrified of the London maze and had never yet leached to get her bearings. They stopped and bought a pair of soles. They went on. They stopped in front of a house. All the windows were lit. They got out. Miss LaFosse paid off the taxi. They knocked and were admitted. No one challenged Miss Pettigrew.

"We're very late," remarked Miss Dubarry.

The maid led them to a dressing-room. There were no other occupants.

"That's all right, Maisie," said Miss LaFosse. "We know the way."

The maid left them. Miss LaFosse and Miss Dubarry powdered their noses.

"Come along now, Guinevere," said Miss LaFosse. "You must powder your nose again. It isn't done not to last."

They entered a room — powder before entering a room — powder your nose. It gives a sense of confidence."

With trembling fingers, nervous, clumsy, contented, for the first time in life Miss Pettigrew powdered her own nose.

"Do you know," she said happily. "I think you're right. It does add a certain assurance to one's demeanour. I feel it already."

"Attaboy," praised Miss Dubarry.

They walked downstairs. From behind a closed door came high sounds of revelry. Suddenly Miss Pettigrew felt qualms. She stood rooted to the spot. Stage-fright engulfed her. She forgot. Absolutely that she now looked like her dimples had been too short. She would need solid hours of close concentration to get her new image soaked in. She simply felt as she had always felt: Miss Pettigrew permanently seeking a new job, nervous, incompetent, dowdy, and shy.

She began to shake. They would laugh at her, stare at her, make remarks. She couldn't bear it. She couldn't face any more ridicule. She had had so much in her life.

Miss LaFosse and Miss Dubarry had also stopped.

"We're here," said Miss Dubarry in such a weak voice that Miss Pettigrew turned to stare at her.

ALL Miss Dubarry's

gry inauspicious had gone. She looked limp as a rag, drooping, nervous, more terrified than herself.

She was so surprised she forgot her own nervousness again.

"Back up, Edythe," Miss LaFosse implored. "You can't let him see. Everything will be all right. She's bound to think of something."

They both turned to Miss Pettigrew.

"You won't forget Tony," said Miss LaFosse urgently.

"I'll point him out when we get in. If he's there," said Miss Dubarry with equal urgency.

"How kind," thought Miss Pettigrew, touched. "She's so friendly she wants me to see her former young man, even if they have quarrelled."

"I should love to meet your young man. Thank you very much," said Miss Pettigrew earnestly.

"There," said Miss LaFosse proudly. "What did I tell you? She's thinking of something already."

"Please," began Miss Dubarry.

"No instructions," begged Miss LaFosse again. "They only muddle people. You must let her do her own act. It's far the best way."

"You won't forget," said Miss Dubarry with a last despairing reminder.

Miss Pettigrew hadn't the faintest idea what they were talking about, but so many of their speeches were odd and beyond her comprehension she

didn't trouble herself and there was certainly no time to question. Miss LaFosse opened the door, and she was swept in.

She blinked, dazzled. The room was full of people, men and women. Their jumbled voices assailed her ears. It was a large room. At the far end was what looked like a counter and behind it a lot of bottles. She had very little time to gather clear impressions because at their entry there were loud cries and they were immediately surrounded by people. Miss LaFosse and Miss Dubarry were obviously popular.

"Delysia."

"Edythe."

Miss LaFosse beamed. A surprising transformation took place in Miss Dubarry. She laughed, talked, joked. No sign of depression or unhappiness. Miss LaFosse had firm hold of Miss Pettigrew's arm. She piloted her round. Miss Pettigrew said, "How-do-you-do?" politely to she was sure, about a hundred people.

No one stared at her. No one laughed at her. No hostess gave her a freezing welcome. She did not know for sure who her hostess was. She had a vague idea that a dreamy woman, in a brilliant scarlet frock, who said, "Delysia darling, how good of you to come," might be she. But then another woman in diaphanous green said, "Delysia, my net, how sweet to see you." So doubt could enter.

She found a drink in her hands.

placed there by "a charming young man with dark, wavy hair, a cajoling voice, and a wicked twinkle in his eyes, but Miss LaFosse gave an urgent shake of her head.

"I wouldn't," she whispered. "I mean, not that drink. That's Terence's own. I'll get you one myself. I mean, I wouldn't like to hurt your feelings, Guinevere, but I don't think you're very used to strong liquor, and, well, there's Tony, you know, and that's very strong."

"Just as you advise, my dear," said Miss Pettigrew, flustered. "I wouldn't dream of doing anything you didn't advise."

Miss LaFosse brought her another.

"Now," said Miss LaFosse in a moment breathing space, "would you like a seat, and, if so, where? You mustn't tire yourself before tonight."

"I think," said Miss Pettigrew simply, "I will stand just over there, so that if I look up I can see myself in the mirror across the room. I am not accustomed to myself yet, and if I can glance up every now and then merely to reassure myself of what I don't look like, it will give me tremendous strength and encouragement."

"An excellent idea," agreed Miss LaFosse.

She led Miss Pettigrew to the desired vantage-point. Miss Pettigrew at once took a surreptitious peep at herself in the mirror. She gave a tremendous sigh of relief. She still retained her neat new personality. There was little to distinguish her from any other woman present. Very carelessly she loosened her fur coat to show off more of the velvet gown. She felt so elated she didn't care whether she was left alone or not. She was here to watch and enjoy and remember. That was sufficient.

But she wasn't left alone. Miss LaFosse disappeared after a time, but to Miss Pettigrew's surprise others immediately took her place. In fact, a considerable number of people in turn took her place. They spoke to her pleasantly and offered her drinks, which, of course, she refused, and seemed to regard her with deference.

Miss Pettigrew grew more elated and more excited every minute. She couldn't understand it. She seemed to be holding quite a little court of her own. She didn't find conversation at all



difficult, as she had dreaded. She merely agreed with what anyone said to her and smiled, and they at once looked gratified. If she did venture a remark of her own they took it with such a look of wondering admiration she began to think she had never before had a chance to test her conversational powers to the full.

She laughed so much and shook her head so much, every now and then she was sure she was becoming untidy and dishevelled and a little disordered. Then, all she had to do was take a peep at herself in the mirror at once to be reassured. No Miss Pettigrew, governess, stared back at her, but a stranger, whose disarray had a distinctive and becoming charm.

And still people came for a little friendly intercourse. She was happily innocent of Miss LaFosse's chattering. Miss LaFosse couldn't keep a good thing to herself.

"Yes," said Miss LaFosse. "The most brilliant mimic I've ever seen in my life."

"Good party," said Reggie Carteret, variety star, to Florence Somers, vaudeville beauty.

"Moira certainly draws the crowds," agreed Miss Somers.

"Who's the lady?" asked Reggie.

"Miss Pettigrew."

"Don't think we've met."

"What?" With assumed condescension, "Never seen her take off Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Mrs. Brummegan."

"Never heard of her."

"Never heard of Mrs. Brummegan?"

"No." Anxiously, "Should I?"

"You certainly should."

"Then I'd better."

"Can't afford not to be in the know these days," agreed Miss Somers.

"You're right. Doesn't pay."

"Well, bye-bye," said Miss Somers.

"There's Charlie. See you anon."

"Good party," said Reggie Carteret to Maurice Dinmore, superior juvenile lead.

"Pretty fair," said Maurice carelessly.

"They certainly always manage to get the new celebrities."

"Celebrity? Who?"

"Miss Pettigrew."

"Miss Pettigrew?"

"Never seen her take off Mrs. Brummegan?" incredulously.

"Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Surely you know Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Oh . . . ah! Yes. Come to think of it, I believe we've met. At the Desmonds, wasn't it?"

"Probably."

"Miss Pettigrew do her well?"

"Brilliant mimic. Knock spots off Dora Delaney."

"You don't say so."

"Umm . . . don't breathe a word, but I believe Phil Goldberg's going to back her. She's a friend of Delysia's and Delysia's got Goldberg . . . like that."

"Ah! Hello, Eveline," said Maurice to his more superior lady juvenile lead.

"Howdy, Maurice."

"Met the lady?"

"What lady?"

"My dear girl, surely you know her."

"Know who?"

"Miss Pettigrew."

"Oh . . . ah . . . Miss Pettigrew."

"Future star."

"Oh . . . er. Come to think of it, I believe I have read notices."

"Yes—seen her do Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Sure," condescendingly, "You've heard of Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Oh . . . er . . . yes. Sure I've heard. So she does Mrs. Brummegan?"

"Raised the roof in the provinces. I understand."

"Oh! The provinces!" more coldly.

"London next," blandly.

"London?"

"Sure. Phil Goldberg's behind her."

"Why, now you mention it, I believe I heard," agreed Miss Somers.

"You never can tell. Nobody one day, Queen of London the next."

"Ah yes. Think I'll have a word with her."

Miss Pettigrew received them all: eyes

shining, face radiant, hair loosening—but very artistically, still in Miss Du-

barry's waves. Earrings twinkling with worldly sophistication: cheeks now

developing a natural flush.

Miss LaFosse touched her arm. Miss

Pettigrew turned from her latest admirer.

"That's Tony," whispered Miss

LaFosse.

Miss Pettigrew looked: an average-

sized young man, with brown, untidy

hair, hot, smouldering eyes, and some-

thing rugged and stubborn about his

face.

"Oh!" thought Miss Pettigrew in re-

lief. "A nice face. I expected . . . I

expected . . . a lounge lizard. Just

shows how you can misjudge a girl's

appearance."

Miss Dubarry and Tony had had a

meeting.

"Howdy, Tony," said Miss Dubarry

airily.

"Grand party," said Tony equably.

Miss Dubarry passed on. They were

very cool and poised about it, very

modern and nonchalant. After that

they avoided each other. Miss Dubarry

was full of life in one corner. Tony

full of life in another.

"Ah!" thought Miss Pettigrew. "Very

conscious of each other. Showing off.

Oh, dear, what a pity! Shows they

care for each other."

Later Miss Dubarry came up. "That's

Tony," she whispered.

"I know," agreed Miss Pettigrew.

She looked at Miss Dubarry. Tony

wasn't looking their way and Miss Du-

barry let her gaze rest on him. For a

brief flash Miss Pettigrew thought she

glanced a sick look in her eyes, then

Tony turned and Miss Dubarry was

laughing with someone else.

## S

UDDENLY Miss Pettigrew was not so interested in the people round her. After all, they were strangers, but Miss Dubarry was her friend. She couldn't feel so happy again, knowing how Miss Dubarry felt. She edged away and found a corner for herself at the end of the bar. She discovered a high stool and sat down.

"Oh, dear!" thought Miss Pettigrew sadly. "I do hope that young man comes to his senses. I can't bear Miss Dubarry to be unhappy like that. One is young for so little a time."

Miss LaFosse came up. "Guinevere," said Miss LaFosse, "meet Tony, a pal of mine."

"How-do-you-do?" said Miss Petti-

grew.

"How-do-you-do?" said Tony.

"Have a coflah," said Miss LaFosse

cheerfully. She disappeared.

"Fetch you a drink?" offered Tony

amiably.

"Thanks," said Miss Pettigrew

thoughtfully. "I think I will."

"I have had two already," thought

Miss Pettigrew judiciously, "and feel no

ill effects. One more can do no harm

and an affirmative answer seems to

impress them a great deal more."

Tony eyed her critically. He liked

to think he was a nice judge of a

woman. He noted the sly twinkle of the

earrings, the sleek cut of the gown.

He judged accordingly.

"Snake's Venom?"

"Oh . . . er. Is it? Yes, of course,"

said Miss Pettigrew, somewhat taken

aback.

Tony brought a drink. Miss Petti-

grew drank nearly half in a gulp. Tony

eyed her admiringly. For a wild mo-

ment Miss Pettigrew wondered whether

it really had been poison. She sat

perfectly still in her chair. She didn't

dare move. Fire ran down her throat.

The room heaved. Her chair swayed.

Her eyes played tricks. Then every-

thing settled.

The room was not moving. Her chair

was quite stationary. She was still

seated safely upon it. She made a ten-

tative movement. She could still retain

her balance. Miss Pettigrew beamed.

She felt grand. She felt brimming

with authority and assurance. It was

a marvellous sensation. She thought

scornfully of her former timid self.

A futile creature! Fear! Had she once

known fear? Impossible! She wanted

to do battle with someone for the sheer

sake of downing them gloriously and

proving her powers. She eyed the room

with the light of battle in her gaze.

Who would offer her combat?

Tony was standing very submissively

by her side. He did not seem to want

to return to the crowd. He struck a

chord of memory in Miss Pettigrew's

mind. She saw that his eyes followed

Miss Dubarry when Miss Dubarry

wasn't looking at him. She remem-

bered. Very slowly and very care-

fully Miss Pettigrew stood up.

"Ha!" barked Miss Pettigrew. "So

you're Tony? I wanted to meet you."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure."

"Not at all. Stupid young men," said

Miss Pettigrew, "always interest me."

"What?" Tony gasped in surprise.

"Stupid," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Me?"

"You."

"Oh!" said Tony engagingly. "I

didn't know you knew me."

"Too well."

He looked interested. "But why stu-

pid?"

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested," said

Miss Pettigrew haughtily. "I merely

take an academic interest in hearing

of the follies of young people. I'm past

the age, you see, when I can be a

young fool myself, so the interest has

no repercussions."

"What's that got to do with me?"

Tony glared.

"You happened to be the one I heard

of," Miss Pettigrew glared back.

"Who's been calling me a fool?" de-

manded Tony belligerently. His face

began to glower and his eyes to smoul-

der.

"No one precisely," said Miss

Pettigrew with cutting meaning. "It

was merely my own interpretation

when I heard."

"Heard what?"

"I'm not at all interested in giving

you details," said Miss Pettigrew lo-

flyly. "I merely happened to think

what a fool that young man was and

thought I'd like to see him. Now I

have I'm satisfied."

"Satisfied with what?"

"My interpretation."

Tony glared. "Who've you been talk-

ing to? I won't have anybody going

round calling me a fool."

"You shouldn't act like one then."

"Yes?"

"Of course," said Miss Pettigrew with

a surge of pity. "It's not all your fault.

Young people never have any discern-

ment. By the time you reach my age,

you'll have learned to know when

people are telling the truth and when

not."

"I don't need to reach your age be-



"I know when people are telling me the truth," Miss Pettigrew smiled condescendingly. Tony went red in the face. "Now what are you grinning at?" "Smiling," said Miss Pettigrew with equanimity, "and quite kindly. But don't mind me. I like to hear young people talk. It amuses me. How clever they think they are! It makes me glad I've reached the age when it's hard to be misled."

"No one's fooling me."

"Only yourself."

"What?" "But there!" said Miss Pettigrew, now becoming cynical, "you're quite right. There's nothing to this love business when you're my age. You'll realise it and be thankful that you did act in the right way for stupid reasons."

"Woman," cried Tony furiously, "if you say your age and my age again I do something desperate."

"But mind you," continued Miss Pettigrew, "I think the woman's just as lucky. As I said to Miss LaFosse, it's a good thing she's got rid of him. I don't know your friend very well, but I do know when women are telling the truth. You've got to, in my profession. Children lie so. One gets a sixth sense about knowing when they're lying or not."

"What this devil are you talking about now?" Tony cried desperately.

"My profession," said Miss Pettigrew with dignity.

"What's that?"

"I teach."

"Teach what?"

"Children."

Tony groaned. "Be calm," he implored. "Be cool. Be collected. Now I think what are we talking about?"

Miss Pettigrew thought. She pondered deeply. Concentration, she discovered, was rather difficult. Question of answer. She had an inspiration.

"Your late fiancée, of course."

"Edythe," exploded Tony.

"Well," said Miss Pettigrew indignantly, confusing what she had thought of the time with what she had said.

"I said to her, why bother with a young man who is perpetually making scenes merely for his own enjoyment. It's his boring."

"I don't create scenes merely for my enjoyment," said Tony furiously.

"Well," said Miss Pettigrew, "you certainly don't think much of yourself."

"Holy suffering mackerel! Where are we now?" cried Tony in despair.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, tut!" said Miss Pettigrew forcefully. "Be yourself! Do women usually get you once you're out of sight?"

"They do not."

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense, nonsense what? What do you know about it?"

Miss Pettigrew looked irritably at Tony. Her mind felt beautifully light and clear. No hint troubled her. Brilliant repartee simply leaped to the surface. This young man was no match for her.

"Well, if you had such a conceit of yourself as you make out, it would never hurt you to say that any woman would prefer another man in your absence."

"Neither they do."

"Then why," demanded Miss Pettigrew, becoming indignant again, "pretend it's just a cowardly way of getting out of an entanglement, a very cowardly way. I should say. Oozing out of the back door. Distinctly scornful," concluded Miss Pettigrew triumphantly.

"What entanglement? Whose back?" cried Tony, beginning to feel the tearing of his hair.

"A paltry tale. Why didn't you say you were tired and be a man."

"Tired of what?"

"Of Miss Dubarry."

"I'm not tired of Miss Dubarry."

"Well, goodness gracious me!" said

Miss Pettigrew warmly. "It seems very

odd to me. You say you are not tired

of Miss Dubarry and she says she's not

tired of you . . . well, really, what is

an outsider to think?"

"Who's asking outsiders to think?"

"Murder will out!" said Miss Pettigrew with a glower. "I started by thinking it. I still do."

"Do what?"

"Think you're a very stupid young man."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

They glared at each other. Miss

Pettigrew had never been so rude to

anyone in her life before. Suddenly

she realised this. What had she been

saying? She began to feel a little

dusky. She discovered the other

half of her drink still in her glass.

She swallowed another gulp. It ran

hot down her throat.

AT once Miss Petti-

grew felt better. This young man de-

served all he got. He had hurt very

deeply her dear friend Miss Dubarry.

She renewed her indignant glare.

"After the way she cared for you!"

"Oh! She cares for me, does she?"

asked Tony sarcastically.

"Didn't she say so?"

"Oh. She said so."

"Don't you know?"

"Well, she . . ."

"Ah!" said Miss Pettigrew with

brilliant sarcasm. "Youth's discern-

ment."

"Yes, she did," Tony shouted.

"Didn't you?"

Tony glared. He gulped. Went red

in the face. "Yes," said Tony. "I did."

"Well," said Miss Pettigrew, "I've

never heard anything sillier in my

life. I hope she keeps her promise and

has nothing further to do with you."

"Oh, she said that, did she?"

"Yes, she did," said Miss Pettigrew

beatingly. "And I fully agree with her.

I don't like to be so frank, but my age

allows me a little licence. After meet-

ing you, young man, I think Miss Du-

barry will be much wiser to find some-

one of a more stable temperament,

and more sustained power of thought.

Marriage is a serious business."

"So you'd marry her off to someone

else, would you?" demanded Tony

furiously.

"That's what I'd recommend," said

Miss Pettigrew with equal anger. "I'm

very glad she's finished with you."

"So she's finished with me, has she?"

"Hasn't she?"

"Oh, has she? We'll see about that."

Tony turned and glared around.

Miss Dubarry was sitting near them,

quite within glaring distance. She had

edged up very carefully. Miss Petti-

grew and Tony, taking in a corner,

seemed far too important to her for

her to remain out of reach. She must

be on hand should circumstances de-

mand her presence. They did.

"Edythe," called Tony in a low,

carrying, concentrated voice.

Miss Dubarry came up nonchalantly.

"So you've finished with me, have

you?" said Tony in a low, explosive

voice.

"Well," asked Miss Dubarry cau-

tiously, "are you?"

"Ed!" exploded Tony again. "So

you think you'll marry someone else?"

"Well," said Miss Dubarry, still

wildly feeling her way. "I mean, I'm

not in my teens. It's time I was

thinking of settling down . . . and if

you don't want to marry me . . ."

"So you hope never to see me again,

do you?"

"Oh!" said Miss Dubarry warily. "I

wouldn't be so hard as all that, Tony.

That was said in the heat of the

moment when you'd hurt me. I don't

see why we shouldn't be friends."

"Friends!" said Tony with another

explosion. "Friends! So you did say

it?"

"Well, yes, I said it," agreed Miss

Dubarry a little nervously. This con-

versation was getting dangerous. She

had no clue. A pity she hadn't been

able to get behind the curtains, but

then, how could she have emerged with

dignity?

"So you think I'm the kind of man

you can get rid of as easily as all that,

do you?" demanded Tony.

"Well, no," said Miss Dubarry

wildly. "I mean . . . you always were

a stickler."

"You bet I am."

"Well, there you are," Miss Dubarry

collapsed.

"I'm glad you agree," said Tony

beleggerently. "Women don't pick me

up and drop me as they think fit."

"Of course not."

"Well, what about it?"

"Oh!" Miss Dubarry's heart took such

a wild leap she almost expected to see

it jump out of her body. Her instincts

were to open her arms wide and gather

Tony to her bosom, but her native

guile saved her.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Du-

barry haughtily. "No girl likes to be

told she's a liar, even if she is one,

but when she's actually telling the

truth . . ."

"Oh, well," Tony's eyes smouldered.

"I'm apologised . . . but if that's the

way you feel about it."

He made signs of departure.

"Tony," called Miss Dubarry.

"Edythe," said Tony in a husky

voice.

Miss Pettigrew stood beaming on

them benignly. She had very little idea

now what she and Tony had been talk-

ing about and their present remarks

sounded very cryptic to her but the re-

sult seemed to please both of them

and that was all that mattered. Miss

Dubarry looked so happy Miss Petti-

grew forgave Tony everything.

She glanced round the room a little

anxiously. Such a public display of

emotion was a trifle embarrassing and

on a lady's part hardly quite . . .

well, just hardly quite.

But no one was taking the slightest

notice. Everyone was talking. No one

listening. Tony could have been mur-

dering Miss Dubarry instead of gazing

at her with such worship for all any-

one in the room would have noticed.

Miss Pettigrew gave a modest sigh of

relief.

Miss Dubarry swung round. She

gazed at Miss Pettigrew with what is

technically known as a stary look.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Dubarry. "You

wonderful darling."

Miss Pettigrew looked surprised. Miss

Dubarry gave her a hug and whispered

in her ear.

"How can I ever thank you?"

Miss Pettigrew was extremely pleas-

ed. She quite understood a reconcilia-

tion had taken place, but did not

understand why.

"Oh, my dear!" whispered Miss Pet-

tigrew. "I wish you every happiness."

Regardless of make-up, regardless

of the importance of her appearance,



regardless of the fact that Tony might inadvertently see what she really looked like, tears came into Miss Dubarry's eyes and one or two actually rolled over, leaving in their tracks faint, black smudges of mascara.

"Oh!" gulped Miss Dubarry, "I look a sight."

"You look perfect," said Tony adoringly.

"I'll have to go to the cloakroom," said Miss Dubarry in a flutter.

"I'll come with you," said Tony.

They went away. Miss Pettigrew watched their progress with a benign, maternal, indulgent gaze.

"The dear things," she thought sentimentally. "Just a little lovers' tiff. Forgotten as soon as they saw each other again."

She gave a very mild hiccup.

"Tut, tut," thought Miss Pettigrew; "indigestion. I must take some mag-desta tonight."

6.21 p.m.—7.25 p.m.

Miss LaFosse was gazing at Miss Pettigrew from the other side of the room. For the past quarter of an hour all her interest had been centred in Miss Pettigrew's corner of the room. She had noted the length of Tony's stay. She had noted Miss Dubarry join them. Her curiosity had reached fever heat. Then an acquaintance had blocked her vision, held her in conversation, and when next she had been free to gaze, Tony was gone; Miss Dubarry was gone.

Miss Pettigrew was standing alone with a rakish air, face radiant, eyes beaming, hair a little awry, an empty wineglass in her hand.

Miss Pettigrew was looking blissfully happy—too happy. Miss LaFosse knew that look. Her heart missed a beat. Her conscience smote her. Guinevere had been on the loose alone too long. She had completely forgotten to warn Tony not to judge her friend by the fur coat and the black dress. She only hoped she wasn't too late.

She gave a distracted answer to a friend, left him and ploughed her way across the room towards her charge, a dubious eye on the empty wineglass. Miss Pettigrew gave her a beaming welcome.

"Guinevere," said Miss LaFosse anxiously, "you haven't been imbibing?"

"Imbibing?"

"The pins aren't wobbling?"

"The pins?" repeated Miss Pettigrew. She raised her chin haughtily.

"The legs," said Miss Pettigrew with much dignity, "are perfectly steady."

"Demonstrate," said Miss LaFosse sternly.

Miss Pettigrew walked two steps back and two steps forward again. She managed it with commendable steadiness.

"Thank goodness!" said Miss LaFosse thankfully.

Then her curiosity overcame her worry. She could contain her anxiety no longer.

"Where is he?" demanded Miss LaFosse expectantly.

"Where's who?"

"Tony."

"In the cloakroom," said Miss Pettigrew dreamily.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss LaFosse with a shock of disappointment. "Where's Edythe?" she asked hopelessly.

"In the cloakroom," said Miss Pettigrew sentimentally.

"Oh!" cried Miss LaFosse again, excitement charging her voice. "Oh, Guinevere, don't say it . . . They're not . . . together?"

"Why not?" asked Miss Pettigrew.

"Oh, you darling!" cried Miss LaFosse. "You're marvellous . . . you're wonderful . . . you're a miracle. How did you do it? Didn't I say you would!

Oh, I'm so happy! I think you're the most wonderful woman I've ever met. Nobody but you could have done it. Tony and Edythe together again!"

Miss Pettigrew looked wildly wise.

"My dear! All young people quarrel. It means nothing. Once they got together again, it was all quite simple. All they . . ."

"Of course it was simple . . . to you. No one else could have brought them together again. You don't know Tony when he gets a bee in his bonnet . . . I do. You're the world's miracle worker. So now, let's go."

Miss Pettigrew felt a stab of apprehension. She turned a wild look towards the door. It seemed remote.

"My dear," said Miss Pettigrew with dignity, "if you do not mind I will take your arm. My head is a little dizzy. It is the heat, I think. I am not accustomed to such a crowded room with no windows open."

"There now!" said Miss LaFosse heatedly. "I knew. What's Tony been giving you? I'll take his head off when I see him. He should have known."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Pettigrew. "Please. It isn't true . . . it isn't possible . . . I'd never get over the shame. I assure you, the heat, I'm positive the heat."

"There now, there now," soothed Miss LaFosse. "Of course it's the heat. Don't get upset. You're quite all right. You'll be fine when we get outside."

Miss LaFosse took firm hold of Miss Pettigrew and piloted her across the room. Voices assailed them on all sides.

"Not going yet?"

"Drunk your fill already?"

"The tap's still running."

Miss Pettigrew beamed on them all indiscriminately. Miss LaFosse fended them off with easy rejoinders. They reached the door and escaped.

In the passage Miss Pettigrew stopped and gasped.

"Oh dear! I have failed to thank my hostess for a perfectly charming time. What will she think? I must return."

"Not on your life," said Miss LaFosse hastily. "It'll keep. And in any case it wouldn't be fair to shock Moira. She's not accustomed to it."

**T**HE cool air of the passage certainly made Miss Pettigrew feel a great deal better. She said calmly, "Just as I said, my dear. It was the hot air in the room."

"You've said it," agreed Miss LaFosse with a twinkle. "They'd talk the hind leg off a donkey in there."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Hot air," explained Miss LaFosse.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew. It dawned. "Hot air . . . Oh how funny! How extremely funny!"

Miss Pettigrew began to laugh. She laughed and laughed until the tears ran down her face.

"Well," said Miss LaFosse cheerfully, "you have had one over the eight."

But she felt very pleased her mild joke had such an appreciative audience. Together they mounted the stairs in hilarious accord. Miss Pettigrew refused further aid. She took firm hold of the banisters and drew herself up.

Outside the bedroom which was being used as the ladies' cloakroom Miss LaFosse beat a tattoo on the door. Then she opened it.

"Well, well," said Miss LaFosse. "Do mine eyes deceive me, or is there a man present?"

"Cheese it!" said Tony.

"Delysia," cried Miss Dubarry. She was no diller; in fact, a great deal less tidy than when Miss Pettigrew had seen

her depart ostensibly to repair her make-up.

"Edythe," responded Miss LaFosse. She suddenly smiled tenderly. Miss Dubarry flew to her arms and gave her a hug.

"Delysia. We're going to be married."

"No!" cried Miss LaFosse. She embraced Miss Dubarry with equal vigour then insisted on embracing Tony likewise.

"Congratulations, you old sinner. Why did you wait so long?"

Tony grinned. "I hadn't the price of a licence."

"You could always have borrowed from Edythe."

"Well," said Tony seriously, "I thought I'd better wait a bit before showing quite so obviously why I was really marrying her."

"You darling," said Miss LaFosse.

She kissed him again. Tony seemed to enjoy it. Miss Pettigrew, at this time, was beginning to get hardened to so much indiscriminate affection.

"Oh," she broke in shyly, in a flutter of romantic enjoyment, "may I . . . may I offer my congratulations as well?"

Miss Dubarry swooped and gathered Miss Pettigrew in a mighty hug. "Oh, you dear, dear thing. How can I thank you!" Tears actually trembled in her eyes again.

"Oh, Guinevere," cried Miss LaFosse, equally moved, "what would we have done without you?"

"I can never repay you," said Miss Dubarry in a quiver of happy emotion. "If there's anything you ever want to come to me. A wrinkle removed, a change of hair. A fresh face."

"What the devil are you talking about?" demanded Tony.

"Nothing," chorused Miss LaFosse and Miss Dubarry.

"Nothing for male ears," said Miss LaFosse kindly. "A purely feminine matter."

Miss Dubarry gathered her wraps. "See you tonight," said Miss LaFosse.

"We'll be there," said Miss Dubarry. The door closed behind them.

"A very delightful girl," said Miss Pettigrew, "but a little beyond my apprehension."

"Well, scram," said Miss LaFosse, "before the rest pile up."

They left the house. Miss LaFosse hailed a passing taxi and bundled Miss Pettigrew inside. She stopped at florist's and got out.

"There," she said cheerfully as she turned, "I've ordered your buttonhole. Who said I had no memory?"

"Oh, how kind you are!" whispered Miss Pettigrew, tears in her eyes.

"After what you've done for Edythe," said Miss LaFosse. "What's a buttonhole?"

"But," began poor Miss Pettigrew, "I assure you I don't . . ."

"No deprecation," said Miss LaFosse. "I won't hear it."

They arrived at Onslow Mansions. They went into the building, rose in the lift, walked along to Miss LaFosse's door, and Miss LaFosse inserted her key in the lock.

Miss Pettigrew had a strange sensation of coming home. The afternoon's visit had been an exciting, satisfying experience, food for thought many a day, but it was nothing like feeling as of content after a good meal which invaded her the minute she crossed Miss LaFosse's threshold.

The sense of simple joy was so poignant it was almost pain. She would let herself think of tomorrow when this would only be a dream. That's today.

She turned on the electric light, switched on the electric fire; pushed



hions to plump invitation. All the  
the had deep crimson shades as that  
room was filled with a comfortable,  
glowing look of warmth.

Miss LaFosse flung off her fur coat.  
Thank heaven for a moment's  
rest!

She sank into a comfortable chair in  
front of the fire.  
Miss Pettigrew took off her fur coat  
and laid it aside with a great deal  
of care. The borrowed gown gave  
her a luxurious feeling of importance  
she could not help walking with a new  
air of dignity.

"Sit down, Guinevere," said Miss La-  
Fosse. "You'll tire yourself out."  
"I'm not a bit tired," said Miss Petti-  
grew blithely. "I'm much too excited  
to be tired."  
"Less O.K.?"

"My legs," said Miss Pettigrew with  
beamed dignity. "were always all right."  
"Head was only a little lullied with  
heat, that is all."

"Have it your own way," said Miss  
LaFosse with a grin.

Miss Pettigrew came and sat beside  
her happily. The electric fire sent out  
a glow of warmth after the chill, dark  
winter streets. She and Miss La-  
Fosse were alone in the room with a  
comfortable, cosy sense of intimacy.  
Mantels drawn, doors shut, chairs  
pulled up to the fire. She felt it was  
the happiest moment in the whole  
of a marvellous day. But she only  
glanced it to be a breathing space  
before a great many years stretch-  
ed ahead of her which would be  
simply packed with quiet, uneventful  
days. At the present time peace was  
exactly not her desire. Quite the  
reverse.

Something must happen again soon.  
She didn't she would feel cheated.  
The merely the fact had been far too  
good to her so far to turn round and  
bet her now. Something would hap-  
pen. She would be sensible and enjoy  
the relaxation while it lasted to al-  
low her to re-perpetrate before even-  
ing happened again.

"I don't know about you," said Miss  
Pettigrew daintily. "but I could just  
with a nice cup of tea."

"Oh," said Miss LaFosse.

The other drinks were very nice for  
change," said Miss Pettigrew earn-  
estly, "and certainly give me deligh-  
tful odd feelings, but I always say  
I can't beat a really nice . . . cup  
of . . . tea."

"You're quite right," said Miss La-  
Fosse kindly. "I shall go and make  
one."

"Oh, still," said Miss Pettigrew  
only. "If you only knew how I  
enjoy doing it . . . particularly  
someone who appreciates it."

Miss LaFosse allowed her to have  
one more way.

Miss Pettigrew hurried into the kit-  
chen. She moved around in a happy  
sense of busy domesticity. It was so  
different working for Miss LaFosse.  
She had shot through her heart. How  
difficult to own a place like this for  
herself! Never to work for anyone  
again; never to sit on the out-  
side while others basked in the  
fire; never to be ignored, looked  
on as disregarded.

She pushed the feeling away. Her  
was not yet over. Obviously it  
must over. Miss LaFosse had blamed  
the night as well, or why the  
flames from the hearth?

The electric kettle boiled. Miss Petti-  
grew made the tea. She put it on  
with some biscuits and carried  
it to the waiting Miss LaFosse.

"You're quite right," said Miss La-  
Fosse. "This tea is definitely refres-  
hing."

She had her own fragrant cup. Miss  
Pettigrew beamed contentedly.  
"What time is it?" asked Miss La-  
Fosse.

"Nearly seven," said Miss Pettigrew.  
"Ah," said Miss LaFosse luxuriously.  
"Hours before I need change."

"I understand," said Miss Pettigrew  
with careless sophistication. "That you  
are at a night club."

"That's right. The Scarlet Peacock.  
Nick's place, you know."

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew with fore-  
boding.

"Didn't Tony and Edythe look  
happy?" sighed Miss LaFosse. Her  
face took on a dreamy, ruminating  
look. Miss Pettigrew's heart sank still  
lower.

"The culmination of all true  
romance," said Miss Pettigrew sternly.  
"Is marriage. Unless the thought of  
marriage enters both partners' heads,  
you may be sure there will be no  
permanent happiness."

"You're quite right," said Miss La-  
Fosse meekly.

"And I hope," said Miss Pettigrew.  
"you are not contemplating marriage  
with Nick. I really couldn't advise it."

"Good heavens, no," said Miss La-  
Fosse, shocked. "Nick married! He  
wouldn't be faithful five minutes."

CAREFULLY pre-  
serving her stern tone, Miss Pettigrew  
said, "I congratulate your acumen.  
Nick would never be faithful."

"But he's a grand lover," said Miss  
LaFosse wistfully.

"No doubt," said Miss Pettigrew.  
"All practice makes perfect."

"You do dump a girl's enthusiasm,"  
sighed Miss LaFosse.

"Only when necessary," retorted  
Miss Pettigrew.

"You're talking so stern," said Miss  
LaFosse with a twinkle. "I'll be afraid  
of you soon."

"And very good if you were," said  
Miss Pettigrew.

Miss LaFosse chuckled. "What's in  
a drink?"

"Oh!" Miss Pettigrew subsided in a  
flusher. "Oh my dear Miss LaFosse  
I assure you . . . you are quite  
wrong. I was . . ."

"There . . . there," soothed Miss La-  
Fosse. "Just a joke. What about a  
bit of dinner? What shall I order?"

"Dinner?" said Miss Pettigrew. "For  
me? Oh no, thank you. I'm much too  
excited to eat. I should get indigestion  
and possibly bluntp again and my  
night would be ruined."

"I'm not very hungry myself," agreed  
Miss LaFosse halily. "Shall we leave  
it over then and have a bite of supper  
later on?"

"Much the best plan," concurred  
Miss Pettigrew.

She poured herself out another cup  
of tea. This interlude was very  
pleasant, but it was getting a little  
frustrated. Something should happen  
soon. She was not a bit surprised  
when the bell rang. She leaped to her  
feet at once, expectancy in her eyes.  
Miss LaFosse made preparations for  
supper.

"I'll go," said Miss Pettigrew.

But it was only the flowers. Miss  
Pettigrew slowly returned with the  
parade.

"Flowers," said Miss LaFosse when she  
opened the box. "The very thing."

A single scarlet rose, in a nest  
of feathery green, glowed with a brilliant  
color. Miss LaFosse tried it on Miss  
Pettigrew's shoulder.

"Just as Edythe said," exulted Miss  
LaFosse. "That one touch of color  
against the black gown and the green  
earrings and necklace gives just the  
right air of . . . of . . . Perfect."

She ended words failing.

She laid it carefully on the table  
and sat down again. Suddenly a sense  
of guilt descended on Miss Pettigrew.  
All day she had accepted benefits,  
chattered in equality with Miss La-

Fosse, visited Miss LaFosse's friends.  
What would Miss LaFosse think when  
she discovered her real mission?

She began to tremble, trying to push  
away the small, clear voice of her con-  
science. She wanted to go where they  
were going tonight, with a pathetic,  
passionate eagerness. She wanted to  
visit a night club, to partake of its  
activities, to be at one with the gay  
world. Her long years of virtue counted  
for nothing. She had never been  
tempted before. The diabolical called:  
the music bewitched; dens of iniquity  
charmed. She actually wanted to taste  
again the wonderful drink Tony had  
given her, which left one with such  
a sense of security and power.

She glanced despairingly round the  
room. The thought of losing this last,  
perfect flush to a perfect day rendered  
her sick with disappointment. But she  
could accept no further kindness from  
Miss LaFosse under false pretences.  
Her conscience had been trained too  
rigorously.

She came and sat in front of Miss  
LaFosse.

"There's a little matter," began Miss  
Pettigrew in a husky, quivering voice.  
"I really think we should get settled  
before . . ."

"I had no mother," said Miss  
LaFosse.

Miss Pettigrew gaped.

"At least," amended Miss LaFosse,  
"there was a woman who brought me  
into the world. But I didn't choose  
her. I don't miss her."

"Your mother!" gasped Miss Petti-  
grew, shocked.

"She wasn't a very nice woman," said  
Miss LaFosse simply. "In fact, she was  
a very unpleasant woman. You know  
the kind that sends shivers down your  
back when you think of them. Not  
good for children at all. A very bad  
influence. Seeing you sitting there,  
you're just the kind I'd choose if I  
had my choice. Not, mind you," said  
Miss LaFosse earnestly. "that you're  
old enough to be my mother. I know  
that. But that's what I feel. You in-  
spire confidence and affection. I'm  
glad I've met you."

"Oh, my dear!" quavered Miss Petti-  
grew. "I can't bear any more kindness.  
No, I can't. I'm not used to it."

Miss Pettigrew's eyes flooded with  
mist tears.

"If you only knew . . ." she faltered.  
"Rat-tat-tat. Bang-bang-bang.  
Thump-thump-thump" thundered  
someone's fist on the door.

"There," said Miss LaFosse in an  
amused voice. "Who can that be?  
As if they couldn't use the bell respect-  
ably. Suppose I'll have to answer it."

But Miss Pettigrew was on her feet.  
Her tears had dried like magic. She  
was electrified, galvanised, quivering  
like a wound at the seat. That knock  
besided no ordinary visitor. Gone was  
her confusion.

She was across the room in a flash.  
Eyes beaming, face radiant, body  
tensed, Miss Pettigrew flung open the  
door.

7.35 p.m.—8.26 p.m.

"Hoi!" thundered a loud, masculine  
voice. "Don't tell me that's not in be-  
cause I won't believe it."

"Come in," said Miss Pettigrew  
ecstatically.

The visitor strode into the room:  
a tall man in evening dress. Black  
coat, not properly fastened; silk hat  
askant; white muffer floating loose. A  
magnificent body, a rugged face, a  
fighter's chin, a piercing eye, a stormy  
expression. A Hercules of a man; a film  
star of a man.

He flung off his hat, tore off his  
muffer, cast gloves on the floor, and  
glared round the room with the quench-  
ing, thrilling, piercing, paralyzing eye  
of the traditional strong hero, but not,



like him, silent. His gaze fastened on Miss LaFosse.

"So, you little devil," he said furiously, "I've caught up with you at last, have I?"

"Oh, dear!" said Miss LaFosse.

She did not even rise to greet her guest. She seemed fastened to her chair by sheer fright or shock, or dismay, or at least some strong emotion. Miss Pettigrew diagnosed. She got ready to interpose her body between Miss LaFosse and a possible assailant, but the latest visitor whipped past her as if she were not there and towered above Miss LaFosse.

"Well? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"No excuse," quavered Miss LaFosse. "No excuse at all."

"I'm glad you're frank," he said curiously. "I wouldn't take even a bilious attack."

"I never have bilious attacks," said Miss LaFosse indignantly. "I never overeat. I've got my figure to think of."

"Stand up."

Miss LaFosse stood up obediently with a glimmer of smiling relief in her eyes, but to her own and Miss Pettigrew's complete shock, the irate young man grasped her shoulders and began to shake her soundly.

Miss Pettigrew started forward with a cry of indignation; then she stopped. She didn't know why. Here was a strange young man maltreating her friend and she simply stood like a stuffed dummy and did nothing about it. Nor did she want to. Miss Pettigrew gasped at herself. But quite suddenly she felt that this magnificent young man was quite dependable, would never really hurt Miss LaFosse, and that Miss LaFosse probably deserved all she was getting.

Yes, Miss Pettigrew admitted that to herself. Quite frankly she confessed in her innermost mind that her friend would be quite capable of doing some deed worthy of righteous anger and obviously this was a case in point. Her wits, sharpened by the day's adventures, were rising to amazing heights of discernment. They leaped at understanding. From the small scrap of conversation heard Miss Pettigrew deduced immediately that Miss LaFosse had done something to the young man meriting anger, for which she had no excuse.

The punishment then was only just. Having dealt with children all her adult life, and what after all was Miss LaFosse but a grown-up child, Miss Pettigrew had a wholesome respect for a little regulate punishment. She decided to wait events. Plenty of time to interfere if it became really necessary. First she must endeavor to grasp what it was all about.

The young man ceased shaking Miss LaFosse.

"I've been waiting to do that for thirty days. Now what have you got to say?"

"I . . . d . . . deserved it," said Miss LaFosse breathlessly, but with surprising meekness.

He gave her a grim glance. "So that's the stunt, is it? You needn't try and get round me."

"No . . . no!" said Miss LaFosse hastily.

He loosened his hold. "Because you can't do it . . . not this time."

"I'm not trying to," said Miss LaFosse humbly.

He stood back. "Oh, yes, you are, but it won't work any longer. You've made a slip out of me for the last time."

"Oh, please," said Miss LaFosse in distress. "don't say that. Do anything you like. Shake me again."

"I don't want to shake you again."

A smile of relief broke through Miss LaFosse's agitation. "I'm so glad. I didn't really like it." Her smile became coaxing. "Well, now that's over, aren't you going to kiss me now?"

"Oh, no, my girl. I don't share any more."

Miss LaFosse raised a sudden, startled gaze to his. He answered her unspoken question grimly: "Yes, I'm through."

"But . . ." began Miss LaFosse. "There's no more buts, no more evasions, no more excuses. I've finished. You can fool me once, but not twice. I don't stand that from any man . . . or woman."

"Oh!" whispered Miss LaFosse.

"I'm only letting you know, I'm a fool over you, and you know it, but I've got limits. You've reached them. You've played fast and loose with me for the last time. You either toe the line . . . or I quit."

His last words were grim. Miss Pettigrew knew they were true. Felt that Miss LaFosse knew they were true. Miss LaFosse went a little white. Miss Pettigrew came and sat down. Her heart was hammering with excitement. She settled down to the enjoyment of a new situation, but keeping her senses alert to step in and do any rescue work should it be necessary and her powers capable.

"Well," said the visitor grimly, "I'm still waiting for the explanation."

Miss LaFosse crumpled in a chair.

"Oh!" wailed Miss LaFosse, "I fumbled it."

"Thank you," said the young man. "I'm glad to learn your opinion of me."

He ran his hand with an angry gesture through his hair. It was very nice, thick hair, smoothed back in the most correct modern fashion. Not fair, not dark. A comfortable in-between shade, which left a man a man without casting him for a blond hero or a dusky villain. He was not exactly young. Not in the twenties. Perhaps the early thirties, but all men, under forty, were young to Miss Pettigrew.

"Oh, please," implored Miss LaFosse. "It wasn't that. It was just at the last minute. I felt I couldn't go through. Oh! I can't explain. I'm terribly, terribly sorry. I dreaded when you should come back."

**T**HE young man said calmly, "I can quite understand that. Deliberately to raise a man's hopes, till he's sitting on top of the world, then smash 'em to smithereens for a new whim, I suppose! It wasn't a particularly commendable action. If you hadn't agreed . . . but you did. That made all the difference."

Miss LaFosse gave him another pleading look. Suddenly she began to cry a little. The newcomer frowned, then pounced again. He gathered Miss LaFosse in his arms and kissed her. It acted miraculously. Miss LaFosse gave a watery smile through her tears.

"I never meant to hurt you," she gulped. "I never thought you'd feel . . . quite like that."

"Stop making your eyes red or you'll blame me for that later," said her kisser peremptorily. "I know you're just doing it for effect. Unfortunately, the effect is telling on a susceptible male. I'll stop yelling, though I'm not sorry I bawled you out. I'll do it again, under similar circumstances, only there won't be any similar circumstances. That, I hope, is firm in your head."

His voice went a little grim again on the last words. Miss LaFosse looked at him. He looked at Miss LaFosse. He bent and gave her another kiss, then

put her on her feet. He frowned, for a moment, then turned and grimaced at Miss Pettigrew.

"How-do-you-do? Don't mind a little skirmish."

"Not at all," said Miss Pettigrew. "Delysia likes an audience. She's accustomed to it. The tears were for your benefit to make you think I'm a brute."

"Oh, please," said Miss Pettigrew. "a fluster, caught between loyalty to Miss LaFosse and sympathy for an odd young man."

"Do I look like a brute?"

"No," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Do I look like a cannibal?"

"No," gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"Do I look like a wifebeater?"

"Certainly not," denied Miss Pettigrew indignantly.

"There," triumphed the newcomer. "What more could you expect of a man? Not a brute, not a cannibal, not a wife-beater. A testimonial from my own sex. I begin to think I'm too good for you."

Miss LaFosse began to giggle. She couldn't help it. Miss Pettigrew sat with delighted interest. The big smile was extraordinarily engaging.

"Oh, please," giggled Miss LaFosse. "do behave."

"That's rudeness," said the newcomer indignantly. "that's ingratitude. It calls for a pick-me-up. I want a drink. Where's your sense of hospitality? Where's that admirable gift of a hostess, anticipation of a guest's wants?"

"There's plenty in the back," said Miss LaFosse.

"I'll get it," offered Miss Pettigrew. "You'll do no such thing. I can get a bottle, can't I?" He banged his table.

"Delysia, who the devil is, finished this room. It's like a scene from Chorus Girl to Duchesse."

"It's very nice," said Miss LaFosse heatedly. "I chose it myself."

"Your taste is deplorable."

He charged into the kitchen. He heard him thumping round the kitchen, clattering chairs and table, banging cupboard doors, rattling glasses on a tray.

"A very noisy young man," said Miss Pettigrew happily.

"You've hit the nail on the head," agreed Miss LaFosse.

Suddenly howls of rage were heard in the kitchen.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew.

"Oh!" said Miss LaFosse.

His irate face appeared in the doorway.

"Woman!" he roared. "How many times have I to tell you that W-h-i-s-k-y is a man's drink. There's rum there, there's port there, there's sherry there, there's even an awful gin there, but not one drop of whisky. Where's your sense? What's your consideration for your visitor?"

"Oh dear!" said Miss LaFosse.

"Won't any of it do?"

"It will not. At the moment I need a drink. At the moment I need a drink. The porter service must have an intelligent face. I want a minute."

He stamped across the room, banged the door behind him.

"Oh dear," quavered Miss Pettigrew.

"That," said Miss LaFosse.

"was Michael."

"Michael?" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"Michael," said Miss LaFosse.

"Good . . . good gracious!"

Miss Pettigrew feebly.

She groped for a chair and sat down. It took her quite a minute to get her faculties together again. She readjusted her mental attitude to the man in the Deak. Then he



began to shine, her face became pink, her body quivered with delight. She sat straight. She fixed shining eyes on Miss LaFosse.

"Oh, my dear!" said Miss Pettigrew joyfully. "I congratulate you!"

"Eh?" said Miss LaFosse. "What about?"

"If I were twenty years younger," said Miss Pettigrew with a radiant face, "and could, I'd steal him from you."

"Would you really?" asked Miss LaFosse with interest.

"I've been worried," stated Miss Pettigrew happily, "secretly worried, my dear, though I didn't show it, but it has gone. I'm quite serene now."

"I didn't think you liked Michael," said Miss LaFosse.

"I hadn't seen him," apologized Miss Pettigrew. "It just goes to prove how wicked it is to indulge in preconceived ideas."

"And you recommend . . . Michael?" said Miss LaFosse in surprise.

"For you . . . absolutely right," said Miss Pettigrew firmly.

All her troubles had fled. Miss LaFosse's future was assured. No life with Michael could possibly be dull, obscure, frustrated. Miss LaFosse, married to Michael, would continue to live the gorgeous, colorful life that was her due. All was well.

"White velvet and a vell and orange blossom," said Miss Pettigrew blissfully.

"Oh, my dear, I know it's presumptuous in so short an acquaintance, but I will only let me know the date. It's the last thing I do, I'd like to get to the church."

"Oh, Guinevere!" chuckled Miss LaFosse. "You're going much too fast." Her face sobered. She fiddled with the fastening of her sleeve. "It isn't as simple as all that."

"Why not?" demanded Miss Pettigrew boldly. "He wants to marry you, doesn't he?"

"He did," said Miss LaFosse dubiously.

"Did?" Miss Pettigrew's heart sank. "You told me he did," she implored. "I hadn't seen him then."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, you saw how he was."

"Yes," said Miss Pettigrew, "he seemed a little annoyed over something."

"I think he was very annoyed," said Miss LaFosse.

"If . . . if I could be of any assistance," said Miss Pettigrew hopefully.

"It's very complicated," said Miss LaFosse.

"Not again," said Miss Pettigrew.

"It's not a very appetising story."

"I can bear it."

"Well," said Miss LaFosse, "I'd better try and explain before Michael gets back. Michael wanted to marry me. He kept pestering me. Then in a flash moment I thought, if I married Michael, I'd be safe from Nick. So I said yes. He got a special licence and we arranged to get married at once at a registry office. Then Nick came that morning . . . and . . . well . . . I just didn't turn up." She gave a little gasp. "Michael went on a blind and asked a bobby to bring him in. He was all for being drunk and disorderly. He asked him one and got thirty days, as option. I thought he might have kicked off before he came out, but he doesn't seem to have cooled off."

"A blind?" said Miss Pettigrew.

"A blind?" said Miss LaFosse.

"Her mind was in a whirl of excitement. By giving the closest attention to Miss LaFosse's story, she had managed to construe it correctly. Through heart-breaking disappointment Michael had come out and got drunk and struck a policeman."

"He was a foot-bird: a drunkard: a man who had committed the most heinous of sins under the British Constitution. He had assaulted a policeman in the performance of his duty. He was branded for life with a prison record. He should at once be consigned to the lowest depths of her contempt. But was he? He was not. He went rocketing still higher in Miss Pettigrew's esteem."

"She thrilled at the very thought of him. He was a man among men. All her sympathies poured out to him. Who would not excuse folly when committed for love? She turned with quivering expectancy toward Miss LaFosse."

"He was quite right," Miss LaFosse was saying. "I was only pretending I sucked it. It wasn't really that. If it weren't for Nick I think I might marry Michael, though I don't know," said Miss LaFosse darkly. "It takes a lot of thinking about. When you think how . . ."

"Oh, but now!" broke in Miss Pettigrew breathlessly. "I mean now, when you've seen them both on the same day . . . when you see there's no comparison . . . surely . . ."

Miss LaFosse stood up. She leaned her head against the mantelpiece.

"You don't understand," she said in a muffled voice. "I still feel the same about Nick."

FOR a moment, Miss Pettigrew thought she had not heard properly. How could any woman prefer Nick to Michael, however fascinating Nick might be?

"Oh, but my dear Miss LaFosse," said Miss Pettigrew hastily, "please, please consider. Michael is a man. Nick is only a . . . a disease."

"It's no use," said Miss LaFosse hopelessly. "Haven't I told myself all that before?"

"Does Michael know about Nick?" asked Miss Pettigrew sadly.

"He knows we're friendly," said Miss LaFosse cautiously, "but, well, not quite so friendly as we are."

"I should hope not," said Miss Pettigrew severely.

"And now," said Miss LaFosse gloomily, "I suppose I'll have to say good-bye to Michael."

"Oh no!" said Miss Pettigrew, almost in tears.

"Well, you see," explained Miss LaFosse simply, "I've never fooled myself about Michael, even if he thinks I have. I know all along a time would come when I would have to say yes or no. It's come. You heard him. He means it. I know Michael. Oh, dear, I know it's dog in the mangerish. But I didn't want him to go."

"Oh please!" begged Miss Pettigrew. "Couldn't you say yes. Once it's over you'll never regret it, I'm sure."

"I don't know," said Miss LaFosse again darkly; "there're reasons why . . ."

Michael banged on the door again. Miss LaFosse's reasons remained unexplained. She hastily powdered her nose. Miss Pettigrew opened the door.

"What did I tell you?" asked Michael. "That man has intelligence. A little one. A little persuasion. A small inducement, and immediately the necessary is produced."

He plucked a whisky bottle on the table. Miss LaFosse produced a cork-screw. Miss Pettigrew brought glasses.

"Say when," said Michael.

"When?" said Miss LaFosse.

"Soda?"

"No thanks."

"Stout girl?"

Miss Pettigrew stood braced for adventure.

"When?" asked Michael.

"When?" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"Oh, come!" expostulated Michael.

"Quit pressing," said Miss LaFosse.

"Guinevere's refined. She's not like you. She doesn't go round getting drunk and bashing coppers. Put some soda in."

"I always wanted to taste whisky," said Miss Pettigrew happily. "I've never had it, ever, even when I've had a cold, as medicine."

"Where were you brought up?" commiserated Michael.

"Sip it slowly," begged Miss LaFosse.

"Bottoms up," said Michael.

Miss Pettigrew sipped. She pulled a face. She slipped her glass surreptitiously on the table.

"Ugh!" thought Miss Pettigrew, disappointed. "Not what it's cracked up to be. Why men waste money getting drunk on that, when they can get a really cheap palatable drink like lemon squash."

"I feel better," said Michael.

He put his empty glass on the table, tactfully ignoring Miss Pettigrew's full one.

"Have another," offered Miss LaFosse. "Have two more."

Michael gave her a calculating look.

"Getting me drunk, my good woman, will not alter my sentiments towards you. I always sober up eventually."

"I didn't think it would," sighed Miss LaFosse, "but one can always try."

"Well, stop trying. It's no good," said Michael calmly. "Now I feel a man again we'll get back to business. What's the answer, yes or no?"

Miss LaFosse went a little white. She stood looking back at him. He continued to gaze at her composedly and her eyes dropped nervously. He dug his hand in his pocket, found a cigarette-case, lit a cigarette and stood waiting, blowing long spirals of smoke into the air.

"Tears in the eyes," said Michael, "curls delightfully disarranged, frick just a little too low, mouth pathetically quivering, expression childishly appealing, will have no effect."

Miss Pettigrew felt her heart tighten.

Miss LaFosse caught hold of the back of a chair.

"This," said Michael gently, "is for the last time of asking."

Miss LaFosse flung a hopeless glance of appeal at Miss Pettigrew. Miss Pettigrew drew a deep, quivering breath.

"Don't you think," said Miss Pettigrew, not placatingly, not pleadingly, not persuasively, but craftily, in an impartial, conversational voice, the voice of a detached onlooker merely taking an academic interest, "don't you think, on such a momentous question, a little time should be allowed? All ultimatums have a time limit. The female mind, unlike the male, is not given to quick decisions."

Michael drew in a lungful of smoke and expelled it with a sharp breath.

"Ha! Perhaps you are right. As you say, due warning is always supposed to be given of an ultimatum. I have perhaps led her falsely in expecting I would always dance to her tune. In fairness, notice must be given of a change. A week. A week will always give me time to display all my best points and perhaps sway her in the right direction."

Miss Pettigrew let out a deep, soulless breath. Miss LaFosse lost her expression of strain and at once looked more cheerful.

Michael swung round abruptly and fixed a stern eye on Miss Pettigrew.

"You appear to be a sensible woman. Look at me."

Miss Pettigrew looked, with no difficulty.

"Do I look sober?" demanded Michael.

"Do I look steady? Do I look honest?"

"Oh dear!" said Miss Pettigrew in a flutter. "Must I answer?"

"You must."



"Oh dear . . . well. Not sober," said Miss Pettigrew earnestly. "Not steady, but . . . but honest."

"What?" said Michael, taken aback. He grinned. "Woman, there's something to you."

He came and sat beside Miss Pettigrew on the chesterfield. Miss Pettigrew thrilled.

"Would it harm her to marry me?" demanded Michael.

"It would be the very best thing for her," said Miss Pettigrew with decision.

Michael beamed cheerfully.

"Discerning female," he exclaimed. "You and I are friends. Didn't I say you had sense?"

"You mentioned it," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Have you any influence over that ridiculous mistake she calls a mind?"

"I don't think so," said Miss Pettigrew unhesitatingly.

"I thought not. She hasn't got the sense to know when an influence is good."

"Oh, but she's so nice," begged Miss Pettigrew.

"She's an irritating wench."

"But very lovely," pleaded Miss Pettigrew.

"Yes, confound her, but not the sense of a mouse."

"But does she need it?" asked Miss Pettigrew earnestly.

"A bit of grey matter would do her no harm."

"But I thought men didn't like brains in women."

"I do. That's why I'm different, so goodness only knows why I picked on her."

"She has sense," said Miss Pettigrew spiritedly.

"Then why doesn't she use it?"

"I don't know," sighed Miss Pettigrew.

"Because she hasn't got any."

"I'm in the room, you know," said Miss LaFosse in her lovely, chuckling voice.

"Be quiet," said Michael. "This talk is serious. We don't want folly intervening."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss LaFosse meekly.

"Granted."

Michael turned back to Miss Pettigrew. "You and I understand things."

"I hope so," said Miss Pettigrew weakly.

"I've had a lot of women in my life."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"But I've never wanted to marry them."

"No."

"But Delysia. She's different."

"Obviously."

"Marriage is a serious business."

"Assuredly."

"Now Delysia's a little devil and there's times I could lay her alive, and obviously she needs a little physical correction, but I'm the only right man to do it. But I feel which I never did with the others, that if Delysia really said yes and married a man, she'd play straight with him. I never felt it with the others."

"It's the morality of my middle-class upbringing," put in Miss LaFosse again, very eager to join this interesting conversation about herself. "When it comes to marriage, a girl can somehow never get away from her earlier influences."

"You're not in on this," said Michael crushingly.

"Oh!" said Miss LaFosse meekly again. "I'm sorry."

"Then act as though you were."

He turned back to a confused, shocked, thrilled Miss Pettigrew.

"You're a close friend of Delysia's?"

"Yes," lied Miss Pettigrew wickedly.

"Well, tell her not to be a fool and

that I'm the man for her and not that black-haired, oily, knife-throwing scoundrel."

"He's not," said Miss LaFosse furiously.

"If the cap doesn't fit," said Michael blandly, "how do you know who I'm talking about?"

"You . . . you . . ." cried Miss LaFosse hotly and inadequately.

Michael jumped to his feet and glared ferociously around.

"Has that blankety-blank Caldarelli been here today? I can smell him a mile away."

"Only when I was here," said Miss Pettigrew hastily, connecting Caldarelli and Nick at once.

"But then you've seen him?"

"Yes."

"A boulder."

"I agree."

"Not fit to be in the presence of a lady."

"I'm not a lady," broke in Miss LaFosse hotly.

"No," agreed Michael, "you're not. Save me from ladies. I used the wrong word. I apologise."

"I accept it," said Miss LaFosse with dignity.

"Not fit to be in the presence of a white woman," amended Michael indignantly.

"Safer away," agreed Miss Pettigrew.

"What does he remind you of?"

"Ice-cream," said Miss Pettigrew.

"What?" said Michael. His face lit with joy.

"Woman," he cried in delight, "your acumen is marvellous. I could only think of him singing mushy songs to mushy senoritas in mushy films."

"But how lovely he would do it!" thought Miss Pettigrew wistfully.

"Ice-cream," crowed Michael. "Marvellous. Caldarelli's ice-cream. A perfect association."

He swung round towards Miss LaFosse. "Caldarelli's ice-cream. She prefers the son of an ice-cream vendor to me."

"How dare you?" cried Miss LaFosse indignantly. "You know Nick's father never sold ice-cream in his life. And your father said fish."

"Fish!"

As he spoke, Michael

jumped to his feet. He exploded into oratory. He strode up and down the room. Miss Pettigrew cast nervous eyes at chairs and ornaments.

"You compare fish . . . with ice-cream," cried Michael. "Fish has phosphorus. Fish feeds the brain. Fish is nutritious. Fish is body-building. Fish has vitamins. Fish has cod-liver oil. Fish makes bonny babies bigger and better. Men give their lives for fish. Women weep. The harbor bar moans. You compare fish . . . with ice-cream. And look me in the face."

"Oh dear!" choked Miss LaFosse. "Michael, do behave."

He stopped and grinned. "Fixed for tonight, I suppose?"

"I'm singing at the Scarlet Peacock."

"I'll come."

"I didn't ask you."

"I'll meet you there. I have a date with another female—pure bravado—but I'll go and cancel it. Not very scrupulous conduct and not usual behaviour, but critical emergencies need drastic measures. If I've only a week to make an impression I'd better start at once."

He gathered hat, gloves, scarf in a storm of activity. He came across and kissed Miss LaFosse. Miss Pettigrew watched with vicarious pleasure. His face went serious.

"No fooling," he said quietly.

Miss LaFosse caught her breath. "I know."

He came over and gave Miss Pettigrew a resounding kiss. Miss Pettigrew didn't see him go out. She sat back dazed and breathless with bliss. The door banged behind him.

8.28 p.m.—12.16 a.m.

The room was quiet for a minute. Miss LaFosse stood soberly by the fire. Then she gave herself a little shake. Miss Pettigrew came out of deep waters.

"Well," said Miss LaFosse, whose volatile nature never remained depressed for long. "I don't know about you, but any kind of excitement always stimulates my appetite. What about a spot of dinner after all? It's past my usual hour, but we've still got heaps of time. I'll order something to be sent up. We needn't have even course."

She reached for the telephone. She would listen to no refusal from Miss Pettigrew, who protested gently she could not touch a bite. Miss Pettigrew's conscience was worrying at the cost. She had accepted so much already from her new friend.

"Nonsense," declared Miss LaFosse. "You'll soon find your appetite when the food's in front of you."

She was quite right. When dinner arrived Miss Pettigrew found her appetite had miraculously returned. No one brought up on the deadly monotony of insipid stews, tasteless minced roast beef, which had been Miss Pettigrew's lifelong diet, could remain indifferent to the kind of food in which Miss LaFosse indulged.

But though the dinner was delicious enough to excuse anyone forgetting anything but eating, Miss Pettigrew was not to be diverted from her main purpose. Somehow or other Miss LaFosse must be persuaded to give up Nick and marry Michael.

Through soup, fish, roast and sweet the battle went on. Miss Pettigrew on the offensive, Miss LaFosse on the retreat. Miss LaFosse would resort to stratagem. When she found herself too hard-pressed by Miss Pettigrew's stern logic she would deftly switch the conversation. With great cunning she would begin telling Miss Pettigrew some highly colored anecdote of her varied career, and Miss Pettigrew would grow so enthralled at hearing this inside dope on "How the other half lives" she would be momentarily side-tracked from her main attack.

But not for long. The minute the story was over Miss Pettigrew's eyes were at once trained on their original objective again.

Time fled unnoticed and just when Miss Pettigrew was thinking triumphantly that at last Miss LaFosse's resistance was wearing thin, Miss LaFosse noticed the time and jumped to her feet with a cry.

"Oh dear! Look at the time! I'll have to fly. I've got to change. It's after eleven and I promised to be there at twelve."

She made for the bedroom, but Miss Pettigrew was not going to let her escape while they were still alone together to carry on the argument.

"May I watch?" asked Miss Pettigrew with stern determination.

Miss LaFosse gave up trying to escape.

"All right," she agreed resignedly.

"I'm a public figure."

Miss Pettigrew ensconced herself happily in a chair beside Miss LaFosse's dressing-table. Miss LaFosse's eyes died down. The rites of dressing demanded a slow tempo and she was now one to be unduly worried about punctuality.

She took off her frock. She went into the bathroom and came out again.



She chose an evening frock. She smiled cheerfully at Miss Pettigrew. She had recovered her former good spirits. She sat down in front of her mirror. "I do often think," she said cheerfully, "that the nicest part is getting ready."

Miss Pettigrew for once was not put off by enticing digressions. "Can nothing I say persuade you?" explored Miss Pettigrew.

"Oh, Guinevere," said Miss LaFosse, "to make me feel like an ungrateful boy."

"I don't care," said Miss Pettigrew firmly and courageously. "I must eat my mind. You know in your part of hearts Nick will not remain faithful to you. Some day you are bound to get older. He will not look at you then. When he is fifty, he will only ogle the young girls."

Miss LaFosse sighed. "Oh dear! You make it so depressing."

"Why not take the plunge?" begged Miss Pettigrew, "and risk marrying Michael? You know," added Miss Pettigrew craftily, "madly plunging to the winds last traces of honor and sense—if it didn't work you could go back to Nick. It's not as though you wanted to marry Nick."

"Oh, Guinevere!" said Miss LaFosse in a grin.

"I know," Miss Pettigrew flushed slightly.

"You artful sinner," accused Miss LaFosse. "You know perfectly well I wouldn't dare. He'd beat the daylight out of me."

Miss Pettigrew rose. She clasped her hands. Her face became earnest, imploring.

"I am impertinent," said Miss Pettigrew. "I am forward. I am rude. You will turn me out. But I must speak. Like you too much, I can't see you happy in the future. This life you lead. Where will it end? Please, please, Mr. Michael."

"Is it so much the best?"

"Indeed, indeed it is," began Miss Pettigrew, then stopped. She was not yet, but some day she would be. No home, no friends, no husband, children. She had lived a life of human chastity and honor. She would have no home or memories.

She sat down.

"I am older than you," said Miss Pettigrew. "I am a stupid woman. I don't have your brains, nor your beauty, nor your cleverness. I don't advise marriage from virtue or custom, but from experience. I have no friends, no money, no family. I only wish to be free from that."

"Oh, my dear," said Miss LaFosse.

"As long as he is kind, that is all that matters. I have known," said Miss Pettigrew, "in my life a lot of good men, but few were ever kind."

"Oh, Guinevere," said Miss LaFosse.

"Now the first one he was kind too."

"Miss Pettigrew earnestly, "but"

"Oh, my dear, I wouldn't advise marrying him."

"No," agreed Miss LaFosse demurely.

"And Nick—well, Nick will not make me happy in the long run. I think I know that myself. But Michael,"

"Michael!" said Miss Pettigrew, her face shining. "I won't say much more, but I've been very forward as it is. I've never met a young man I like better."

"In fact," said Miss LaFosse, "what you mean is Michael's made a conversion."

"Yes," said Miss Pettigrew.

"You darling!" said Miss LaFosse.

"I could restrain myself no longer."

"I leaped forward and hugged Miss Pettigrew and gave her a kiss."

"I'll think about it, I promise."

Miss Pettigrew felt quite weak after such expenditure of force.

"Oh dear! I hope you don't mind my being so frank. I just had to speak."

"Mind!" said Miss LaFosse. "Me?"

"Didn't I tell you, I had no mother. No one's ever cared to lecture me before. It's been lovely. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

She turned back to the dressing-table. Miss Pettigrew watched operations with intense interest. She shook her head.

"My dear," said Miss Pettigrew, "do you think that so much make-up is well, ladylike?"

"I acted a lady once," said Miss LaFosse. "When it comes to marrying, having a lord as a hubby can help no end in the profession. You've no idea. He was a lord. Or about to be one when the old man died. I always get a bit muddled with titles. So I put on the refined act. I heard he didn't like lipstick—he liked kissing. You see the connection. The old lord had very good eyesight and a moral nature."

Miss Pettigrew, stepping on the accelerator of her wordy wisdom, thought she saw the connection.

"Well, I acted the lady," said Miss LaFosse. "No lipstick, no legs showing. You know. Aloud and keep your distance. Noise of the come-hither about me. I saw him next week with a woman who was all lipstick, legs and lust."

Miss Pettigrew was bewildered, but she was interested in the lord who didn't like lipstick.

"What happened to the lord?"

"He married the lipstick and legs," said Miss LaFosse simply. "When the old man died, I learned my lesson."

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"Pure nonsense," said Miss LaFosse.

"Tummy in, shoulders back. That's the secret. If you will walk with a slouch your clothing gets a slouch."

She completed operations on Miss Pettigrew's face. She firmly and securely fastened Miss DuBarry's waves back into place. She pinned the red rose on Miss Pettigrew's shoulder. Miss Pettigrew smiled radiantly at her reflection.

"For the first time in my life I am enjoying being myself."

She donned her borrowed fur coat. Miss LaFosse appeared in a magnificent black evening wrap with a white fox collar. She hastily collected gloves, handkerchief, evening bag.

"My goodness, I haven't think how late we are!"

She fled for the door. If the small voice of conscience did pipe up, Miss Pettigrew turned a wickedly deaf ear. Not the king and all his horses and men should deprive her of her enjoyment now.

She rambled after Miss LaFosse, natural color deepening the artificial, eyes shining, breath excited. She was bound for adventure, the Spanish Main a night club. The very name filled her with a glorious sense of exhilaration.

What would her dear dead mother say if life came back to her body? To what depths of depravity was her daughter sinking? What did Miss Pettigrew care? Nothing. Freely, frankly, joyously, she acknowledged the fact.

She was out for a wild night. She was out to paint the town red. She was out to taste another of Tony's cocktails. She was a gentleman raker out on the spree, and on shades of a macabrous past, would she spree!

She trotted beaming down the passage after Miss LaFosse. Too impatient for the lift Miss LaFosse skimmed downstairs, Miss Pettigrew not a foot behind. A taxi squealed to a halt at the porters' whistle. Miss LaFosse turned toward the driver, but Miss Pettigrew moved her aside. Radiantly, haughtily, "The Scarlet Peacock," said Miss Pettigrew, "and make it snappy."

"They got in."

They went roaring through the lighted streets. Miss Pettigrew sat up straight and stared with glittering eyes out of the windows. No longer were the damp November streets dreary. Fairy signs glittered on buildings. Magic horns howled insistently. Palace lights shed a brilliant glow on the pavement. Bowler-hatted knights and luscious ladies hastened with happy faces for delightful destinations.

Miss Pettigrew hastened with them, though much more aristocratically than on her own two legs. Now she, herself, had a destination. What a difference that made! Now she lived. She was inside of things. Now she took part. She breathed Ambrosial vapor.

Miss LaFosse, seated beside her, slim, graceful, poised, groomed down to the last wicked little curl, was her friend. She, Miss Pettigrew, spinster, maiden lady, dull nonentity, jobless, incompetent, was bound for a night club, clad in splendor: painted like the best of them, shameless as the worst of them, uplifted with ecstasy.

"Oh!" thought Miss Pettigrew blissfully. "I think I'd like to die tonight before I wake up."

They arrived.

12.16 a.m.—1.15 a.m.

A tall building, discreet, dignified, met Miss Pettigrew's gaze. She stared. Her heart fell. She turned reproachful eyes on Miss LaFosse. Was Miss LaFosse letting her down? Was this a night club? A modest light glowed above a double door. A commissionaire bowed politely.

"A wretched evening, Miss LaFosse."

"It is indeed, Henry."



Miss LaFosse mounted the steps. Miss Pettigrew followed much more slowly. The doors opened and closed behind her. Miss Pettigrew gasped. A vision of splendor burst upon her gaze. They were in a large foyer. She had a sense of light and color, music and scent. At the far end a broad staircase mounted to regions above. Women walked by in gorgeous evening gowns. Men attended them in their suave black-and-white uniforms. All was gift and glitter, voices and laughter.

Miss Pettigrew revived again. Her eyes began to shine. This was like a night club. This was as things should be. This was as the screen portrayed them. A door opened on their left and a surge of music throbbed from the hidden room. Her nose began to twitch like a hound after a scent.

"This way," said Miss LaFosse.

"Lead on," said Miss Pettigrew.

Miss LaFosse mounted the stairway. Miss Pettigrew followed. The passages upstairs were equally splendid. No mere show downstairs hiding inferiority above. Miss Pettigrew nodded with approval. This was the thing.

They passed various discreetly closed doors. They went into the ladies' cloak-room. Rich carpets, shaded lights, glittering mirrors, attendants hovering to assist them. They took off their wraps, powdered their noses, shook their frocks into place, and went downstairs again.

An attendant hastened to open the door of doors. They passed through. Miss Pettigrew faltered and stopped. An open space, with a shining floor, surrounded by tables, met her gaze. At the distant end the band was silent. All occupants of the tables were free to stare. As Miss Pettigrew gazed, panic-stricken, the room grew bigger and bigger. She must walk across that immense floor the cynosure of all eyes. Her courage oozed out of her toes.

"Now remember," whispered Miss LaFosse urgently, "tummy in, shoulders back. You will notice there are mirrors. I will nest you strategically and an occasional peep will give you pep. You look fine."

She moved. Miss Pettigrew took a deep breath and dived after her. Miss LaFosse smiled at someone at nearly every table. At nearly every table someone greeted her. They crossed the entire room and at the far end, near the band, Miss LaFosse stopped.

Miss Pettigrew's knees were trembling; her heart pounding. A further ordeal awaited her. The table was surrounded by people. Dozens and dozens of vague blobs of faces. She managed to produce the sickly smile of a stranger butting into a group of friends. What mad impulse had brought her here where she didn't belong?

Her terrors were groundless, her fears without cause. She focused her eyes at last. There was Miss Dubarry beaming. There was Tony grinning. There was Michael leaping to his feet. Certainly there were other people present. But what did that matter? She was among friends. Miss Pettigrew's smile spread into a real one of breathless joy.

"Where the devil have you been?" demanded Michael.

"You're late," accused Miss Dubarry. "We'd given you up," said Tony.

"Walter" called Michael. "More chairs."

They were seated at last. Miss LaFosse did a little unobtrusive manoeuvring. Miss Pettigrew found herself in close proximity to a mirror. She had a quick peep for reassurance, but she was beginning to lose the need for it. She was engulfed in friendliness. She had Tony on one side of her and Michael on the other. Miss Dubarry

had flung a hasty whisper in her ear. "I'm so happy. It's all due to you. Don't forget your promise to visit my beauty parlor."

Miss Pettigrew's face began to shine again.

Finding herself so close to Tony, however, she began to feel overcome with embarrassment. She made desperate attempts to remember what she had said to him during the afternoon, but she couldn't. She only had a definite impression that she had been very rude; not at all like herself. She began to grow hot at the thought.

Under cover of the general barrage of remarks, she turned to him in shy desperation and touched his sleeve. Tony gave her a comradely smile.

"Oh, please!" stammered Miss Pettigrew in a low voice. "This afternoon, I'm afraid I was very rude. I can't remember. But I'm sure I was rude. I have a feeling I don't know what to say. I'm very much afraid Miss LaFosse was right after all. It must have been the drink you gave me. I'm not accustomed to it. It must have gone to my head. I'm deeply ashamed. What can I say? Please, please forgive me. I didn't mean to be rude."

"Rude?" said Tony. "To me?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"I don't remember."

"When I was talking to you."

"We had a most remarkable talk."

"But I wasn't polite."

"I don't meet any polite women. I wouldn't know if you were, so I wouldn't know if you weren't."

"Oh, please," said Miss Pettigrew in agitation. "I'm serious."

"So am I."

"But you're not."

"Not what?"

"Not serious."

"Of course I'm not."

"But you said you were."

"I'm sure I said no such thing. Do I look like the kind of a bloke who never laughs?"

"I never said you never laughed."

"You implied it. 'Never,' said Tony bitterly. "did I think I looked like Henry?"

"Henry!" cried Miss Pettigrew helplessly. "Who's Henry? What's Henry got to do with it?"

"You said I never laughed."

"I said you weren't serious."

"Why should I be? I have no White Shin."

"Oh, please," cried poor Miss Pettigrew. "I don't know what you're talking about."

**I**N a voice of bitter disillusionment, Tony said reproachfully, "And you are an educated woman."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Did you ever hear of King Henry the First?"

"Of course I've heard about Henry I," said Miss Pettigrew hotly.

"Then why pretend you didn't and lead the conversation astray?"

"I pretended no such thing. It's you who won't talk sense."

"Sense about what?"

"About this afternoon."

"But we weren't talking about this afternoon."

"Yes we were."

"Now wait," said Tony. "Let's be very cool again. Let's be collected. Let's gather our thoughts with care. What were we talking about?"

"About my being rude."

"Then why," said Tony simply, "bring in history?"

"Oh!" gasped Miss Pettigrew. She stared at him helplessly. Tony gazed straight in front of him. Miss

Pettigrew struggled between bewilderment and indignation. Suddenly light dawned. She giggled.

"Young man," said Miss Pettigrew. "I think you're teasing me."

Tony's eyes slid round. They held a twinkle.

"Is for fat," said Tony slyly.

"I don't know what you mean," said Miss Pettigrew, "but I expect it has something to do with this afternoon. I suppose I'll have to apologise for it as well."

"Ah!" said Tony. "Now you're at it again. What's all this apologising about?"

"My rudeness this afternoon."

"What rudeness?"

"Not again," begged Miss Pettigrew. "please not again."

"All right," agreed Tony, "but you better phrase it differently."

"My conversation this afternoon."

"I enjoyed it," said Tony. "I was out of my depth, but I enjoyed it. I like originality in women. One meets it so seldom. No apologies are necessary."

"Are you sure?" pleaded Miss Pettigrew. "You're not just being polite?"

"Would I?" asked Tony. "be conversing with you now with such amiability and joy if you, as a complete stranger, had grossly insulted me in the afternoon? Do I look the type to return insults? I warn you now, an answer in the affirmative will definitely be counted as the first insult."

"That's right," agreed Miss Pettigrew more happily. "It's such a load off my mind."

"Friends?" said Tony.

"Friends," said Miss Pettigrew, completely happy.

"There is now no need," pleaded Tony, "to keep the conversation on such a high intellectual plane."

"None at all," chuckled Miss Pettigrew.

"Thank goodness!" sighed Tony. "The historical anecdotes are strictly limited to Henry I never smiling. William the First landing in 1066 and the Cross being lost in the Wash. Connected in some manner by joke once heard."

"Well," came Miss LaFosse's cheerful voice. "if you two can stop chattering for a minute, Guinevere might like to meet the rest. Apologies for missing the dangerous woman beside your man, Edythe."

"Oh dear!"

Miss Pettigrew turned in a flourish and blushed for her rudeness, soon forgot her momentary upset in a better interest in the other occupants of the table. There was a stocky young man with a bullet head, fair, short hair, brilliant light blue, wary eyes and an expressionless face. He looked like an explorer.

Beside him, very close beside him, was a gorgeous woman. She had masses of deep auburn hair and great sparkling eyes. She was not plump, yet she made the impression of soft, rounded cheeks and comfortable hollows. She had the air of Mona Lisa, the Lady of Shalott. All her movements were slow with a way, languid indolence. She was dressed in brilliant purple. A glowing emerald shone on her finger. Beside the other women, so slim and fair and English, she seemed like a luxuriant blossom from another clime.

Miss Pettigrew thought remarkably the young man must have brought her back from some rich, tropical land.

"Guinevere," said Miss LaFosse, "meet Julian. If you want to make your rival tear her hair with envy, to Julian. He'll dress you. But he makes you pay. He has to stay near me because I owe him a million pounds and he knows if he doesn't, friendly I won't pay."

Julian's mouth parted and he



Pettigrew had a quick flash of white teeth.  
"How-d'ye-do?" said Julian briefly.  
"He never says much," explained Miss LaFosse. "He simply sits and un-der-stands every newcomer in his mind and then re-dresses her as she should be, and when she comes to him eventually, which she always does, he just gives one glance and says at once what she must wear, so she thinks he's marvellous and always goes back."  
"Oh dear!" thought Miss Pettigrew. How embarrassing if he looks at me. I shall blush all over."  
"Well, you can't complain of my methods," said Julian mildly. "If the results are so satisfactory."  
"Rosie," said Miss LaFosse, "meet Guinevere. A friend of mine."  
"Welcome," said Rosie.  
"You mustn't order steak and onions," said Miss LaFosse earnestly to Miss Pettigrew. "Rosie's on a diet. She doesn't eat them and she adores them. The tantalising smell would ruin her diet. Or worse: she might succumb and fall to temptation."

"I won't," promised Miss Pettigrew. "I want to go to a doctor," said Rosie solemnly. "White meat. Chicken. I like you? I loathe chicken. No rich foods. No fried foods. No potatoes. Hardly any butter. No cakes. What's she? I ask you? Is it worth it?"  
"Oh yes," chorused the other girls. "Wicked."

The music started.  
"Shall we dance?" asked Julian. He and Rosie took the floor. Rosie slipped into his arms with a clinging surrender. They danced off, cheek to cheek.

Miss Pettigrew watched them with fascinated eyes.

"What a lovely woman!" admired Miss Pettigrew. "I've never seen anyone like her before."  
"She'll grow fat," said Miss LaFosse. "You mark my words. You can't say 'no' always."

"She's a harem woman," said Miss Dubarry. "I don't like harem women. They let down their sisters."

"I do," said Tony. "They know where they belong and don't get ideas in their head. One man, he's master. The others don't exist."

"Bah!" said Miss Dubarry scornfully. "I like independence in a woman. So do men that are men. He'll tire six weeks after they're married. Dash it all! Strawberries and cream are all very well for a change. But for a permanent?"

"I agree with Tony," began Michael. "The woman of today."

"Be quiet," ordered Miss LaFosse. "The arguments. We all know your class. Out of date. Guinevere, meet the Lindays, Peggy and Martin. Married a year and not separated yet."

Miss Pettigrew turned to the remaining couple. Both had smooth, young, fair faces. Both had straight brown hair, blue eyes and cheerful grins. They might have been twins. Martin's hair was brushed smoothly back; Peggy's was cut in a fringe across her forehead and brushed smoothly down over her ears.

"Professionally," explained Miss LaFosse, "the Lindsay Twins. Better mobility than husband and wife. Comedy turn. Revue. Variety or anything offered."

Miss Pettigrew met all these people with delighted interest. Her wide, shining eyes surveyed the room. The drums boomed, the cymbals crashed; the saxophones wailed; the violins went; the piano cascaded. The music dragged one to one's feet. Made one want to dance. Miss Dubarry and Tony moved away. The Lindays joined them. Miss LaFosse shook her head unseen by Miss Pettigrew. A young man sang

through a microphone. The lights dimmed. Shuffling feet made a rhythm of their own.

"So this," said Miss Pettigrew blissfully, "is a night club! And I was told they were wicked places!"

Miss LaFosse thought of discreetly shut doors upstairs.

"Well," said Miss LaFosse cautiously, "there are night clubs and night clubs. You're not likely to meet Royalty here."

"I have no desire," said Miss Pettigrew, "to meet Royalty. It would fill me with too much awe. I am quite happy as I am."

The music stopped. The lights went up. Their table filled again. The conductor made signs to Miss LaFosse. Miss LaFosse nodded. Miss Pettigrew heard her friend's name announced. A storm of clapping greeted the news. The lights went down and there was Miss LaFosse, flooded by a spotlight, crossing the floor alone, completely at ease, with a careless swing of her shoulders, a masterly sway of her hips.

She reached the grand piano and stood leaning against it, one hand on hip, the other laid idly across the polished piano-top. She wore daintily a gown of sheer white. Over a sheath-like slip of white satin, which outlined with cunning design every curve of her fascinating figure, flares of transparent tulle billowed to the ground yet managed to convey an impression of artless innocence. There was no contrasting color except her bright, gold hair. The spotlight turned it into a nimbus.

THERE was a crash of chords and Miss LaFosse began to sing. Miss Pettigrew sat up slowly with breathless attention. Her experience of professional entertainers was small. Her experience of night club entertainers was confined solely to her view of them at the tables: her one secret vice. Seeing and hearing one in the flesh was altogether another matter. The white figure, posing against the piano, caught her attention, with that of everyone else in the place, and held it breathless.

The professional Miss LaFosse was quite a different woman. Without any definable change of pose or expression she was suddenly surrounded with that compelling aura of the Star. Lounging against the piano with indolent grace, Miss LaFosse gazed round the room with a slow, indifferent glance. Lazy lids drooped over drowsy eyes, which would suddenly open wide with a wicked, mocking humor.

She had a deep, husky voice. It was hardly singing. Miss Pettigrew was not quite sure what to call it. Sometimes it was more like talking, but it sent delightful shivers of enjoyment down her spine. Miss LaFosse sang a naughty, delicious song called "When Father left for the Week-end, what did Mother do?" Miss Pettigrew enjoyed every tantalising minute of it, even though she went quite pink at what she thought some of it might mean.

When it came to an end the room rang with applause. Miss LaFosse sang a popular song. It then another. After that she refused the encore. She returned to their table.

"O.K., honey," said Miss Dubarry. "You were great. No wonder Nick doesn't want to lose you. Glad I'm not a rival, or I'd hate to say whether the friendship would stand it."

"When do you sing again?" asked Michael.

"About half past two," said Miss LaFosse.

"Oh!" Michael groaned. "Must I wait until then?"

"No one's asking you to," said Miss LaFosse mildly.

"Let's have a drink," said Tony. Miss LaFosse leaned discreetly over to Miss Pettigrew and whispered urgently, "Now remember, don't mix them. Nothing more fatal when you're not used to 'em."

"What's yours?" asked Tony.

"I will have," said Miss Pettigrew, "a small glass of sherry, thank you."

Tony's eyes popped. "I heard alright?" he said anxiously. "The old ears aren't going back on me!"

"When you reach my age . . ."

began Miss Pettigrew.

Tony looked round wildly. "Not again," he implored. "You're not starting again. Wasn't this afternoon enough? Sherry it shall be."

Miss Pettigrew looked bewildered.

"Trifle," said Rosie suddenly. "Spongecake and raspberry jam and being giddy with a tablespoonful of sherry in . . . I'll have a whisky."

"You and me," said Michael.

"Walter . . ."

They all drank. Various people stopped at their table. Miss Pettigrew ceased troubling with these birds of passage. One's capacity for remembering names and faces was limited.

"Here's Joe and Angela," exclaimed Miss Dubarry.

Miss Pettigrew's fascinated eyes were on a man at the next table who was slowly sinking lower and lower in his chair. Soon he would disappear out of sight altogether underneath the table. Would, or would not, his companions rescue him in time? She took no notice until Miss LaFosse said, "Guinevere, meet Mr. Blomfield, Joe, meet my friend, Miss Pettigrew."

She was so surprised at the formality of the introduction she turned her head.

Joe was looking down at her: a big man, not a young man, possibly the early fifties. No sign of middle-age spread. What might he be called a well-preserved figure. A man looked better with a well-covered body in the fifties.

He was immaculate in evening dress: shirt-front gleaming, flower in button-hole. Massive head, powerful jaw, humorous eyes, no-fucking-me mouth, hair greying a little, bluff manner, genial, red face.

His gaze lighted on Miss Pettigrew's face with surprise. Then his lips parted, his eyes lit, his face expanded, with a surprised, warm, friendly smile. One contemporary acknowledged another.

Miss Pettigrew stared in equal surprise at him, then suddenly her own lips parted in a shy, diffident, hesitantly intimate smile. They gave each other greeting. He and she belonged to a different generation. They reached common ground for a moment.

"Guinevere, meet Angela, Angela, my friend Guinevere."

Miss Pettigrew looked at the young woman.

"How-do-you-do?" said Miss Pettigrew shyly.

"How-d'you?" said Angela in a different, drawing, faintly complaining voice.

She was the first friend of Miss LaFosse to intimidate Miss Pettigrew and bring back all her old nervousness. She was so very young, so very hard, so very brittle, so very assured. She seemed to see straight through Miss Pettigrew's borrowed finery down to what Miss Pettigrew really was, and despite her, Miss Pettigrew flushed a little for no reason and sat farther back in her chair.

Angela was dressed in a vivid scarlet gown that fitted her like a sheath.



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Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly—December 6, 1934

She had pale silver hair. Miss Pettigrew stared at it with fascinated eyes; a platinum blonde in the flesh.

"Dye," thought Miss Pettigrew with stern satisfaction. "Dear Miss LaFosse's is natural."

Angela's face was a lovely expressionless mask, perfect as to detail, but with no life in it to give it appeal. She had great blue eyes, surrounded by long, curling lashes, a straight nose, a lovely pink and white complexion, a perfect, scarlet, rosebud mouth, a coiffure without a curl out of place. She was a finished production of feminine art, but Miss Pettigrew, not having seen her come from her bath, reserved judgment.

Miss Pettigrew sighed inwardly and drew away her eyes. What a pity that such a nice man should be caught by a young chit! Every sensible woman knew that young creatures never really went with old men except for what they could get, but men were notoriously stupid and susceptible in their middle age.

Mr. Blomfield and Angela were obviously intimate friends.

"Join us," said Michael.

"If we're not intruding," said Joe.

"A pleasure," said Rosie.

"Thank you," said Joe.

Angela said nothing. She had once heard that too much talking, too much laughing, too much animation, aged one. Apart from the primary consideration that she never had anything to say, she meant to keep her looks.

"Waiter," called Tony, "more chairs."

Their circle was enlarged by the addition of another minute table and two chairs. The band started a tune. Everyone got up and danced except Miss Pettigrew. Miss LaFosse and Michael. Miss Pettigrew began to feel a little uncomfortable because of Miss LaFosse. She would assure her she did not mind sitting out a dance alone. She would tell her next time. Even Joe, with rather a martyred expression, was walking ponderously around the floor with the slim Angela in his arms.

The music stopped. There was another interval of delightful general conversation. The music started again.

"Shall we?" said Tony to Miss Dubarry.

"Ours," said Julian to Rosie.

"Shall we show 'em?" said Martin to Peggy.

One by one they disappeared. Miss Pettigrew looked after them a little wistfully, thinking of forgotten youth and lost opportunities.

Joe stood up. He loomed above Miss Pettigrew, large, expansive, genial.

"May I have the pleasure?" said Joe.

1.15 a.m.—2.3 a.m.

Miss Pettigrew started. She gasped. "Are you asking me?" asked Miss Pettigrew incredulously.

"If I may have the honor," said Joe with a beautiful bow.

"Alas!" said Miss Pettigrew tragically. "I can't dance."

Joe beamed.

"Neither can I," said Joe. "I only pretend."

Serenely he pulled out Tony's vacant chair and lowered himself comfortably beside Miss Pettigrew. He sighed with pleasure.

"Too old," said Joe. "Too much stomach."

"You are not fat," said Miss Pettigrew indignantly.

"Good sailor," said Joe. "Signs though." He patted his stomach comfortably.

"Indeed there are not," said Miss Pettigrew, still indignant. "Just a nice filling-out. A splendid figure, if I may

be so bold as to say so. Middle-aged men are meant to be solid."

"Am I middle-aged?" asked Joe.

Miss Pettigrew looked agitated. "Oh dear!" she thought in distress. "Have I offended? Some men are as touchy as women about their age. Does he pretend he is still young? I must say something."

Then she thought, why should she? Fifty-fifty! She wouldn't wickedly flatter a silly old man whom she would never see again. She looked at him severely.

"Middle-aged you are," said Miss Pettigrew with spirit, "and middle-aged you can't escape being."

"Bless you, lady," said Joe in his booming, comfortable voice. "I'm glad you realise it. Now I won't have to pretend to hop around like a two-year-old."

He settled himself lower in his chair with a comfortable air of permanence.

"Joe," Angela's high, complaining voice came across the table. "Shall we dance?"

"No," said Joe. "we will not. Not this one. My feet aren't up to it."

His glances could be dangerous, those which Angela threw at Miss Pettigrew would have transfixed her. Miss Pettigrew became all hot and flustered, but behind her trepidation was a wicked sense of rapture. For the first time in life some one was jealous of her. She became so exhilarated with the thought she shelved all ideas of fair play and deliberately hoped Joe would stay.

Joe looked round equably. At the next table the occupants made haste to beam at him.

"Oh, George!" called Joe cheerfully. "Angela wants to dance and I don't. What about it?"

A young man rose with alacrity. "That's good of you, Joe. Come and oblige, Angela."

Angela rose with equal alacrity. They danced off.

"I've a lot of money," said Joe. "I find people very willing to oblige."

"How sordid," said Miss Pettigrew sternly.

"George likes Angela," said Joe peacefully. "and Angela likes George, but she likes my money better. They'll be quite happy."

Miss Pettigrew didn't know what to say to this, so said nothing.

"Well, well," said Miss LaFosse's cheerful voice, "sitting out already. I'm surprised at you, Guinevere. Come on, Michael. Two's company, four's a crowd."

They danced away.

## ALONE with Joe.

Miss Pettigrew sat and thrilled. A man had deliberately elected to sit out with her. And such a presentable man! No forced circumstances either. He chose the situation himself. Even if it were only politeness it was a very nice gesture. Her face shone with gratitude.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Pettigrew. "It is very kind of you to sit with me. I was beginning to fear I was spoiling Miss LaFosse's evening. She wouldn't dance and leave me sitting alone. Now at least she can have one dance."

"Kind," chuckled Joe. "My dear Miss Pettigrew, the pleasure is all mine. You're saving me aching bunions and stabbing corbs. When I was born my feet were only made to carry eight pounds. The rest of me has grown out of proportion."

Miss Pettigrew smiled at the mild joke. She was a little nervous about conversation. She was quite unused to entertaining strange men tete-a-tete and didn't know what to say, but she soon discovered her worries were

groundless. Talk just happened. No difficulty, it simply arrived.

There were drinks to be offered and refused. There were present friends. There was Joe's career.

"Corsets!" said Joe. "There's a lot of money to be made in corsets if you can get in touch with the right people. I did. If you can take an interest off a woman's... well, I won't mention the place, but you can guess... you can make a fortune. Do you think Julian's gowns would look the way they do without my groundwork underneath? No, sir, they wouldn't. A protruding, well, dash it all, you can guess... back or front, could ruin the look of any creation."

Miss Pettigrew sat fascinated. This was an amusing topic of conversation between a man and woman meeting for the first time, but she found it a thousand times more interesting than discussing the weather. It was so indefinite. It was Big Business. Who would have dreamed yesterday that today she would be sitting talking on equal terms with Big Business!

Her gentle mouth was tremulous with interest and sympathy. Joe expanded. Angela loathed discussing corsets. Miss Pettigrew loved it. No mistaking real interest. He eyed her professionally.

"Now, you've got a splendid figure for your age," said Joe earnestly. "I don't think even Blomfield's Correct Corsets could do anything more for you. How do you do it?"

"Short food and continual nervous worry," thought Miss Pettigrew. But tonight she was Cinderella and refused to contemplate her shabby background.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew negligently. "Nothing at all. I assure you. It's just natural."

"No children," said Joe brilliantly. "I am not married," said Miss Pettigrew with dignity.

"Men are blind," said Joe gallantly.

Miss Pettigrew was weak with joy. All these compliments were going in her head. She could have done with more, but the dance came to an end. Tony looked sternly at Joe. Joe said blandly, "Youth must needs take second place, my boy."

"Hail," said Tony, "monopolise the belle, would you?"

Miss Pettigrew squirmed with pleasure. Joe stayed planted in the chair beside her. Miss Pettigrew was radiant. George had joined the party and with unobtrusively adoring eyes at Angela.

"I'm hungry," said Miss LaFosse. "I can't sing any more on an empty side."

"I'm hungry too," said Michael. "The effect of my dinner has worn off."

Supper was ordered. The music began again, a dreamy, melting melody. The couples left the table again and supper should arrive. Joe looked at Miss Pettigrew.

"Our dance, I think," said Joe.

"But I told you I couldn't dance," said Miss Pettigrew with deep regret.

"I am confident," said Joe. "that you do the Old-fashioned Waltz perfectly. Miss Pettigrew's face lit. "Is it the Old-fashioned Waltz?"

"It is so," said Joe.

Miss Pettigrew stood up.

Joe bowed. He put his arm around her waist. They hesitated a few beats then swung into the crowd. Miss Pettigrew shut her eyes tight. This was the crowning moment. See Naples and die. She simply surrendered herself to Joe's arms and the dreamy, lilting rhythm.

Joe danced it well. Despite his dark hints, Miss Pettigrew felt his hand only as a comfortable pressure against her own body. In her youth, at the very few social assemblies she had attended,



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ended which permitted a little mild waltzing, her lot for partners had always fallen among the elderly generation, and Miss Pettigrew well knew the rather embarrassing awkwardness of a partner's over-generous waistline.

"Perfect," said Joe. "The modern generation don't know how to waltz. I wouldn't have missed that for worlds."

Treading on air Miss Pettigrew returned to her seat with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"Well, you giddy old fraud," accused Miss LaFosse. "Telling me you couldn't dance. You only wanted to sit out with Joe."

"Oh, please," said Miss Pettigrew, pink now with embarrassment. "I assure you the waltz is the only dance I know."

She was haughty with Joe for several minutes in case he should think things. Supper arrived, Miss Pettigrew found surprisingly she was quite hungry again. She set to with a will.

"Have an ice," offered Michael. "I will," said Miss Pettigrew. He winked.

"Should be good here. Owner's specialty. I understand."

Miss Pettigrew relaxed into giggles, despite Miss LaFosse's indignant stare at Michael. But the ice was a marvelous concoction. Miss Pettigrew had never thought she was greedy before, but this was no chilled custard. There was cream and fruit and nuts and ice-cream and a wonderful syrup, all skillfully blended. She slowly turned each ambrosial spoonful round her tongue.

The band started a slow, drowsy fox-trot. The lights were lowered. Only a dull glow pervaded the room. Miss Pettigrew looked up with dreamy amazement and saw Nick approaching their table. The ice suddenly lost its flavor.

Nick came threading his way slowly between the tables, his gaze on Miss LaFosse. His face was quite expressionless, his eyes blank, yet suddenly Miss Pettigrew shivered. She had a feeling that only a thin shutter of restraint was drawn over his eyes. Any second it might open to reveal them in full flame.

Miss Pettigrew glanced wildly round the table. No one else had seen Nick. The lowered lights, the treacherous music, the rich food, were all conducive to repose and romance.

Each couple had edged a little closer together. Michael was the closest of all. His arm was obviously round Miss LaFosse and his brown head bent above her fair one. He was talking earnestly. Miss LaFosse's face wore a serious, almost shy expression.

Nick reached the table. "Delysia," said Nick. "Our dance. I think."

Every one at the table was suddenly still. The band played on. Dancing couples crossed the floor. The lights remained discreetly lowered. No one noticed the tables in the corner.

Miss LaFosse's body gave a jerk and her eyes came round to meet Nick's. Her face shone white in the dimness.

"Oh! Nick!" said Miss LaFosse in a dazed whisper. Michael went rigid. Two muscles on each side of his jaw stood out. He shifted his hold very slightly on Miss LaFosse's shoulder.

"Sorry, old man," said Michael. "Delysia's sitting this one out with me."

Delysia has forgotten," said Nick in a quiet voice. "I have a prior claim." Turbulent thought surged through Miss Pettigrew's mind. She gazed helplessly round. All the other couples, with discreet, non-committal

faces, were gazing somewhere else. This was between Nick, Delysia, and Michael. None of their business and Nick wasn't a pleasant enemy. No help there.

But something must be done. Miss LaFosse was slipping. The snake had fixed its eyes and the rabbit was helpless. Slowly, inch by inch, Miss LaFosse was drawing away from Michael's restraining hold. Miss Pettigrew almost sobbed.

There Nick stood, as handsome as sin, brilliant eyes beginning to show smoldering lights, dark face bitter and compelling, body charged with a tense, violent, jealous male anger, willing, forcing Miss LaFosse into the brief paradise of his passionate desire.

Miss LaFosse was already sitting upright on her chair, her wide eyes full on Nick's.

"Are you coming, Delysia?" said Nick.

"I..." began Miss LaFosse. She stood up.

WITH a convulsive jerk Michael stood beside her. "Delysia."

Miss LaFosse caught her breath with a little, hopeless sound. She flung a look of wild appeal at Nick. "I'm afraid this dance is booked," said Michael in a choking fury.

"Sorry if there's been a mistake," said Nick smoothly, "but I have something to say to Delysia. It's important."

He turned the full strength of his compelling gaze on Miss LaFosse again. Miss LaFosse took a step forward.

"Lost... lost," wept Miss Pettigrew's thoughts. "If she goes now she will never escape him."

Gone was all Miss Pettigrew's thought of herself. Every faculty, every nerve was bent on the hopeless task of saving Miss LaFosse. Her eyes ranged wildly between the protagonists. Michael's desperate face, Miss LaFosse's helpless air of submission, Nick's hard, dark, compelling glance.

Miss LaFosse moved a hesitating step forward. Helplessly, Michael exhaled, "Delysia."

"I'm... I'm sorry," said Miss LaFosse, helplessly. She gave him a tragic glance.

"Oh!" thought Miss Pettigrew, her eyes smarting, "what will Michael do? He'll go on a blind again. He'll seek another policeman. They'll give him sixty days next time. What can I do? What can I do?"

A light broke on her mind. "A light broke on her mind."

"Sock him one!" blazed Miss Pettigrew.

Michael socked Nick went down taking a chair and a table with him. He leaped to his feet, face pallid, eyes blind with fury. Michael danced on his two feet, a look of unholy joy on his face; body poised for action, eyes shining, a glorious arm on his mouth. Nick's furious leap carried him almost to striking distance; then he stopped. The faintest, tiniest quiver of hesitation came over his face. Three waiters rushed to intercept. He didn't stop them. Lights went up. Dancers came to a standstill and looked round in surprise. The band blared out. More waiters appeared. Voices rose in a babel of sound. Miss Pettigrew grabbed Michael's arm.

"Out!" blazed Miss Pettigrew, mistress of fate, kinemaker.

Michael obeyed. Reluctantly, but Delysia was worth more than the satisfaction of a glorious blow.

Michael grabbed Miss LaFosse's arm and towed her towards the door. She went. Tony grabbed Miss Dubarry.

Julian grabbed Rosie. Martin grabbed Peggie. George made hay while the sun shone and grabbed Angela. General Pettigrew urged on the troops. Joe rumbled behind her. "Never did like the fellow."

They reached the door and tumbled into the vestibule, leaving behind the braying band, the excited voices, the soothing waiters, the raging Nick. The girls hastened to the cloakroom. Miss Pettigrew grabbed her fur coat; then they were downstairs again, the men were waiting, and they all spilled into the street.

The cold, damp November air struck their faces. It was raining in a miserable, half-hearted fashion. Miss Pettigrew's eyes blinked in the gloom after the brilliant lights inside. In the darkness they seemed a far bigger crowd than inside. Everyone was talking excitedly, laughing hysterically. There seemed to be about ten voices calling, "Taxi, taxi."

Every female was linked possessively by some male. All but herself. Suddenly, in the crowd, Miss Pettigrew had a lost, frightened, lonely feeling. Her bubble of exaltation was pricked. Suddenly she remembered she was a stranger. Then, loud above the others, a voice was heard shouting, "Miss Pettigrew! Where's Miss Pettigrew? I'm taking Miss Pettigrew home. Where's Miss Pettigrew?"

"Here," said Miss Pettigrew in a tiny voice.

Joe loomed above her. He said no word, but his arm went through hers with that glorious, proprietary, warding male attentiveness never hitherto experienced by Miss Pettigrew. She simply leaned on him weakly.

Taxis appeared. Couples bundled in. Miss Pettigrew made to follow, but Joe's grasp was firm. The taxis disappeared. Another cruised by hopefully.

"Ours, I think," said Joe.

"Where to, sir," asked the man.

"Just drive on," said Joe. "I'll let you know later."

Miss Pettigrew found herself in the cold, dark interior, but of the rain, alone with a man. The taxi quivered. Miss Pettigrew quivered. But not with fear. With excitement, with bliss. Her thoughts raced with such wild elation she was almost dizzy. She couldn't believe it.

"But I never asked him," thought Miss Pettigrew happily. "He chose me all himself. I wasn't even near. He deliberately said he was taking me home."

She was weak with sheer gratification, but she thought that such unruly tribulation was not quite modest and felt guilty.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Pettigrew. "What about Angela?"

"Angela," said Joe comfortably, "is with George. Didn't you see? They were the first to get in a taxi. He will see her. If less safely, quite as completely home."

"Won't she be offended?" asked Miss Pettigrew timidly.

"I'll buy her a present," said Joe. "She's never offended if I buy her a present."

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew nonplussed.

"I wouldn't worry about Angela," said Joe consolingly. "She wouldn't worry about you."

"To take another woman's escort..." began Miss Pettigrew half in real concern, half in wicked meekness, because she was thoroughly enjoying all this reassurance.

"You didn't take me," said Joe. "I took you."

Miss Pettigrew abruptly cast ascribles to the winds. Angela had everything: youth, beauty, assurance another man. She could spare Joe for one night.



"The address," said Miss Pettigrew, "is Five, Onslow Mansions."  
"Isn't that Delysia's address?"  
"I am staying with Miss LaFosse," lied Miss Pettigrew.

"You can't go there yet," said Joe earnestly.

"Oh, dear, why not?" asked Miss Pettigrew nervously.

"Well, live and let live," said Joe. "They've only just got together, haven't they? They'll want a little time to themselves. Didn't you notice they grabbed a taxi on their own?"

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" said Miss Pettigrew with a sinking heart.

"That's easy," said Joe cheerfully. "We'll drive around a bit first."

"In a taxi?" said Miss Pettigrew, scandalised.

"Why not?" said Joe.

Miss Pettigrew sat up straight.

"Certainly not," said Miss Pettigrew severely. "And the meter simply ticking round. It would cost you a fortune. I couldn't dream of letting you. I am a very good walker. I assure you. Perhaps, if we got out, we could walk back. I'm sure it's stopped raining now. I... I wouldn't trouble you to come with me, only I am very nervous in the dark, and I know I wouldn't be able to find my own way."

She looked at him with nervous apologetics. Joe went into a low rumble of laughter.

"If they'd all been like you I'd be a wealthier man than I am," chuckled Joe. He found the speaking-tube.

"Drive round till I give you an address."

"Oh, please!" said Miss Pettigrew in distress.

"Listen," said Joe. "There's a lot of money in corsets. My bank manager eats out of my hand."

He sank back comfortably. He was finding it a most original experience to be with someone who worried that he should spend rather than that he should not.

"If you're quite sure?" said Miss Pettigrew from her field posture.

"I'll buy you the taxi," said Joe.

Miss Pettigrew slowly settled back herself. It was his business. He knew best. She had now quite obviously betrayed her lack of wealthy background. She hoped he wasn't laughing at her, but it was too late now to make amends. Suddenly she just couldn't be bothered to pretend any longer.

"I know there are people with a lot of money," said Miss Pettigrew humbly, "but I find it quite impossible to think in terms of pounds. I count in pence."

"Once," said Joe, "my greatest dissipation was a gallery seat at a music hall."

"Oh," said Miss Pettigrew happily. "Then I'm quite sure you understand."

She settled more happily. The cold November wind found chinks in the cab and came sweeping in. She drew her fur coat with luxurious bliss more closely round her.

"It is cold," said Joe, and calmly put his arm round Miss Pettigrew and held her close.

Miss Pettigrew sat in a taxi with a strange man and he had the effrontery to put his arm round her, and Miss Pettigrew... Miss Pettigrew relaxed. She sank in her seat. She laid her head on his shoulder. She had never been so wicked in her life and she had never been so happy. She wasn't going to pretend any more.

She heard her own voice saying very loudly and very firmly, "I am forty, and no one, in all my life before, has flirted with me. You mayn't be enjoying it, but I am. I'm very happy."

She found his free hand and very firmly took hold of it. Joe's returning clasp was warmly reassuring.

"I am very comfortable myself," said Joe.

"Mr. Blomfield..." began Miss Pettigrew.

"Why not Joe?" said Joe persuasively. "Let's thaw."

"Joe," said Miss Pettigrew shyly.

"Thank you."

"My own is Guinevere," offered Miss Pettigrew timidly.

"So I had heard," said Joe. "If I may..."

"I'd like you to."

"I'm very happy to know you, Guinevere," said Joe.

"I've had a wonderful day," said Miss Pettigrew confidentially. "You wouldn't believe it. At first it was watching things happen to other people, but now I am right in it myself. I'll never forget this day in all my life. You are giving it the perfect finish."

Miss Pettigrew was the oddest female Joe had ever put his arm around, but he found her oddity giving him a peculiar sense of contentment. She was different, and even a man in the middle fifties can like a change.

Certainly her odd conduct, her bewitching remarks, her shy delight, were something he had never struck before. They gave him a most comfortable sense of satisfaction.

WHAT, after all, was a baby face... only something to look at... against the sense of complacency Miss Pettigrew inspired in a man.

"Comfortable?" said Joe, giving Miss Pettigrew a comforting squeeze.

"Very," said Miss Pettigrew shamelessly.

This was obviously a perfect excuse to draw her closer, and Joe was no slowcoach. He drew her closer.

"I don't care," said Miss Pettigrew suddenly. "Whether you are wishing you were with Angela or not."

"I am not," said Joe solemnly, "wishing I was with Angela."

Miss Pettigrew turned her head a little and looked at him. Was it the shyness she had taken, or Joe's encircling arm that gave her a sense of audacity?

"I cannot understand," said Miss Pettigrew severely. "How sensible men like you can get taken in by the young creatures. You only suffer in the long run and I should not like to see you hurt."

"I am never," said Joe, "taken in by young creatures."

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew doubtfully.

"You see," explained Joe, "when I was a kid I had no fun at all. No parties, no dances, no girls. So that now, when I have a bit of money and leisure, I like a bit of life and movement. I buy them a few presents and in return they are very charming. Their youth brings back mine. We both get what we want, but they don't fool me. No, sir, not me."

"I quite understand," said Miss Pettigrew surprisingly. "I have never had any fun or amusement. Today has taught me a lesson. I have discovered a lot of frivolous tendencies in myself hitherto quite unsuspected."

"Excellent," said Joe. "We can enjoy life together."

"The words were only a phrase, Miss Pettigrew knew, but she had a sudden vision of a life rich, varied, a little vulgar perhaps. He would get drunk sometimes. He would undoubtedly shock her. He was not refined. He would bring odd people to the house. Her standards would be turned topsy-turvy, but what a sense of ease, of security, of fullness he would bring to existence!

She stole a look at him. Big, bluff, hearty, a hint he could be a

little brutal maybe, but also kind and considerate. He was not a gentleman. Her mother would have been shocked by him. Mrs. Brummage might have cut him, if she had not first heard of his money. Her father would definitely not have admitted him within the circle of intimates. She was lowering her dignity as a well-bred gentlewoman in accepting his attentions, but she had sunk so low in one short day she simply didn't care whether he was vulgar or not.

Joe's conventionally encircling arm was now definitely a warm, comfortable embrace. Miss Pettigrew, there was no other word for it, simply snuggled in. She was quite shameless happy.

The rain outside had not stopped, but turned to a horrid, wet sleet, neither snow nor rain, that plastered one window of the taxi where the wind blew against it. Miss Pettigrew watched it from the serene comfort of the warm interior of the taxi.

"You were quite right," said Miss Pettigrew. "It's not a night to be out in."

"Catch your death of cold," agreed Joe.

"Especially in this modern evening wear," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Very attractive," said Joe gallantly, "but not sensible."

"No real warmth in a single garment," admitted Miss Pettigrew.

"We have to wear silk too," said Joe gloomily.

"Wool," said Miss Pettigrew. "I don't care what people say. Wool is still the best wear for winter."

"I quite agree," said Joe fervently. This was a vital subject.

"But the young girls!" Miss Pettigrew shook her head. "Silk it is and silk it has to be. No warmth at all. I don't know how they don't all die of pneumonia. You cannot make them understand that they look better in wool. A warm body means a glowing face. A cold body means a pinched look and a red nose."

"What about the men?" said Joe with earnest gloom. "I'm used to wool. I was brought up on wool. My mother insisted on wool. I like my woollen vest and pants. But dare I wear them? No, I don't. I should think I was an old fossil. They think I should wear silk as well as themselves. I'd blush if they discovered me in wool."

"I presume," said Miss Pettigrew scornfully, "you are speaking of the young girls you are so fond of. You are a very stupid man. You should remember your age. No, I will not flatter you. You are not a young man. You will undoubtedly get rheumatism. You go straight home tonight and tomorrow insist on pure woollen underwear. Whether I am rude or not, let me tell you this. They won't get romantic over you whether you wear silk or wool. So you may just as well wear wool and be comfortable."

"Could you?" asked Joe.

"Could I what?"

"Get romantic over me?"

Miss Pettigrew blushed with pleasure. This thought, Miss Pettigrew delightedly is flirting. Why had she waited so long to savor its enjoyment?

"I," said Miss Pettigrew subtly, "am not a young girl."

"Ah!" triumphed Joe, who was all there. "Then you could..."

"I might," said Miss Pettigrew coolly.

"I insist."

"I am not in the habit," said Miss Pettigrew with tremendous boldness, "of getting romantic over every handsome man I meet."

"Silly," said Joe, pleased. "Handsome?"



"To mock modesty," said Miss Pettigrew. "You know there is no need for you to worry over looks."

"I return the compliment," said

they were both pleased. Joe beamed.

Pettigrew felt immensely at ease.

ventured another ally allusion.

woollen underwear," said Miss

grew.

delighted, booming laugh rang

His wits were never slow.

It leads one's thoughts astray,"

asked Joe, "but in the right direc-

Miss Pettigrew looked demure.

"I will revert to sense and warm

tomorrow," promised Joe.

A common belief in woollen under-

gar was a bond to shatter the last

er of constraint. They obviously

important tastes in common. Miss

grew held very firmly to his

en, free hand. Joe's arm remained

and her. They were both content.

Joe, the knowledge that at his age,

ay-five, his arm round a woman

gently thrilled her, gave him a

all in return. It made him feel

as younger. With those brazen

and girls, you were never sure.

Speaking of clothes," said Joe, "I

am a bit about clothes. Got to in

John. Your black get-up looked only

one touch."

"What's that?" asked Miss Petti-

grew, faintly dashed, but intensely

interested.

"Pearls," said Joe. "A string of pearls

is your perfect."

"Pearls!" gasped Miss Pettigrew.

"I've never even owned an

ation string in all my life."

"I'll buy you some," said Joe simply.

Miss Pettigrew sat very still. It had

me at last. A man was trying to buy

with presents. It was the first

of a crucial moment. Always, in

me, when the man produced the

gift of jewellery, you knew that

anger hovered. He was that sort

man!

The good man offered a lady gifts

of jewellery! There was something

rather sinister about the

of jewellery. Choccolates, yes,

flowers, handkerchiefs, extravagant

garters and theatres, but not jewellery,

for coats. Fur coats and jewellery

are the bad man's betwixt; the good

only warning.

"All my life," said Miss Pettigrew,

he longed for some jewellery. I'd

be some."

"I'll get you some tomorrow," said

Joe.

"I'll accept," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Why not?" asked Joe in surprise.

"Ladies don't," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Are you a lady?"

"Yes," said Miss Pettigrew.

"I knew it," said Joe gloomily. "I

expected it. I felt you were different."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Pettigrew

gently.

"It does rather complicate matters,

doesn't it?" said Joe sadly.

"Does it?" said Miss Pettigrew.

"Doesn't it?" said Joe hopefully.

"No," said Miss Pettigrew. "I find

much pleasanter not to be a lady.

have been one all my life. And what

is I to show for it? Nothing. I

am ceased to be one."

"Oh!" said Joe, brightening. "That

matters matters."

"What matters?" asked Miss Petti-

grew.

"A kiss matters," said Joe tentatively.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew. She be-

came bold. "I'm not so sure."

"Then suppose we try it."

They tried it. Inexpertly, it is true.

Miss Pettigrew's part, but Joe's

action was sound, his technique

flashed.

When Miss Pettigrew at last left

Joe and came back to earth, she

was a changed woman. She never need

hang her head again. She could now

speak with authority. She was inex-

perienced no longer. She had been

assured soundly with experience, with

mastery, with ardor. Her face had

such a radiance Joe felt humble.

"I've never been kissed before," said

Miss Pettigrew.

"Then I'm a lucky man," said Joe.

"I shall make up for lost time."

Miss Pettigrew started. "Oh dear!

I had forgotten all about the time.

What will Miss LaFosse think? I

must return at once."

She became agitated. Joe was a sen-

sible man. He sat up and picked up

the speaking-tube.

"Five, Onslow Mansions," said Joe.

The taxi slowed, wheeled, turned.

"If I may," said Joe, "I will call at

Delysia's in the morning and take you

to lunch."

Reality, like a thousand tons of

bricks, came tumbling about Miss Petti-

grew.

"I won't be there," said Miss Petti-

grew in a flat voice.

"That doesn't matter. Where will you

be?"

"I don't know," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Don't know?" said Joe in surprise.

Miss Pettigrew slowly sat up. She

turned away her head. She fought to

keep back weak, hopeless tears.

"I have been leading you astray,"

said Miss Pettigrew in a muffled voice.

"I am not what you think I am. I

never thought you would ever want to

see me after tonight, so I didn't think

you need know. I must tell you the

truth now."

"I often think," said Joe cautiously,

"that truth is the better course, but if

you don't want to tell me . . ."

"I have lied to you," said Miss Petti-

grew. "I am not really a friend of Miss

LaFosse."

"But she said you were," said Joe,

bewildered.

"She was only being kind," said Miss

Pettigrew. "These clothes I have on.

They're not mine. They're hers. She

only loaned them to me for the night."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked

Joe.

"This face you see," said Miss Petti-

grew valiantly, "which I . . . I think

you like. It isn't really mine. Miss

Dubarry and Miss LaFosse just made

it up on top of my own. I'm really a

very plain, dowdy, spinster. You

wouldn't really like me."

"I think I might," said Joe, manfully

keeping his face straight.

HER voice tremulous.

Miss Pettigrew went on, "I happened

to do a little thing for Miss LaFosse

this morning, and she very kindly

entertained me all day and brought

me tonight, but she doesn't really

know me."

"Don't you think," said Joe, "if you

well, began at the beginning. I'm a

little bewildered."

"I met Miss LaFosse for the first time

in my life this morning," confessed Miss

Pettigrew, "when I went there to try

and get a post."

In a stammering voice she told Joe

the history of her day's adventures. Joe

was delighted with them. He thumped

his knee with appreciation.

"You're a world's wonder," said Joe

delightedly. "What do I care whether

you are in work or out of work! What's

your real address? I'll call there."

Miss Pettigrew flushed, then went

white. She stammered painfully.

"I haven't any. I owe my landlady

rent. She said if I did not get a post

today I had to leave. I have not got

a post."

"If I could be of any assistance,"

offered Joe tactfully.

"Oh, perhaps you could," Miss Petti-

grew turned with eager hopefulness.

"You seem such an important man.

You must know a lot of people. Per-

haps among your numerous friends one

of them might be wanting a governess

and you could at least mention my

name. That's what I am. A governess."

"Oh!" said Joe, whose offer of assist-

ance had meant a much more immediate

pecuniary advantage.

"Of course I will," he added hastily.

"I am quite sure I will be able to find

you something. Have no fear."

Miss Pettigrew's face lightened with

pathetic relief, then clouded again.

"Oh, dear!" she said in distress. "I

had better be honest. I mean, it

wouldn't be fair to you, giving a per-

sonal recommendation, not knowing I

am not a very good governess," said

Miss Pettigrew hopelessly. "It would

have to be a very simple post. In my

last place I'm afraid the term governess

was only a polite fiction for a kind of

nursemaid. You had better know the

word."

"I quite understand," said Joe. "The

difficulty is not insurmountable."

"You are so kind," stammered Miss

Pettigrew.

"And now," said Joe, "I'm very lonely

back here all by myself."

He drew Miss Pettigrew back and his

arm, very firmly, went round her again.

They arrived at Onslow Mansions.

Joe dismissed the taxi and came into

the building with Miss Pettigrew. The

hall was empty. The night porter was

not in sight. Joe prepared to ascend

with Miss Pettigrew to have a private

word with Miss LaFosse, but Miss Petti-

grew stayed him.

"If you don't mind," said Miss Petti-

grew shyly, "I had better go up alone.

Miss LaFosse has been exceptionally

good to me. I could not take it upon

myself to bring up an uninvited guest.

It would be trespassing on her kind-

ness too much. I could not do such a

thing. I am quite sure she would not

like it."

"Just as you wish," said Joe, valiantly

trying to reach Miss Pettigrew's stand-

ard of politeness, and to see Miss

LaFosse as an outraged hostess Delysia.

He was well aware, wouldn't notice

anything amiss if Miss Pettigrew ar-

rived back with ten strange men.

"Here is my card," said Joe firmly.

"You are to be there tomorrow at twelve

prompt. If you do not come I shall

put detectives on your track. Promise."

"Oh!" whispered Miss Pettigrew.

"You really think you will be able to

find something for me?"

"I am quite sure," said Joe with

such a meaning glance that Miss Petti-

grew's heart missed two beats. "I will

be able to find some position for you."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Pettigrew

breathlessly. "I . . . I wouldn't trouble

you only . . . only I'm getting a little

cowardly. It is so very worrying being

out of a position."

"No trouble," said Joe. "A pleasure.

No more worrying."

"Good night," said Miss Pettigrew

shyly. "And thank you for the happiest

night of my life."

She held out her hand, but Joe was

not accustomed to such formalities. Miss

Pettigrew was once more enfolded in

a hearty masculine embrace and

soundly kissed.

"Until tomorrow," said Joe.

Miss Pettigrew walked up the first

few stairs a little dashed with happiness.

Joe rushed out the night porter and

inquired Miss LaFosse's telephone num-

ber. He waited ten minutes and put

through a call.

"Hello!" said Miss LaFosse's voice.

"That you, Delysia?" inquired Joe.

"Yes," said Miss LaFosse. "Who's

that?"

"It's me, Joe, but don't say anything.

Miss Pettigrew there?"

"Yes."

"Keep her tonight, will you?"



"Of course."  
"I'll explain in the morning. Don't tell her."  
"That's O.K."  
"I'll be around early."  
"Not too early. I'll keep the bird."  
"Right you are. Goodbye."  
"Goodbye."  
Joe hung up the telephone.

3.6 a.m.—3.47 a.m.

Miss Pettigrew walked up the first few stairs like a sleep-walker. Her feet sank into the deep carpet. The building was silent. Dim lights lit the stairs and corridors. The quietness induced meditation. Slowly her sense of happiness departed. She faltered. Her steps lagged. Her fairytale world faded. She stared in front of her at a phantom fear which loomed ahead.

Her day was over. It had been a wonderful day, but it was over. She saw herself clearly again just as she really was: as she had been on her first trip up these stairs so short a time ago, penniless, out of work, nervous, unattractive. That was her real self.

She had been something a little eccentric and highly entertaining to Miss LaFosse for a day, and Miss LaFosse was accustomed to indulge her whims, but she knew quite well what Miss LaFosse's final reaction would be.

She would arrive, give Miss LaFosse back her clothes, put on her old ones again, return to her old self, look a little seedy, a little down-at-heels, unprepossessing. Miss LaFosse would feel uncomfortable and a little irritated and would wonder how she could most conveniently rid herself of an encumbrance.

Miss Pettigrew couldn't bear her to think that. Anything rather than that. She made a terrified row. She would rush in, pretend she was in a hurry, hustle into her own clothes, give hasty thanks and make a quick departure. Miss LaFosse's memory of her shouldn't be tinged by a single minute's discomfort.

Having made this courageous vow, Miss Pettigrew's steps still refused to quicken. Instead they went even slower and slower, while she tried to fight off a paralysing terror. Mrs. Pecknell would never see her in now. She would never dare knock up Mrs. Pecknell at this scandalous hour. She would have to walk the streets for the remainder of the night. She leaned trembling against the wall.

After a few seconds' complete submission to panic, she slowly resumed her upward climb. She reached Miss LaFosse's corridor, saw the now familiar door.

Was it only this morning she had looked upon it as a strange door and approached it with timid apprehension, wondering what reception it had for her, dreading failure, praying for once her fear would be wrong, never in wildest imagination dreaming what it did await her?

"But it's over," thought Miss Pettigrew. "I've had my day. I have been very lucky. Some never even have that. I must be brave."

She took another step towards the end. The silky fur of Miss LaFosse's coat still enveloped her, but it was only there in fact, not in spirit. In spirit Miss Pettigrew was again wearing her old tweed coat, her battered felt hat, her down-at-heels shoes. In spirit she was the ineffective governess again, with neither courage, initiative, nor charm.

No man would ever like her as she really was. Flirting was a charming game. Men knew you expected them to flatter you and gratified your wish, but they expected you also to greet their remarks in like spirit. It was only her stupid inexperience which had made her take everything seriously.

If she turned up tomorrow in her true guise, would not Mr. Blomfield wonder what in heaven's name to do with her and how to get rid of her politely? She would sit in an agony of hurt and shame and embarrassment. She could not face it. She would never go near him again.

"No... No. Never that," whispered Miss Pettigrew to herself. "At least he shall always think of me as he saw me tonight."

She stood at Miss LaFosse's door while the seconds ticked a minute. She could not bring herself to ring, to end everything.

"You have been very kind, my dear," thought Miss Pettigrew. "I will not embarrass you."

She lifted her hand slowly and pressed the bell. The bell trilled inside. There was a short wait. The door flew open.

"Gutenere," cried Miss LaFosse. "You naughty girl. You siddy old kipper. Where have you been? I thought I'd lost you. Come in at once and tell me the worst."

"I must hurry..." began Miss Pettigrew feebly, still determined on her resolve, but Miss LaFosse, standing there, looking as lovely, but much happier than the first time she saw her, and greeting her with obvious pleasure and welcome, made a coward of her again.

"Come in to the fire at once," ordered Miss LaFosse. "You look half-frozen. Michael, move that sheer hulk from in front of the warmth."

Miss Pettigrew was drawn towards the fire. Michael bounded to his feet. He descended on Miss Pettigrew. She found herself enveloped in a mighty hug. He swung her off her feet and kissed her soundly.

"I've never wanted to hug a woman so much before. No. Not even you, Delysia. I'd have stayed here all night till you came."

Miss Pettigrew was bewildered. She had no idea what all this exuberance was about. She was too wrapped up in her own troubles. But that did not mean she did not enjoy it. She did. She had never thought kissing was so truly delightful before. She was so truly greedy for kisses. Pink with pleasure, she was put on her feet again. Miss LaFosse hovered solicitously, beaming at them both.

"Let me help you off with your coat," offered Miss LaFosse.

"Sit here," said Michael.

**T**HE fire was glowing brightly. The chesterfield was drawn up to its heat. A pot of coffee and cups stood on a side table. Its comforting smell filled the room. Its aroma sapped her courage. Miss Pettigrew had to force herself to speak.

"I really must..." began Miss Pettigrew again bravely.

"Have a cup of coffee," said Michael. "You must have a cup of coffee. Chills are dangerous on a night like this. Give me clear frost any day."

He picked up the coffee-pot. Miss Pettigrew found a steaming cup in her hand.

"I'll have another," said Miss LaFosse.

"So will I," said Michael.

"Sit down," said Miss LaFosse again, to the still-standing Miss Pettigrew. "Draw up to the fire. There's such a bean to talk about. Where have you been so long?"

"Me first," said Michael. "I've simply got to know how..."

The telephone bell rang.

"Bother!" said Miss LaFosse, getting up. "At this hour! How do they know I'm not in bed?"

"Knowing you, I expect," said Michael.

Miss LaFosse picked up the re-

ceiver. "Hallo!... Yes. Who's that?... Yes... Of course... That's O.K.... Not too early. I'll keep the bird... Good-bye."

Miss Pettigrew had stood up and laid down her coffee-cup. The telephone ringing was always momentous. It might presage anything. Michael had also risen and laid down his cup. His expression was slightly tense. If that bouncer Caldarrell was trying a last-minute assault, he'd find him. Even if he had to murder him.

"All serene," said Miss LaFosse calmly. "Just a pal."

Michael relaxed and turned beaming to Miss Pettigrew, who was still standing a little uncertainly, trying to pluck up courage to begin her little act and exit.

"Sit down and tell me where you've been," demanded Miss LaFosse again.

"I'm first," said Michael. "I've got to know. I can't rest until I do know. How did you do it? How was the brainwave born? How could a respectable maiden lady provoke such a shattering of all the canons of good behaviour? I'm not conventional."

never have been, yet I must confess it never entered my head to flout the rules and sock a man on the jaw. There I stood, like a stuck pig, and took you at the critical moment to direct my brain to the sensible, masculine deed that should have been done months ago."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Pettigrew, light dawning.

"Tell me," pleaded Michael. "Where was the inspiration?"

Miss Pettigrew looked a little sheepish. It was all so simply explained, but if they liked to think she was marvellous, she could not resist the flattery.

"Simple," said Miss Pettigrew modestly.

"To you," said Miss LaFosse. "So to me."

"Speech," said Michael.

The door was Miss Pettigrew's. She took it.

"Oh!" said Miss Pettigrew tremulously. "The explanation is simple. I have passed through life with very little experience, but I still have Pinaure instincts. Deep in the female breast burns a love of the conqueror male. I remembered you were a man. You had socked a policeman. If Nick had sprung up and given battle, all would have been lost. I banked on the fact that Nick wouldn't funk it. He seemed the kind that might. It was a gamble, but I risked it. It came off. That is all."

Miss Pettigrew ended breathlessly.

"All," breathed Michael.

"She knows everything," said Miss LaFosse in awe.

"What a woman!" said Michael.

"What a witch!" said Miss LaFosse.

"I must do homage," said Michael. He kissed Miss Pettigrew again, on the cheek, thoroughly enjoying it. Miss Pettigrew said happily, "You will make Miss LaFosse jealous."

"That you might," agreed Miss LaFosse. "But even if you did take him from me, I'd have to admit the man won."

"I was so terrified you would choose the wrong man," gasped Miss Pettigrew in relief. "You have chosen the right one, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Miss LaFosse.

"The relief..." said Miss Pettigrew weakly. "You've no idea."

"Sit down," triumphed Michael.

"Draw up and exult."

"Your coffee," worried Miss LaFosse.

"It must be quite cold. I shall get some fresh. Michael shall help."

She winked at Michael. Michael followed her into the kitchen.

"That was Joe on the phone..."

whispered Miss LaFosse out of hearing.



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Nick slowly disappearing from the room, with his dark head, his brilliant black eyes, his bitter tongue, his compelling glances, his wicked little black moustache, his little feline body.

Nick had lost this once, but he would still carry on his conquering ways still bring joy and sorrow to other women. Miss LaFosse would always hate her successor. Miss Pettigrew gave him a last regretful tribute. Wicked he might be, but fascinating he undoubtedly was.

"Some men are like that," agreed Miss Pettigrew.

"Yes," said Miss LaFosse in a low voice. "Nick was."

Miss Pettigrew leaned forward and caught Miss LaFosse's hand.

"But not now," pleaded Miss Pettigrew urgently. "Promise me not now. It doesn't matter whether he comes and goes down on his knees, promise me you won't go back to him."

The door closed firmly on the wrath of Nick.

"Never again," promised Miss LaFosse earnestly. "It was just as you said. When Michael stood towering over him I felt a surge of pride in Michael. When Nick sprang to his feet in a fury I felt a surge of pride in Nick. And then, when he hesitated, I don't know. Something just went 'click' inside me, and I saw that he was all just a just a cream. And he melted away. Just like that. He couldn't get me back now, if he tried."

"The relief!" cried Miss Pettigrew. "I can't describe it."

"Such a day!" said Miss LaFosse. "Everything went wrong and everything went right. But I don't think what would have happened if you hadn't pressed on the siren."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Pettigrew. "Oh, dear!"

She remembered suddenly. She had not yet told Miss LaFosse why she had come. She had been wickedly reckless about it up to now, but she could not shirk in comfort unless her confession was made. The time had come. She could evade it no longer.

"There is something I must tell you," said Miss Pettigrew in a strained voice.

"Yes," said Miss LaFosse expectantly.

"It's why I did come here," said Miss Pettigrew bravely. "I have tried to tell you once or twice, but you always interrupted."

"I didn't want to hear," said Miss LaFosse. "It takes away the fun, knowing about people, suppose you had come selling vacuum cleaners. What an anticlimax! Who could be trusted over a vacuum salesman? You aren't, are you?"

"No," said Miss Pettigrew. "But you must listen now."

"I'm quite willing now," said Miss LaFosse. "I'm really very interested. There I was, in the most desperate of straits, and bang, out of the blue a miracle-worker appeared and pulled me out of the fire."

"I am a governess," said Miss Pettigrew. "I came in answer to your inquiry at Miss Holt's Registry Office for a governess."

It was out at last. She looked away. She sat in her true colors, a supplicant for Miss LaFosse's patronage.

"My inquiry?" asked Miss LaFosse. Miss Pettigrew nodded. "Miss Holt gave me your address."

"Oh!" said Miss LaFosse with an expressionless face. There was a pause. "Would you like it to be a boy or a girl?" asked Miss LaFosse.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Pettigrew nervously. "I might name the wrong sex. But there! I suppose we all have preferences. I must confess I find little girls rather more easy to deal with."

"Would you mind if there were two?" asked Miss LaFosse. "One of each."

Miss Pettigrew's head sprang round.

She stared at Miss LaFosse in dismay, then looked away hastily.

"Not at all, not at all," said Miss Pettigrew hurriedly. "I have had two before quite frequently."

Miss LaFosse exploded into a peal of laughter. "You solemn darling! Don't get alarmed. I was only teasing. I haven't any."

"No children?"

"No children. Not even a very little one."

"Oh, dear, I'm so glad!" gasped Miss Pettigrew in relief.

"But you thought I might have."

Miss LaFosse with a sly dig.

Miss Pettigrew looked here, looked there, blushed scarlet.

"I humbly apologise," said Miss Pettigrew in a whisper. "Please forgive me. How could I think of such a thing?"

"Oh, quite easily," said Miss LaFosse with a grin.

Miss Pettigrew looked reproving.

"Whose are the children, then?"

asked Miss Pettigrew with dignity.

"Which children?"

"The children," she governess, the registry office," said Miss Pettigrew, getting confused.

"There aren't any."

"No, no children?"

"None at all."

"But your inquiry?"

"For a maid. My maid has just left."

Miss Holt must have muddled the addresses.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Pettigrew in a flat voice. "Of course. There was an inquiry for a maid at the same time. I remember her mentioning it. Then I will be too late now. My post will be taken."

"Well," said Miss LaFosse cautiously.

"I hope for my sake it is."

"Your sake?"

"S

Still cautiously.

Miss LaFosse said, "I have a proposition to make. I hesitate to make it. I know you are a lady. You will not be offended?"

"With you, never," said Miss Pettigrew, secretly in a flutter.

"You see," explained Miss LaFosse.

"Michael and I are getting married quite soon. But Michael has a kink. He will live in a big house with big rooms. He says he spent all his youth with a family of nine all cooped in a little flat with the walls closing in on him and never a room to himself, and he will have space. He has his eye on a beautiful house now, but it is immense. I can't look after houses. I know nothing about looking after houses. I shall be away at rehearsals, too. I am distracted. Do you could you possibly give up your present career and come to live with us and look after my house for me?"

"Met," whispered Miss Pettigrew ungrammatically. "Me? come to live with you and Michael?"

"I wouldn't interfere," promised Miss LaFosse. "I assure you. You could run it just as you thought right. There will be maids, of course. I hesitate to ask you to take on such work, but it would be so marvellous for me. I admit I'm selfish. But I can see it perfectly. My house run smoothly. Michael's meals always on time. You a perfect hostess at my parties, so that for once I could enjoy myself as a guest at my own parties without a frenzy of agitation, and knowing that everything will be absolutely right. Do please consider it. You need not decide at once."

Miss Pettigrew began to tremble. It was like a great light bursting with a radiance that spread and spread. It was fear gone for ever. It was peace at last. A house to run almost her

own. How she had longed for this. Marketing, ordering, like any housewife. No more frightening horrible children and their terrible mothers. Flowers to put in vases exactly as she wanted them.

Suddenly she began to cry. She hid her head and wept. Miss LaFosse hastily put her arm around her.

"Oh, Guinevere!" said Miss LaFosse.

After a while Miss Pettigrew dried her eyes. Her nose was a little red, and her lids a little red, but her cheeks were shining, her face alight.

"You know perfectly well," said Miss Pettigrew, "that you are doing me a favor, not yourself. I am a very bad governess. I am a very bad governess. I hate it. I loathe it. It's been dead weight all my life. I can't manage children. I grow more afraid of them every year. Each post is worse than the last. Every one is cheaper. I was really only a nursemaid in my last. I am getting older, now you offer me a home. I can thank you I don't know how. I'm very good with words. But I'll leave your house from basement to attic and you'll never regret it."

"Now, Guinevere, you mustn't say too hard," admonished Miss LaFosse.

"Work you like is a pleasure."

"Then I won't have you please yourself too much."

"I must have things done properly or not at all."

"You can tell the maids to do them."

"And have them put blue flowers in a green room and break the vases and put damp sheets on the beds! Certainly not."

"You can't make yourself ill trying to be everywhere at the same time. You won't have it."

"Are you?" asked Miss Pettigrew indignantly. "or am I running a house?"

"You," said Miss LaFosse meekly.

"Thank you."

"Not at all."

The question was settled.

Miss Pettigrew's face suddenly clouded. She looked apprehensive.

"What about Michael?" asked Miss Pettigrew nervously.

"It was Michael's idea," reassured Miss LaFosse earnestly. "He says he is his mascot and he doesn't want to lose you now. He says even if he does marry me, he still wants a comfortable home and I'm a rotten housekeeper."

"How good you both are!" said Miss Pettigrew with radiant happiness. "He flatters me. I will be a novice at first, but I will put heart and soul into it. I will leave you need not fear I have cast fear. I am a new woman."

Abruptly she leaned towards Miss LaFosse and said breathlessly, tensely, "Do you like me?"

"Like you?" repeated Miss LaFosse in surprise. "Of course I like you."

"I mean really and truly. Not politely because you think I help a little. Do you really and truly like me?"

"I think," said Miss LaFosse gently. "I like you more than I have ever liked a woman in my life before."

"Do you think a man could like me?"

"If I were his age," said Miss LaFosse demurely. "and you were yours, I'd fall like a ton of bricks."

was Joe on the phone just as he's coming round tomorrow."

Miss Pettigrew stood up. Her face expanded. Her eyes shone.

"I think," said Miss Pettigrew, "I have a bean at last."

Printed by Compton Printing Limited for publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 111, Castlereagh Street, Sydney.